Erasmi *Colloquia Selecta*:

OR, THE

SELECT COLLOQUIES

OF

ERASMUS.

WITH AN

English Translation,

As literal as possible, design'd for the Use of Beginners in the *Latin* Tongue.

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NOTTINGHAM:

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE PREFACE.

I Need ſay nothing here, about the Neceſſity of *literal Tranſlations* of *Latin* Authors, for the Uſe of Beginners in the *Latin* Tongue; having already ſaid ſo much to that Purpoſe in the Preface to my *Select Century of Cordery's Colloquies*; and my *Eſſay upon the Education of Youth in Grammar-Schools*. Thither therefore I muſt refer my Reader, if he wants Satisfaction in the Matter: For if that will not ſatisfy him, nothing I can ſay further to the Point will ſignify any thing at all. It is to me a Wonder, it ſhould be neceſſary to ſay any thing indeed in ſo plain a Caſe. For this Method of proceeding with Beginners does ſo viſibly recommend it ſelf, by it's great Eaſineſs for both Teacher and Learner, that it is really ſurprizing, the World ſhould not long ſince have hit upon what lyes ſo obvious to common Senſe;

and I should have much adoe to think any Man could, upon the least Consideration, fail of being convinc'd of the Reasonableness and Necessity of it, did I not consider that Prejudice has a strange Influence upon the Minds of Men, and that it has been commonly found somewhat difficult to beat them out of a Road they have been us'd to. The only Reason I can imagine, why this Method has not been taken long before this, is the Difficulty of Translating any thing in *Latin* literally, and at the same time tolerably into our English Tongue. *A literal Translation* it was thought would look Ridiculous, and bring no great Credit to it's Author, and therefore no body was willing to stoop to a Peice of Drudgery, how useful and necessary soever, that was not likely to turn much to the Undertaker's Reputation. For we see in the teaching of other Languages, where the manner of Expression lies not so cross to that of our English Tongue, but that they will commonly admit of an easy literal Translation; Translations have been thought necessary and constantly us'd.

It is impossible indeed *literal Translations* should be every where easy, handsom, smooth English; but whoever considers the vast usefulness of them, and that they

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are not design'd to teach Boys English, but *Latin*, by informing them in the precise and proper Import of Words in that Language; (which they visibly do with vastly more Expedition, as well as Ease to both Master and Scholar, than any other Method that can be taken with them) I say whoever considers this, will not be offended at the stiffness and awkardness of the Language here and there, which is unavoidable in this Way of Translation.

The Reader will here find the most comical and diverting Dialogues of *Erasmus*, published exactly in the same Method with my *Cordery*: That is to say, the Translation is as literal as it could well be made, and the Order of the *Latin* Words altered and accommodated to the English Tongue. All concern'd in the Instruction of young Boys in the Latin Tongue cannot but be sensible, how much their Progress is retarded, by the Difficulty arising from the perplexed intricate Order of the Words in that Language. This is a continual Rub in their Way, and hinders them at least, to speak within Compass, half in half. This therefore I have here removed, that they may not be confounded and discouraged by a Difficulty that occurs almost every where, and which they cannot get over without that

ontinual Aſſiſtance, which no Maſter can give them, to keep them conſtantly doing, or if he could, yet it would be a needleſs Piece of Drudgery, ſince it may be ſaved by this Contrivance.

This is ſuch a Piece of dry low Work, and ſo little likely to anſwer any ſelfiſh View a Man may be ſuppoſed to have in Writing, that I hope I may be believed, when I declare that nothing but the Senſe and Perſwaſion I have of it's great Uſefulneſs has engaged me in it. I could have found other Ways of employing my time, much more agreeable to my Inclinations, as well as more for my Credit and Intereſt in the World: but ſo long as teaching the Languages is my Province, I ſhall continue to contribute what lies in my Power, to render the Buſineſs of my Profeſſion more Eaſy for the Teacher, as well as more Expeditious for the Learner, with this Satisfaction, that perhaps I could not be more uſefully Employed. For how little ſoever a Performance of this Nature may appear in the Eyes of ſome People, yet this is certain, that as the Education of Youth is a thing of the utmoſt Importance, ſo any conſiderable Improvement made in it, that may ſave Time, and make the Way to Knowledge and Learning more Eaſy and Delightful, is perhaps a Piece of as good Service as could poſſibly be done the Public in any other Way.

Eraſmi Colloquia Selecta.

NAUFRAGIUM.

A. NArras *horrenda*, eſt *iſthuc* navigare? *Deus* prohibeat *ne* quidquam *tale* veniat *unquam* in Mentem.

B. Imo, *quod* memoravi *hactenus*, eſt *merus* luſus *præ* his, *quæ* nunc *audies*.

A. Audivi *plus* ſatis *malorum*. Inhorreſco *te memorante*, quaſi *ipſe* interſim *periculo*.

B. Imo *acti* labores *ſunt* jucundi *mihi*. Ea *Nocte* quiddam *accidit*, quod *ex magna parte* ademit *ſpem* ſalutis *Nauclero*.

Thou telleſt *dreadful things*, is *that* ſailing? *God* forbid *that* any *ſuch thing* ſhould come *ever* into my Mind.

Nay, *what* I have related *hitherto*, is *meer* Play *in compariſon of* thoſe things, *which* now *you ſhall hear*.

I have heard *more than* enough *of Evils*. I tremble *whilſt you relate*, as if *I my ſelf* were preſent *in the Danger*.

Nay *paſt* Labours *are* pleaſant *to me*. That *Night* ſomething *happened*, which *in a great meaſure* took away *the Hopes* of Safety *from the Maſter*.

A. Quid

A. Quid *obſecro*?

B. Erat *Subluſtris* nox, *et* quidam *nautis* ſtabat *in galea*; nam *ſic* vocant, *opinor*; circumſpectans, *ſi* videret *quam* terram; *quedam* ſphæra *ignea* cœpit *adſiſtere* huic; *id* eſt *triſtiſſimum* oſtentum *nautis*, ſi *quando* ignis *eſt* ſolitarius, *felix* cum *gemini*. Vetuſtas *credidit* hos *eſſe* Caſtorem *et* Pollucem.

What *I pray you*?

It was a *Moonſhine* Night, *and* one *of the Sailors* ſtood *upon the Round Top*; for *ſo* they call it, *I think*; looking about, *if* he could ſee *any* Land; *a certain* Globe *of Fire* begun *to ſtand by* him; *that* is *a very ſad* Sign *to the Sailors*, if *at any Time* the Fire *is* but one, *a happy one* when *there are two*. Antiquity *believed* theſe *to be* Caſtor *and* Pollux.

A. Quid illis *cum* nautis, *quorum* alter *fuit* Eques, *alter* Pugil?

What have they to do *with* Sailors, *of which* one *was* a Horſeman, *the other* a Boxer?

B. Sic *viſum eſt* Poetis. *Naucleru*s qui *aſſidebat* clavo, *inquit*, Socie (*nam* Nautæ *compellant* ſe mutuo *eo* nomine) *videſne* quod *ſodalitium* claudat *tibi latus*? video, *reſpondit* ille, *&* precor *ut* ſit *felix*. Mox *igneus* globus *delapſus* per *funes*, devolvit *ſe* uſque ad *Naucleru*m.

So *it ſeemed good* to the Poets. *The Maſter* who *ſat* at the Helm, *ſays*, Comrade (*for* Sailors *call* one another *by that* Name) *do you ſee* what *Company* covers *your Side*? I ſee, *anſwered* he, *and* I wiſh *that it* may be *lucky*. By and by *the fiery* Globe *ſliding* along *the Ropes*, rowls *it ſelf* to *the Maſter*.

A. Num

A. Num ille exanimatus est *metu*?

B. Nautæ *assuevere* monstris. *Ibi* commoratus *paulisper*, volvit *se* per *margines* totius *navis*, inde *dilapsus* per *medios foros* evanuit.

A. Sub *meridiem* tempestas *cæpit* incrudescere *magis* ac *magis*. Vidistine *Alpes* unquam?

B. Vidi.

A. Illi *montes* sunt *verrucæ*, si *conferantur* ad *undas* Maris. *Quoties* tollebamur *in altum*, licuisset *contingere* lunam *digito*. Quoties *demittebamur*, videbamur *ire* recta *in tartara*, terra *dehiscente*.

B. O Insanos *qui* credunt *se* Mari!

A. Nautis *luctantibus* frustra *cum* tempestate, *tandem* nauclerus *totus* pallens *adiit* nos.

Was not he killed *with Fear*?

Sailors *are used* to strange Things. *There* staying *a little while*, it roll'd *it self* along *the Edges* of the whole *Ship*, after that *slipping* through *the middle of the Decks* it vanish'd away.

About *Noon* the Storm *began* to rage *more* and *more*: Have you seen *the Alps* ever?

I have seen them.

Those *Mountains* are *Molehills*, if *they be compared* to *the Waves* of the Sea. *As oft* as we were lift up *on high*, we might *have touch'd* the Moon *with a Finger*. As oft as *we were let down*, we seemed *to go* directly *into Hell*, the Earth *gaping*.

O mad Folks *who* trust *themselves* to the Sea!

The Sailors *strugling* in vain *with* the Tempest, *at length* the Master *all* Pale *came* to us.

B. Is

B. Is *pallor* præſagit *aliquod* magnum *malum*.

A. Amici, *inquit*, deſii *eſſe* dominus *meæ* navis; *ventis* vicere, *reliquum eſt*, ut *collocemus* noſtram *ſpem* in deo; *et* quiſque *paret* ſe *ad extrema*.

B. O concionem *vere* Scythicam!

A. Autem *imprimis*, inquit, *navis* eſt *exoneranda*, ſic *neceſſitas* jubet *durum* telum: *Præſtat* conſulere *vitæ* diſpendio *rerum*, quam *interire* ſimul *cum* rebus. *Veritas* perſuaſit; *plurima* vaſa *plena* precioſis *mercibus* projecta ſunt *in Mare*.

B. Hoc *erat* verè *facere* jacturam.

A. Quidam *Italus* aderat, *qui* egerat legatum *apud* reg. m *Scotiæ*; huic erat *ſcrinium* plenum *argenteis* vaſis, *annulis*, panno, *ac* ſericis *veſtimentis*.

A. Nolebat *is* decidere *cum* Mari?

That *Paleneſs* preſages *ſome* great *Evil*.

Friends, *ſaith he*, I have ceaſed *to be* Maſter *of my* Ship, *the Winds* have conquered; *it remains*, that *we place* our *Hopes* in God; *and* every one *prepare* himſelf *for Extremities*.

O Speech *truly* Scythian!

But *firſt*, quoth he, *the Ship* is *to be unladed*, ſo *neceſſity* commands *a hard* Weapon: *It is better* to take care of *Life* with the loſs *of Goods*, than *to periſh* together *with* our Goods. *Truth* perſwaded; *very many* Veſſels *full* of precious *Wares* were thrown *into the Sea*.

This *was* truly *to make* Loſs.

A certain *Italian* was there, *who* had been Ambaſſador *with* the King *of Scotland*; he had *a Box* full *of ſilver* Veſſels, *Rings*, Cloath, *and* ſilk *Cloaths*.

Would not *he* compound *with* the Sea?

B. Non, *ſed* cupiebat *aut* perire *cum* ſuis *amicis* opibus, *aut* ſervari *ſimul* cum *illis*; itaque *refragabatur*.

No, *but* he deſired *either* to periſh *with* his *beloved* Wealth, *or* to be ſaved *together* with *them*; wherefore *he refuſed*.

A. Quid *dixit* Nauclerus?

What *ſaid* the Maſter?

B. Liceret tibi *per nos*, inquit *ille*, perire *ſolum* cum *tuis*; ſed *non æquum eſt*, ut *nos* omnes *periclitemur* cauſa *tui* ſcrinii, *alioqui* dabimus *te* præcipitem *in Mare* una *cum* ſcrinio.

You might *for us*, quoth *he*, periſh *alone* with *your things*; but *it is not fit*, that *we* all *ſhould be endangered* for the ſake *of your* Box, *otherwiſe* we will throw *you* headlong *into the Sea* together *with* your Box.

A. Orationem *vere* nauticam!

A Speech *truly* Sailor like!

B. Sic *Italus* quoque *fecit* jacturam, *precans* multa *mala* ſuperis *et* inferis, *quod* credidiſſet *ſuam* vitam *tam barbaro* Elemento: *Paulo* poſt *venti* facti *nihilo* mitiores *noſtris* muneribus, *rupere* funes, *diſjecere* vela.

So *the* Italian too *made* Loſs, *wiſhing* many *evil things* to thoſe above *and* below, *that* he had truſted *his* Life *to ſo barbarous* an Element: *A little* after *the Winds* made *nothing* milder *by our* Preſents, *broke* the Ropes, *tore away* the Sails.

A. O calamitatem!

O Calamity!

B. Ibi *rurſus* nauta *adit* nos.

There *again* the Sailor *comes to* us.

A. Con-

A. Concionaturus?

B. Salutat. *Amici*, inquit, *tempus* hortatur *ut* unusquisque *commendet* se *Deo*, ac *præparet* se *morti*. Rogatus a quibusdam *non* imperitis *nautice* rei, *ad quas* horas *crederet* se *posse* tueri *navem*, negavit *se* posse *polliceri* quidquam, *sed* non posse *ultra* tres *horas*.

To make a Speech?

He salutes us. *Friends*, says he, *the Time* exhorts *that* every one *commend* himself to *God*, and *prepare* himself *for Death*. Being asked by some *not* unskill'd *in the sailing* Business, *for how many* Hours *he believed* he *could* maintain *the Ship*, he denied *that he* could *promise* any thing, *but* that he could not above three *Hours*.

A. Hæc *contio* erat *etiam* durior *priore*.

This *Speech* was *even* harder *than the former*.

B. Ubi *locutus est* hæc, *jubet* omnes *funes* incidi, *ac* malum *incidi* serra, *usque* ad thecam, *cui* inseritur, *ne* devolvi *simul* cum *antennis* in mare.

When *he had said* this, *he orders* all *the Ropes* to be cut, *and* the Mast *to be cut* with a Saw, *close* by the Case, *into which* it is put, *and* to be tumbled *together* with *the Sail-yards* into the Sea.

A. Cur hoc?

Why this?

B. Quia *velo* sublato aut lacero, *erat* oneri, non usui; tota spes *erat* in clavo.

Because *the Sail* being taken away, *or* torn, *it was* a Burden, *not* of use; *all* our Hopes *were* in the Helm.

A. Quid *interea* vectores?

What *in the mean time did* the Passengers?

B. Ibi

B. Ibi *vidisses* miseram *faciem* rerum. *Nautæ* canentes, *salve* regina, *implorabant* virginem *matrem*, appelantes *eam* stellam *maris*, reginam *cæli*, dominam *mundi*, portum *salutis* ac *blandientes* illi *multis* aliis *titulis*, quos *sacræ* literæ *nusquam* tribuunt *illi*.

There *you would have seen* a miserable *Face* of Things. *The Sailors* singing, *God save you* O Queen, *implored* the Virgin *Mother*, calling *her* the Star *of the Sea*, the Queen *of Heaven*, Lady *of the World*, Harbour *of Safety*, and *flattering* her *with many* other *Titles*, which *the Holy* Scriptures *no where* attribute *to her*.

A. Quid illi *cum* mari ; *quæ* nunquam *navigavit*, opinor ?

What has she to do *with* the Sea, *who* never *sailed*, I believe ?

B. Venus *olim* agebat *curam* nautarum, *quia* credebatur *nata* ex mari ; *quoniam* ea *desit* curare, *virgo* mater *est* suffecta *huic* matri *non* virgini.

Venus *formerly* took *Care* of the Sailors, *because* she was believed to be *born* of the Sea ; *because* she *has ceased* to take Care, *the Virgin* Mother *is* substituted *to this* Mother *not* a Virgin.

A. Ludis.

You Banter.

B. Nonnulli *procumbentes* in *tabulas* adorabant *mare*, effundentes *quicquid* olei *erat* in undas, *blandientes* illi *non* aliter *quam* solemus *irato* principi.

Some *falling down* upon *the Boards* worshipped *the Seas*, pouring *whatsoever* Oil *there was* into the *Waves*, *flattering* it, *no* otherwise than we use to do *an angry* Prince.

A. Quid *ajebant* ?

B. O clementiſſimum *mare*, O generoſiſſimum *mare*, O ditiſſimum *mare*, O formoſiſſimum *mare* ; miteſce, *ſerva*. occinebant *multa* hujuſmodi *ſurdo* mari.

A. Ridicula *Superſtitio* ! quid *alii* ?

B. Quidam *nihil* aliud *quam* vomebant, *plerique* nuncupabant *vota*. Aderat *quidam* Anglus, *qui* promittebat *aureos* montes *Virgini* Walſingamicæ, *ſi* attigiſſet *terram* vivus. *Alii* promittebant *multa* ligno *crucis*, quod *eſſet* in *tali* loco, *alii* rurſus *quod* eſſet *in* tali *loco*. Idem *factum eſt* de *Virgine* Maria *quæ* regnat *in* multis *locis*, et *putant* votum *irritum*, niſi *exprimas* locum.

What *did they ſay* ?

O moſt merciful *Sea*, O moſt noble *Sea*, O moſt rich *Sea*, O moſt beautiful *Sea*, grow mild, *ſave us*. They ſung *many Things* of this kind *to the deaf* Sea.

Ridiculous *Superſtition* ! what did *others* ?

Some did *nothing* elſe *than* vomit, *moſt* put up *Vows*. There was there a *certain* Engliſh Man, *who* promiſed *golden* Mountains *to the Maid* of Walſingham, *if* he touch'd *Land* alive. *Others* promis'd *many Things* to the Wood *of the Croſs*, which *was* in *ſuch* a Place, *others* again to that *which* was *in* ſuch *a Place*. The ſame *was done* as to *the Virgin* Mary, *who* reigns *in* many *Places*, and *they think* the Vow *to no Purpoſe*, unleſs *you expreſs* the Place.

A. Ridiculum, *quaſi* divi *non habitent* in *cœlis*.

Ridiculous, *as tho'* the Saints *do not dwell* in *the Heavens*.

B. Erant *qui* promitterent *ſe* fore *Carthuſianos*.

There were *who* promiſed *that they* would

anos. Erat *unus*, qui *polliceretur* se *aditurum* Jacobum *qui* habitat *Compostellæ*, rudis *pedibus* et *capite*, corpore *tantum* tecto *ferreâ* loricâ, *ad hæc* emendicato *cibo.*

Nemo *meminit* Christophori?

B. Audivi *unum* non *sine* risu, *qui* clara *voce*, ne *non exaudiretur*, polliceretur *Christophoro*, qui *est* Lutetiæ *in summo templo*, mons *verius* quam *statua*, cereum *tantum* quantus *esset ipse*; cum *vociferans* hæc *quantum* poterat, *inculcaret* idem tidem, *qui* forte *assistebat* proximus, *notus* illi, *tetigit* eum *cubito*, ac *submonuit*; vide *quid* pollicearis; *etiamsi* facias *auctionem* omnium tuarum *rerum*, non fueris solvendo. *Tum* ille *inquit* voce *jam* pressiore, *videlicet* ne *Christophorus* exaudiret, *tace* fatue; *an credis* me *loqui* ex animo? *Si* semel *contigero* terram, *non datu-*

be *Carthusians*. There was *one*, who *promised* that he *would go to* James *who* dwells *at Compostella*, bare *Foot* and *Head*, with his Body *only* covered *with an Iron* Coat of Mail, *besides the* begging *his Meat.*

Did no Body *mention* Christopher?

I heard *one* not *without* Laughter, *who* with a clear *Voice*, lest *he should not be heard*, promised *Christopher*, who *is* at Paris *on the Top of a Church* a Mountain *more truly* than *a Statue*, a Wax-Candle *as big* as *he was himself*; when *bawling out* this *as hard as* he could, *he inculcated it* now and then, *he that* by Chance *stood* next, *known* to him, *touched* him *with his Elbow*, and *advised him*; have a care *what* you promise, *tho'* you make *an Auction* of all your *Goods*, you'll not be able to pay. *Then* he *says* with a Voice *now* lower, *to wit*, lest *Christo-*

rus ſum ei ſebaceam candelam.

A. O craſſum *ingenium!* ſuſpicor *fuiſſe* Batavum.

B. Non, *ſed* erat *Zelandus.*

A. Miror *Paulum* Apoſtolum *veniſſe* nulli in mentem, *qui* navigarit *ipſe* olim, *et* navi *fracta*, deſilierit *in terram*: Nam *is* haud ignarus *mali* didicit *ſuccurrere* miſeris.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *Pauli.*

A. Precabantur *interim*?

B. Certatim. *Alius* canebat, *ſalve* Regina; *alias* credo *in Deum.* Erant *qui* habebant *quaſdam* peculiares *preculas*, non *diſſimiles* Magicis, *adverſus* pericula.

A. Ut *Religioſos* afflictio *facit!* ſecundis rebus, *nec* Deus *nec* Diabolus *ſhould hear, hold your Tongue* you Fool; *do you think I ſpeak* from my Heart? *If* I once *touch* Land, *I'll not give* him *a Tallow* Candle.

O groſs *Wit!* I ſuſpect *he was* a Dutchman.

No, *but* he was a *Zelander.*

I wonder *that Paul* the Apoſtle *came* into no Body's Mind, *who* ſailed *himſelf* formerly, *and* the Ship *being broke*, leap'd out *upon Land*: For *he* being not Ignorant *of Evil* learnt *to ſuccour* the miſerable.

There *was no* mention *of Paul.*

Did they pray *in the mean Time*?

Hard. *One* ſung, *God ſave you* O Queen, *another*, I believe *in God.* There were *who* had *ſome* peculiar *Prayers*, not *unlike* Magical ones, *againſt* Dangers.

How *Religious* Affliction *makes us!* In Proſperity, *neither* God *nor*

vus

vus *venit* in mentem. *Quid* tu *interea*? nuncupabas *vota* nulli *divorum*.

B. Nequaquam.

A. Cur *ita*?

B. Quia *non paciſcor* cum *divis*. Nam *quid* eſt *aliud* quam *contractus* juxta *formulam* Do *ſi* facias, *aut* faciam *ſi* facias; *dabo* cereum, *ſi* enatem; *ibo* Romam, *ſi* ſerves.

A. At *implorabas* præſidium *alicujus* divi.

B. Ne *id* quidem,

A. Quamobrem?

B. Quia *Cœlum* eſt *ſpatioſum*. Si *commendaro* meam *ſalutem* cui *divo*, puta *ſancto* Petro, *qui* forteſſe *audiet* primus, *quod* aſtet *oſtio*; priuſquam *ille* conveniat *Deum*, priuſquam *exponat* cauſam, *ego jam periero*.

A. Quid *faciebas* igitur?

Saint *comes* into our Mind: *What did* you *in the mean Time*? Did you make *Vows* to none *of the Saints*?

Not at all.

Why *ſo*?

Becauſe *I do not bargain* with *the Saints*. For *what* is it *elſe* than *a Contract* according to *Form*. I give *if* you will do, *or* I will do *if* you will do, *I will give you* a Wax-Candle, *if* I ſwim out; *I will go* to Rome, *if* you ſave me.

But *you implored* the Protection *of ſome* Saint.

Not *that* indeed.

Why?

Becauſe *Heaven* is *ſpacious*. If *I recommend* my *Safety* to any *Saint*, ſuppoſe *to St* Peter, *who* perhaps *will hear* firſt, *becauſe* he ſtands *at the Door*; before *he* goes to *God*, before *he declares* my Caſe, *I am already ruined*.

What *did you do* then?

B. Adibam *rectà* patrem *ipſum*, dicens *noſter* pater *qui es in* cœlis. *Nemo* divorum *audit* citius *illo*, aut *donat* libentius *quod* petitur.

I went *directly* to the Father *himſelf*, ſaying *our* Father *which* art *in* Heaven. *None* of the Saints *hears* ſooner *than him*, or *gives* more willingly *what* is asked.

A. Sed *interea* non Conſcientia reclamabat tibi? *non verebaris* appellare *eum* patrem, *quem* offenderas *tot* ſceleribus.

But *in the mean Time*, did not your Conſcience cry out againſt you? *were you not afraid* to call *him* Father, *whom* you had offended *with ſo many* Crimes?

B. Ut *diram* ingenuè, *conſcientia* deterrebat *non nihil*; ſed *mox* recipiebam *animum*, cogitans *ita* mecum, *eſt* nullus *pater* tam *iratus* filio, *quin* ſi *videat* eum *periclitantem* in torrente *aut* lacu, *efficiat* arreptum *capillis* in ripam. *Inter* omnes *nullus* agebat *ſe* tranquillius, *quam* quædam *mulier*, cui erat *infantulus* in ſinu, *quem* lactabat.

That *I may ſpeak* ingenuouſly, *my Conſcience* did terrify me *a little*; but *by and by* I recovered *my Courage*, thinking *thus* with my ſelf; *There is* no *Father* ſo *angry* with a Son, *but* if *he ſee* him *in danger* in a Torrent, *or* Lake, *he would throw him out*, taken by *the Hair* upon the Bank. *Amongſt* all *none* behav'd *himſelf* more quietly *than* a certain *Woman*, who had *a Child* in her Boſom, *which* ſhe ſuckled.

A. Quid *illa*?

What did *ſhe*?

B. Sola

B. Sola *nec* vociferabatur, *nec* flebat, *nec* pollicitabatur: *tantum* complexa *puellam*, precabatur *tacite*. Interea *dum* navis *illideretur* vado *ſubinde*, nauclerus *metuens* ne *tota ſolveretur*, cinxit *eam* rudentibus *a prora*, et *a puppi*.

She alone *neither* bawled, *nor* wept, *nor* promiſed: *Only* embracing *her Child*, ſhe prayed *ſilently*. In the mean Time *whilſt* the Ship was *knock'd againſt* the Bottom *now and then*, the Maſter *fearing* leſt *it ſhould be all broke*, begirt *it* with Cables *at the Head*, and *at the Stern*.

A. O miſera præſidia!

O miſerable Helps!

B. Interim *exoritur* ſenex ſacrificus, *ſexaginta* annos *natus*, nomen *erat* Adamus: *is* abjectis *veſtibus* uſque ad *induſium*, abjectis *etiam* ocreis, *et* calceis, *juſſit* ut omnes *pararemus* nos *itidem* ad natandum. *Atque* ita *ſtans* in medio *navis*, concionatus eſt *nobis* ex Gerſone *quinque* veritates *de* utilitate *confitendi*; hortatus *omnes* ut *quiſque* præpararet *ſe* et *vitæ* et *morti*. Aderat *et* quidam *Dominicanus*. Confeſſi ſunt *bis* qui *volebant*.

In the mean Time *ſtarts up* a certain *aged* Prieſt, *ſixty* Years *old*, his Name *was* Adam: *He* having caſt of *his Cloaths* to *his Shirt*, having caſt off *likewiſe* his Leathern Stockings, *and* Shoes, *bad* us all *prepare* our ſelves *in like Manner* to ſwim. *And* ſo *ſtanding* in the middle *of the Ship*, he preach'd *to us* out of Gerſon *the five* Truths *concerning* the Uſefulneſs *of Confeſſing*; exhorting *all*, that *every one* ſhould prepare *himſelf* both *for Life*, and *Death*: There was

A. Quid

A. Quid *tu*?

B. Ego *videns* omnia *plena* tumultus, *confessus sum* tacite *Deo*, damnans *apud* eum *meam* injustitiam, *et* implorans *ejus* miserecordiam.

A. Quo *migraturus*, si *perisses* sic?

B. Committebam *hoc* Deo *Judici*. Nam *neque* volebam *esse* judex *mei ipsius*: tamen *quædam* bona *spes* interim *habebat* meum *animum*. Dum *hæc* aguntur, *nauta* redit *ad nos* lachrymabundus, *quisque* paret *se*, inquit, *nam* navis *non erit* usui *nobis* ad *quartam* partem *horæ*. Nam *jam* convulsa *aliquot* locis *hauriebat* mare. *Paulo* post *nauta* renunciat *nobis*, se *videre* procul *sacram* turrim, *adhortans* ut *implo*raremus auxilium *divi*, quisquis *esset* præses *ejus* templi. Om-

present *also* a certain *Dominican*. They confessed *to these* that *would*.

What did *you*?

I *seeing* all Places *full* of Tumult, *confessed* silently *to God*, condemning *before* him *my* Unrighteousness, *and* imploring *his* Mercy.

Whither *would you have* gone, if *you had di'd* so?

I left *this* to God *my Judge*. For *neither* would I *be* the Judge *of my self*: Yet *some* good *Hopes* in the mean Time *possess'd* my *Mind*. Whilst *these Things* are doing, *the Sailor* returns *to us* weeping, *let every one* prepare *himself*, says he, *for* the Ship *will not be* of Use *to us* for *a fourth* Part *of an Hour* For *now* being broke *in several* Places *it let in* the Sea. *A little* after, *the Sailor* tells *us*, that he *saw* far off *a sacred* Turret, *advising* that *we should implore* the Assistance *of the Saint*,

nes

nes procumbunt, *et* orant *ignotum* divum.

A. Si *compellasſetis* nomine, *fortaſſis* audiſſet.

B. Erat *ignotum*. Interim *nauclerus* dirigit *navem* jam *laceram*, jam *combibentem* undas *undique*; ac *plane* dilapſuram, *ni* fuiſſet *ſuccincta* rudentibus, *eò* quantum *poteſt*.

A. Dura *conditio* rerum.

B. Provecti ſumus *eo*, ut *incolæ* ejus *loci* proſpicerent *nos* periclitantes; *ac* procurrentes *catervatim* in extremum littus, *togis* Sublatis, *ac* galeris *impoſitis* in Lanceas, *invitabant* ad ſeſe; *ac* brachiis *jactatis* in cœlum, *ſignificabant* ſe *deplorare* noſtram *Fortunam*.

whoſoever *was* the Preſident *of that* Church. *All* fall down *and* pray to *the unknown* Saint.

If *you had ſpoke to him* by his Name, *perhaps* he would have heard you.

It was *unknown*. In the mean Time *the Maſter* ſteers *the Ship* now *torn*, now *drinking in* the Waters *on all Sides*; and *plainly* ready to fall in Pieces, *unleſs* it had been *girt* with Cables, *thither* as much as he *can*.

A hard *Condition* of Affairs.

We advanced *ſo far*, that *the Inhabitants* of that *Place* ſaw *us* in Danger; *and* running out *in Companies* to the Edge of the Shore, *with their Coats* lift up, *and* Hats *put* upon Lances, *they invited us* to them; *and* with their Arms *toſſed up* towards Heaven, *ſignified* that they *lamented* our *Fortune*.

A. Expecto

A. Expecto *quid* evenerit.

I wait to know *what* happened.

B. Jam *mare* occupaverat *totam* navim, *ut* futuri essemus *nihilo* tutiores *in navi* quam *in mari*.

Now *the Sea* had seized *the whole* Ship, *that* we were like to be *no* safer *in the Ship* than *in* the Sea.

A. Heic *confugiendum erat* ad *sacram* Anchoram.

Here *you were to fly* to *the Holy* Anchor.

B. Imo *ad* miseram. *Nautæ* exonerant *scapham* aqua, *ac* demittunt *in Mare*. Omnes *conantur* conjicere *se* in hanc, *nautis* reclamantibus *magno* tumultu, *Scapham* non esse *capacem* tantæ *multitudinis*; quisque *arriperet* sibi *quod* posset, *ac* nataret. *Res* non patiebatur *lenta* consilia; *alius* arripit *remum*, alius *contum*, alius *alveum*, alius *situlam*, alius *Tabulam*; ac *quisque* nitentes *suo præsidio*, committunt *se* fluctibus.

Nay *to* the miserable one. *The Sailors* empty *the Boat* of the Water, *and* let it down *into the Sea*. All *endeavour* to throw *themselves* into it, *the Sailors* remonstrating against it *with great* Tumult, *that the Boat* was not *capable* of so great *a Number*; that every one *should take* to himself *what* he could, *and* swim. *The Thing* did not admit *slow* Counsels; *one* takes *an Oar*, another *a Boat-hook*, another *a Sink*, another *a Bucket*, another *a Board*; and *every one* resting upon *their Security*, commit *themselves* to the Waves.

A. Quid *interim* accidit

What *in the mean*

cidit *illi* muli erculæ *quæ* ſola *non ejulabat.*

B. Illa *pervenit* prima *omnium* ad littus.

A. Quî *potuit* ?

B. Impoſueramus *eam* repandæ *Tabulæ*, et *alligaveramus* ſic, *ut* non poſſet *facile* decidere ; *dedimus* illi *tabellam* in manum, *qua* uteretur *vice* remi ; ac precantes *bene*, expoſuimus *in fluctus*, protrudentes *conto*, ut *abeſſet* a navi, *unde* erat *periculum* ; illa *tenens* infantulum *lævâ*, remigabat *dextra.*

Time happened *to that* poor Woman, *who* alone *did not cry out* ?

She *came* firſt *of all* to the Shore.

How *could ſhe* ?

We had ſet *her* upon a bent *Board*, and *had ti'd her* ſo, *that* ſhe could not *eaſily* fall of, *we gave* her *a Board* in her Hand, *which* ſhe might uſe *inſtead* of an Oar, *and* wiſhing her *well*, we plac'd her *upon the Waves*, thruſting her forward *with a Poll*, that *ſhe might be at a Diſtance* from the Ship, *from whence* there was *Danger* : She *holding* her Child *with her left Hand*, rowed with *her Right.*

A. O viraginem !

B. Cum *jam* nihil *ſupereſſet*, quidam *avulſit* ligneam *Statuam* Virginis *Matris*, jam *putrem*, atque *excavatam* a ſoricibus, *et* complexus *eam* cœpit *natare.*

A. Pervenit Scapha *incolumis* ?

B. Nulli *periere* prius.

O ſtout Laïs !

When *now* nothing *remained*, one *pulled down* a wooden *Image* of the Virgin *Mother*, now *rotten* and *hollowed* by the Rats, *and* embracing *it* begun *to ſwim.*

Did the Boat get *ſafe* ?

None were loſt *ſooner.*

A. Quo

A. Quo *malo* fato *id factum eſt* ?

B. Priuſquam *poſſet* liberare *ſe* a *magna* navi, *ſubverſa eſt* illius *vacillatione*.

A. O malè factum ! *quid* tum ?

B. Ego, *dum* conſulo *aliis*, pœne perieram.

A. Quo pacto ?

B. Quia *nihil* ſupererat *aptum* natationi.

A. Illic *ſubera* fuiſſent *uſui*.

B. In eo *articulo* rerum, *maluiſſem* vile *ſuber*, quam *auream* candelabrum.

A. Tandem *venit* in mentem *circumſpicienti*, de ima *parte* mali ; *quoniam* non poteram *eximere eam* ſolus, *adſciſco* ſocium : *Ambo* innixi *huic*, committimus *nos* mari, *ſic* ut *ego* tenerem *dextrum* cornu, *ille* levum. *Dum* jactamur *ſic*, ille *ſacrificus* nauticus concionator *injecit* ſe *medium* in *noſtros* humeros ; *autem* erat *ingenti* corpore. *Ex-*

By what *ill* Fate *happened that* ?

Before *it could* deliver *it ſelf* from *the great* Ship, *it was overſet* by its Tottering.

O ill done ! *What* then ?

I, *whilſt* I take care *of others* had well nigh periſh'd.

After what Manner ?

Becauſe *nothing* was left *fit* for ſwimming.

There *Cork* would have been of *Uſe*.

In that *Junfture* of Affairs *I had rather have had* mean *Cork*, than a *Golden* Candleſtick.

At laſt *it came* into my Mind *as I was looking about*, to think of the low *Part* of the Maſt ; *becauſe* I could not *get it out* alone, *I take* a Companion : *We both* leaning upon *that*, commit *our ſelves* to the Sea, *ſo* that *I* held *the right* End, *he* the left. *Whilſt* we are toſſed about *ſo*, that *Prieſt*, the Sea-chaplain *threw* him-

clamamus

Exclamamus, quis *ille* tertius? *is* perdet *nos omnes*; ille *contra* inquit *placide*, ſitis *bono* animo, *eſt ſat ſpatii*. Deus *aderit* nobis.

A: Cur *ille cæpit* eſſe *natator* tam *ſero*?

B. Imo *futurus erat* cum *Dominicano* in Scapha; *nam* omnes *deferebant* hoc *honoris* illi; *ſed* quanquam *confeſſi erant* invicem *in navi*, tamen *obliti* neſcio *quid* circumſtantiarum, *confitentur* rurſus *in ora* navis, *et* alter *imponit* manum *alteri*; interim *Scapha* perit; *nam* Adamus *narravit* hæc *mihi*.

A. Quid *actum eſt* de Dominicano?

B. Is, *ut* idem *narrabat* implorata *ope* divorum, *abjectis* veſtibus, *commiſit* ſe *nudum* natationi.

ſelf *in the middle* upon *our* Shoulders. *And* he was *of a huge* body. *We cry out* who's *that* third? *He* will ruine *us all*: He *on the other Hand*, ſays *ſmoothly*, be *of good* Courage, *there is* Room *enough*. God *will be* with us.

Why *did he begin* to be *a Swimmer* ſo *late*?

Nay *he ſhould have been* with *the Dominican* in the Boat; *for* all gave this *Honour* to him; *but* altho' *they had confeſſed* to one another *in the Ship*, yet *having forgot* I do not know *what* Circumſtances, *they confeſs* again *upon the Edge* of the Ship: *and* one *lays* his Hand *upon the other*; in the mean time *the Boat* is loſt; *for* Adam *told* this *to me*.

What *became* of the Dominican?

He, *as* the ſame *told me*, having implored *the Help* of the Saints, *having caſt off* his Cloaths, *committed* himſelf *naked* to ſwimming.

A. Quos *divos* invocabat ?

B. Dominicum, *Thomam*, Vincentium, *ſed* confidebat *imprimis* Catharinæ *Senenſi*.

A. Chriſtus non veniebat *illi in mentem* ?

B. Ita *Sacrificus* narrabat.

A. Enataſſet *melius*, ſi *non abjeciſſet* ſacram *cucullam* : ea *depoſita*, qui *potuit* Catherina *Senenſis* agnoſcere *eum* ? ſed *perge* narrare *de te*.

B. Dum *volveremur* adhuc *juxta* navim *volventem* ſe *huc* atque *illuc* arbitrio *fluctuum*, clavus *frangebat* ejus *femur*, qui *tenebat* lævum *cornu* : ſic *ille* revulſus eſt. *Sacrificus* precatus *illi* æternam *requiem*, ſucceſſit *in locum illius*, adhortans *me*, ut *tuerer* meum *cornu* magno *animo*, ac *moverem* pedes *ſtrenue*. Interim *potabamus* multum *ſalſæ* aquæ. *Neptunus* temperarat *nobis* non *tantum* ſal-

What *Saints* did he invoke ?

Dominick, *Thomas*, Vincent, *but* he truſted *chiefly* in Catherine *of Sens*.

Did not Chriſt come *into his Mind* ?

So *the Prieſt* told me.

He would have ſwum out *better*, if *he had not thrown of* his holy *Cawl* : that *being put of*, how *could* Catherine *of Sens* know *him* ? But go *on* to tell *of your ſelf*.

Whilſt *we were rowling* as yet *nigh* the Ship *rowling* it ſelf *hither* and *thither* at the Pleaſure *of the Waves*, the Helm *broke* his *Thigh*, who *held* the left *End* : So *he* was knock'd of. *The Prieſt* wiſhing *Him* eternal *Reſt*, ſucceeded *in his Place*, adviſing *me* that *I ſhould take care* of my *End* with great *Courage*, and *move* my Feet *ſtrenuouſly*. In the mean time *we drunk* much *Salt* Water. *Neptune* had mix-

ſum

ſum *balneum* ſed *etiam* ſalſam *potionem*; quanquam *Sacrificus* monſtrabat *remedium* ei rei.

A. Quod *obſecro*?

B. Quoties *unda* occurreret *nobis*, ille *oppoſuit* occipitium, *ore* clauſo.

A, Narras *mihi* Strenuum *ſenem*.

B. Ubi *natantes* ſic *aliquandiu*, promoviſſemus *jam* nonnihil, *Sacrificus*, quoniam *erat* miræ *proceritatis*, inquit, *es* bono *animo*; Sentio *vadum*. Ego, *non auſus* ſperare *tantum* felicitatis, *inquam*, abſumus *longius* a littore, *quam* ut *vadum* ſit *ſperandum*. Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *terram* pedibus; *eſt*, inquam, *fortaſſis* aliquod *e ſcriniis*, quod *mare* devolvit *huc*, imo, *inquit*, ſentio *plane* terram *ſcalptu* digitorum. *Cum* nataſſemus *adhuc* aliquandiu, *ac* ſentiret *vadum* rurſus, *Tu fac*, inquit, *quod* videtur *tibi* optimum

ed *for us* not *only a* Salt *Bath* but *alſo* a Salt *Drink*, tho' *the Prieſt* ſhew'd *a Remedy* for that Thing.

What *I beſeech you*?

As oft as *a Wave* met *us*, he *oppoſed* the Back-ſide of his Head, *with his Mouth* ſhut.

You tell *me* of a ſtout *old Fellow*.

When *Swimming* thus *ſome Time*, we had advanced *now* ſomething, *the Prieſt*, becauſe *he was* of wonderful *Tallneſs*, ſays, *be* of good *Courage*, I feel *the Bottom*. I *not daring* to hope for *ſo much* Happineſs, *ſay*, we are *further* from the Shore, *than* that *the Bottom* is *to be hoped for*. Nay, *ſays he*, I feel *the Earth* with my Feet; *it is*, ſay I, *perhaps*, ſome *of the Boxes*, which *the Sea* has tumbled *hither*; nay, *ſays he*, I perceive *plainly* the Earth, *with the Scratching* of my Toes. *When* we had ſwum *as yet* ſome time,

factu, ego *cedo* tibi *totum* malum, *et* credo *me* vado, *simulque* expectato *decessu* fluctuum, *Sequutus est* pedibus *quanto* cursu *potuit*. Rursus *undis* accedentibus, *complexus* utrumque *genu* utraque *manu*, obnitebatur *fluctui*, occultans *sese* sub undis, *quemadmodum* mergi *et* anates *solent*; rursus *fluctu* abeunte, *promicabat* et *currebat*. Ego *videns* hoc *succedere* illi *sum imitatus*. Stabant *in arena*, qui *fulciebant* se *adversus* impetum *undarum*, prælongis *hastilibus* porrectis *inter se*, robusti viri, et *assueti* fluctibus, *sic* ut *ultimus* porrigeret *hastam* adnatanti; *ea* contacta, *omnibus* recipientibus *se* in littus, *pertrahebatur* tuto *in siccum*. Aliquot *servati sunt*, hac ope:

and he perceived *the Bottom* again, *do you*, saith he, *what* seems *to you* best *to be done*, I give you *the whole* Mast, *and* trust *my self* to the Bottom, *and at the same Time* having waited *the going in* of the Waves, *he followed* on his Feet *with as great* Pace *as he could*. Again *the Waves* coming on, *embracing* both *Knees* with both *Hands*, he opposed *the Wave*, hiding *himself* under *the* Water, *as* your Sea Guls *and* Ducks *use to do*; again *the Wave* going back, *he sprung out*, and *ran*. I *seeing* this *succeed* with him *imitated it*. There stood *on the Sand*, who *propp'd* themselves *against* the Force *of the Waves*, with long *Polls* stretch'd *betwixt them*, strong *Men*, and *used* to the Waves, *so* that *the last* held *a Poll* to him that swum towards him, *that* being touch'd, *all* betaking *themselves* to the Shore, *he was*

A. Quot?

A. Quot?

B. Septem. *Verum* duo *ex his* ſoluti ſunt *tepore*, admoti *igni*.

A. Quot *eratis* in Navi?

B. Quinquaginta octo.

A. O ſævum *mare!* ſaltem *fuiſſet* contentum *decimis*, quæ *ſufficiunt* ſacerdotibus: *reddidit* tam *paucos* ex *tanto* numero?

B. Ibi *experti ſumus* incredibilem *humanitatem* gentis, *ſuppeditantis* nobis *omnia* mira *alacritate*; hoſpitium, *ignem*, cibum, *veſtes*, viaticum.

A. Quæ *gens* erat?

B. Hollandica.

A. Nihil *humanius* iſta, *cum* tamen *cincta ſit* feris *Nationibus*. Non repetes *Neptunum* poſthac, *opinor*.

drawn ſafely *on dry Ground*. Some *were ſaved* by this Means.

How many?

Seven: *But* two *of theſe* fainted away *with the Warmth*, being ſet by *the Fire*.

How many *were you* in the Ship?

Fifty *eight*.

O cruel *Sea!* at leaſt *it might have been* content *with the Tithes*, which *ſuffice* the Prieſts; *did it return* ſo *few* out of *ſo great* a Number?

There *we experienc'd* the incredible *Humanity* of the Nation, *furniſhing* us *with all Things*, with wonderful *Chearfulneſs*, Lodging, *Fire*, Meat, *Cloaths*, Proviſions for our Way Home.

What *Nation* was it?

Holland,

There is none *more civil* than that, *tho' yet it be ſurrounded* with ſavage *Nations*. you will not go again *to Sea* hereafter *I ſuppoſe*.

B. Non *nisi* Deus *adimat* sanam mentem *mihi*.

A. Et *ego* malim *audire* tales *fabulas*, quam *experiri*.

Not *unless* God *take away* my Witts *from me*.

And *I* had rather *hear* such *Storys*, than *know them by Experience*.

DIVERSORIA.

A. CUR *ita visum est* plerisque *commorari* biduum *aut* tridium *Lugduni*? Ego *ingressus* iter *semel* non conquiesco, *donec* pervenero *quo* constitui.

Why *does it seem good* to most People *to stay* two Days *or* three *at Lyons*? I *having enter'd upon* a Journey *once* do not rest, *till* I come *whither* I design'd.

B. Imo *ego* admiror *quenquam* posse *avelli* illinc.

Nay *I* wonder *that any one* can *be got* from Thence.

A. Quamobrem *tandem*?

What for *at length*!

B. Quia *illic* est *locus*, unde *socii* Ulyssis *non poterant* avelli: *illic* sirenes. *Nemo* tractatur *melius* suæ *domi*, quam *illic* in pandocheo.

Because *there* is *the Place* from whence *the Companions* of Ulysses *could not* be drawn away: *there are* the Sirens. *No Body* is treated *better* at his own *Home*, than *there* in an Inn:

A. Quid *fit*?

What *is done*?

B. Aliqua *mulier* astabat *mensæ* semper, *quæ exhilararet* convivium *facetiis* ac *leporibus*. Primum

Some *Woman* stood by *the Table* always, *to divert* the Company *with Wit* and *Drollery*: mum

mum *mater familias* adibat, *quæ* ſalutabat, *jubens* nos *eſſe* hilares, *et* boni conſulere *quod* apponeretur. *Filia* ſuccedebat *huic*, elegans *mulier*, moribus *ac* lingua *adeo* feſtivis, *ut* poſſit *exhilarare* Catonem *ipſum*. Nec *confabulantur* ut *cum* ignotis *hoſpitibus*, ſed *velut* cum *olim notis* et *familiaribus*.

First *the good Woman of the Houſe* came to us, *who* ſaluted us, *bidding* us *be* merry, *and* take in good Part *what* was ſet before us. *The Daughter* ſucceeded *her*, a neat *Woman*, of an Humour *and* Tongue ſo merry, *that* ſhe might *divert* Cato *himſelf*. Nor *do they talk* as *with* unknown *Gueſts*, but *as* with *People formerly known to them*, and *their familiar Friends*.

A. Agnoſco *humanitatem* Gallicæ *gentis*.

I perceive *the Civility* of the French *Nation*.

B. Quoniam autem *illæ* non poterant *adeſſe* ſemper, *quod* munia *Domeſtica* eſſent *obeunda*, ac *reliqui* convivæ *conſalutandi*, quædam *puella* adſtabat *continenter*, inſtructa *ad* omnes *jocos*. Una *erat* ſatis *excipiendis* omnium *jaculis*: hæc *ſuſtinebat* fabulam, *donec* filia *rediret*: nam *mater* erat *natu grandior*.

But becauſe *they* could not *be preſent* always, *becauſe* the Buſineſs *of the Houſe* was *to be minded*, and *the reſt* of the Gueſts *to be ſaluted*, a certain *Girl* ſtood by *conſtantly*, furniſhed *for* all *Jeſts*. She alone *was* ſufficient *to receive* all *their Darts*: She *kept up* the Farce, *till* the Daughter *return'd*: for *the Mother* was *elderly*.

A. Sed

A. Sed *qualis* erat *apparatus* tandem? *nam* venter *non expletur* fabulis.

B. Profecto *lautus*, ut *ego* mirer *illos* posse *accipere* hospites *tam* vili: *rursus* convivio *peracto*, alunt *hominem* lepidis *fabulis*, ne *quid* tædii *obrepat*. Videbar *mihi* esse *domi* non *peregre*.

But *what* was *your Provision* at last? *for* the Belly *is not fill'd* with Tales.

Truly *Dainty*, that *I* wonder *that they* can *entertain* Guests *so* cheap; *Again* the Feast *being ended*, they treat *a Man* with pretty *Storys*, lest *any Thing* of Weariness *should creep upon him*. I seemed *to my self* to be *at Home*, not *Abroad*.

A. Quid *factum est* in cubiculis?

B. Illic *aderant* aliquot *puellæ* nusquam non, *ridentes*, lasciventes, *lusitantes*: ultro *rogabant*, si *haberemus* quid *vestium sordidarum*, lavabant *eas*, ac *reddebant*. Quid multis? *videbamus* nihil *illic* præter *puellas* ac *mulieres*, nisi *in stabulo*, quanquam *puellæ* irrumpebant *et* huc *frequenter*. Complectuntur *abeuntes*, ac *dimittunt* tanto *affectu*, quasi *omnes* essent *fratres*, aut *propinquæ* cognationis.

What *was done* in the Chambers?

There *were* some *Girls* every where, *laughing*, wantoning, *playing*: of their own Accord, *they ask'd us*, if *we had* any *foul Cloaths*, they wash'd *them*, and gave *us them again*. What needs many Words? *we saw* nothing *there* besides *Girls* and *Women*, but *in the Stable*, altho' *the Girls* broke in *too* hither *frequently*. They embrace *Men departing*, and *dismiss them* with so much *Affection*, as if *they all* were *their Brothers*, or *of near* Relation.

A. Fortaſſis *iſti* mores *decent* Gallos. *Mores* Germaniæ *arrident* mihi *magis*, utpote *maſculi*.

B. Nunquam contigit *mihi* videre *Germaniam*: quare, *quæſo* te, *ne gravere* commemorare, *quibus* modis *accipiant* Hoſpitem.

A. Neſcio *an* ſit *ubique* eadem *ratio* tractandi: *narrabo* quod *ego* vidi. Nemo *ſalutat* advenientem, *ne* videantur *ambire* hoſpitem: *Nam* exiſtimant *id* ſordidum, *et* indignum *Germanica* ſeveritate. *Ubi* inclamaveris *diu*, tandem *aliquis* profert *caput* per *feneſtellam* æſtuarii (*nam* degunt *in his* fere *uſque ad* æſtivum *ſolſtitium*) non *aliter* quam *teſtudo* proſpicit *e teſta*. Is *eſt* rogandus, *an* liceat *diverſari* illic. *Si* non renuit, *intelligis* locum *dari*: commonſtrat *manu* mota, *rogantibus* ubi *ſit ſtabulum*. Illic *licet tibi* tractare *tuum* equum

Perhaps *theſe* Manners *become* the French. *The Manners* of Germany *pleaſe* me *more* as being *maſculine*.

It never happened *to me* to ſee *Germany*: Wherefore, *I pray* you, *do not think much* to relate *after what* manner *they entertain* a Gueſt.

I know not *whether* there be *every where* the ſame *Manner* of Treatment. *I will tell* what *I have ſeen*. No Body *ſalutes* a Man upon his coming, *leſt* they ſhould ſeem *to court* a Gueſt. *For* they think *that* mean, *and* unworthy of *the German* Gravity. *When* you have call'd *a long time*, at laſt *Some-Body* puts *his Head* thro' *the Window* of a *Stove* (*for* they live *in them* almoſt *till* the Summer *Solſtice*) no *otherwiſe* than *a Snail* looks *out of it's Shell*. He *is* to be asked, *whether* you may *Inn* there. *If* he does not refuſe, *you underſtand* a

tua

suo more: *nam* nullus *famulus* admovet *manum.* Si *est* celebrius *diversorium*, ibi *famulus* commonstrat *stabulum*, atque *etiam* locum *minime* commodum *equo.* Nam *servant* commodiora *venturis*, præsertim *nobilibus.* Si *causeris* quid, *audis* statim, *si* non placet: *quære* aliud *diversorium.* Præbent *fœnum* in urbibus *ægrè* et *perparce*, nec *vendunt* multo *minoris*, quam *avenam* ipsam. *Ubi* consultum est *equo*, commigras *totus* in hypocaustum, *cum* ocreis, *sarcinis*, luto. *Id est* unum *commune* omnibus.

Place *is allowed you*: He shews *with his Hand* moved, *to those that ask* where *the Stables is.* There *you may* manage *your* Horse *after your own* manner: *For* no *Servant* puts to *a Hand.* If *it be* a famous *Inn* there *a Servant* shews *the Stable*, and *also* a Place *not at all* convenient *for a Horse.* For *they keep* the more convenient *for those that are to come*, especially *Noblemen.* If *you find Fault with* any thing, *you hear* presently, *if* it do not please you *seek* another *Inn.* They afford you *Hay* in the Cities *with Difficulty*, and *very sparingly*, nor *do they sell it* for much *less* than *Oats* themselves. *When* Provision is made *for your Horse*, you go *altogether* into a Stove, *with* your Boots, *Baggage*, Dirt. *That is* one *common* to all.

B. Apud *Gallos* designant *cubicula*, ubi *ex-*

Amongst *the French.* they shew People *Chamnant*

uant ſeſe, *extergant*, calefaciant, *aut* quieſcant *etiam*, ſi *libeat*.

A. Heic *nihil tale*. In hypocauſto *exuis* ocreas; *induis* calceos. *Si* vis, *mutas* induſium; *ſuſpendis* veſtes *madidas* pluviâ *juxta* hypocauſtum; *ipſe* admoves te, *ut* ficceris. *Eſt* et *aqua* parata, *ſi* libeat *lavare* manus, *ſed* ita *munda* plerumque, *ut* alia *aqua* ſit *quærenda* tibi, *qua* abluas *eam* lotionem.

B. Laudo *viros* effæminatos *nullis* deliciis.

A. Quod *ſi* tu *appuleris* ad quartam *horam* a meridie, *tamen* non cænabis *ante* nonam, *et* nonnunquam *decimam*.

B. Quamobrem?

A. Apparant *nihil*. niſi *videant* omnes, *ut* miniſtretur *omnibus* eadem *opera*.

bers, where *they may ſtrip* themſelves, *wipe*, warm themſelves, or reſt *too*, if *they pleaſe*.

Here's *no ſuch thing*. In the Stove *you put off* your Boots, *put on* Shoes: *If* you will, *you change* your Shirt; *you hang up* your Cloaths *wet* with Rain *nigh* the Stove; *you* place your ſelf by it, *that* you may be dry. *There is* alſo *Water* ready, *if* you pleaſe *to waſh* your Hands, *but* ſo *clean* for the moſt Part, *that* other *Water* is *to be ſought* by you, *with which* you may waſh of *that* waſhing.

I commend *the Men* effeminated *with no* Delicacies,

But *if* you *arrive* at the fourth *Hour* after Noon, *yet* you ſhall not ſup *before* the Ninth, *and* ſometimes *the Tenth*.

What for?

They provide *nothing*, unleſs *they ſee* all, *that* they may ſerve *all* with the ſame *Trouble*.

B. Quæ-

B. Quærunt *compendium.*

A. Tenes. *Itaque* frequenter *octoginta* aut *nonaginta* conveniunt *in* idem *hypocaſtum*, pedites, *equites*,, negotiatores, *nautæ*, aurigæ, *agricolæ*, pueri, *fœminæ*, ſani, *ægroti.*

A. Iſtuc *eſt* vere *cœnobium.*

A. Alius *ibi* pectit *caput*, alius *abſtergit* ſudorem, *alius* repurgat *perones* aut *ocreas*, alius *eructat* allium. *Quid multis?* eſt *non* minor *Confuſio* ibi *linguarum* et *perſonarum*, quam *olim in* turri *Babel.* Quod *ſi* conſpexerint *quem* peregrinæ *gentis*, qui *præ ſe ferat* nonnihil *dignitatis* cultu, *omnes* ſunt *intenti* in hunc, *contemplantes* oculis *defixis*,, quaſi *aliquod* novum *genus* animantis *advectum ſit* ex Africa. *Adeo ut* poſtquam *accubuerint*, adſpiciant *continenter*, vultu *reflexo* in tergum,

They ſeek *the ſhorteſt Way.*

You have it. *Wherefore* frequently *eighty* or *ninety* meet *in* the ſame *Stove*, Foot-men, *Horſemen*, Tradeſmen, *Sailors*, Coachmen, *Husbandmen*, Boys, *Women*, ſound Folks, *ſilk Folks.*

That is really *living in common.*

One *there* combs *his Head*, another *wipes of* Sweat, *another* cleans *his Winter-Shoes* or *Boots*, another *belches up* Garlick. *What needs many Words?* There is *no* leſs *Confuſion* there *of Tongues* and *Perſons* than *formerly in* the Tower *of Babel.* But *if* they ſee *any one* of a foreign *Nation*, who *makes ſhew of* ſomething *of Dignity* by his Dreſs, *all* are *intent* upon him, *viewing* him with their Eyes *fixt*, as if *ſome* new *kind* of Animal *was brought* out of Africa. *So that* after *they have ſat down*, they

nec

nec dimoveant *oculos* im memores *cibi*.

B. Romæ, *Lutetiæ* ac *Venetiæ*, nemo *miratur* quidquam.

A. Interim *eſt* netas *tibi* petere *quidquam*. Ubi *jam* eſt *multa veſpera*. nec plures *expectantur* venturi, *ſenex* famulus *prodit* cana *barba*, tonſo *capite*, torvo *vultu*, ſordido *veſtitu*

look at him *continually*, with their Face *turn'd* backward, *nor* do they take of *their Eyes*, being unmindful *of their Meat*.

At Rome, *Paris* and *Venice*, no Body *wonders at* any Thing.

In the mean time *it is* unlawful *for you* to call for *any Thing*. When *now* it is *far in the Evening*, and no more *are expected* to come, *an old* Servant *comes out* with a hoary *Beard*, ſhorn *Head*, grim *Look*, mean *Cloaths*.

B. Oportebat *tales* eſſe *a poculis* Romanis *Cardinalibus*.

A. Is *circumactis* oculis, *dinumerat* tacitus *quot* ſint *in hypocauſto*, quo *plures* videt *adeſſe*, hoc *vehementius* hypocauſtum *accenditur*, etiamſi *alioqui* ſol *ſit* moleſtus *æſtu*. Hæc *eſt* præcipua *pars* bonæ *Tractationis*, ſi *omnes* diffluant *ſudore*. Si *quis* non *aſſuetus* vapori, *aperiat* rimam *feneſtræ*, ne *præfocetur*, protinus

It behoved *ſuch* to be *Cup-Bearers* to the Roman *Cardinals*.

He *having caſt about* his Eyes, *reckons* ſilently *how many* there are *in the Stove*, by how much *the more* he ſees *preſent*, by ſo much *the more violently* the Stove *is heated*, altho' *otherwiſe* the Sun *be* troubleſome *by his Heat*. This *is* the greateſt *Part* of good *Treatment*, if *all* run down *with Sweat*. If *any one* not *accuſtomed* to the

audit, claude. *Si* reſpondeas, *non fero*; audis, *quære* igitur *aliud* diverſorium.

Heat, *open* a Chink *of a Window*, leſt *he be ſtifled*, immediately *he hears* ſhut it. *If* you anſwer *I cannot endure*; you hear, *ſeek* then *another* Inn.

B. Atqui *nihil* videtur *periculoſius*, quam *tum* multos *haurire* eundem *vaporem*, maxime *corpore* reſoluto, *atque* heic *capere* cibum, *et* commorari *complures* horas. *Nam* jam *omitto* alliatos *ructus*, et *flatum* ventris, *putres* halitus: *ſunt* multi *qui* laborant *occultis* morbis, *et* omnis *morbus* habet *ſuum* contagium. *Certe* plerique *habent* Hiſpanicam *Scabiem*, ſive, *ut* quidam *vocant*, Gallicam, *cum* ſit *communis* omnium *nationum*. Opinor *eſſe* non *multo* minus *periculi* ab *his*, quam *leproſis*. Jam *tu divina* quantum *diſcriminis* ſit *in Peſtilentia*.

But *nothing* ſeems *more dangerous*, than that *ſo* many *ſhould take in* the ſame *Vapour*, eſpecially *the Body* being open, *and* here *take* Meat, *and* ſtay *ſeveral* Hours. *For* now *I omit* Garlick *Belches*, and *the Blaſt* of the Belly, *ſtinking* Breaths: *There are* many, *who* are troubled *with ſecret* Diſeaſes, *and* every *Diſtemper* has *it's* Infection. *Certainly* moſt *have* the Spaniſh *Pox*, or, *as* ſome *call it*, the French, *tho'* it be *common* to all *Nations*. I think *there is* not *much* leſs *Danger* from *theſe*, than *Lepers*. Now *do you gueſs* how much *Danger* there is *in the Plague*.

A. Sunt *fortes* viri, *rident* ac *negligunt* iſta.

They are *ſtout* Fellows, *they laugh at*, and *neglect* thoſe Things.

B. Sed

B. Sed *interim* ſunt *fortes* periculo *multorum*.

A. Quid *facias*? ſic *aſſueverunt*; et *eſt* conſtantis *animi* non *diſcedere* ab inſtitutis,

B. Atqui *ante viginti quinque annos*, nihil *erat* receptius *apud* Brabantos, *quam* publicæ *thermæ*: eæ *nunc* frigent *ubique*, nam *nova* Scabies *docuit* nos *abſtinere*.

A. Sed *audi* cætera. *Poſt* ille *barbatus* Ganymedes *redit*, ac *inſternit* menſas *linteis*, quot *putat* eſſe *ſatis* illi *numero*. Sed *O immortalem* Deum! *quam non milefiis*! diceres *cannabea* detracta *ex antennis*. Nam *deſtinavit* ad minimum octo convivas *unicuique* menſæ. *Jam* quibus *patrius* mos *eſt* notus, *accumbunt*, ubi *libitum fuerit* cuique. *Nam* eſt *nullum* diſcrimen *inter* pauperem *et* divitem, *inter* herum *et* ſervum.

But *in the mean Time* they are *ſtout* at the Hazard *of many*.

What *can you do*? So *they have been uſed*, and *it is the Part* of a conſtant *Mind* not *to depart* from old Cuſtoms.

But *twenty five Years ago*, nothing *was* more common *amongſt* the Brabanti, *than* publick *Baths*; thoſe *now* are out of Uſe *every where*. For *the new* Pox *has taught* us *to abſtain*.

But *hear* the reſt: *Afterwards* that *Bearded* Ganymede *returns*, and *ſpreads* the Tables *with Cloths*, as many as *he thinks* to be *ſufficient* for that *Number*. But O *immortal* God! *How far from being fine*, you would ſay *they were* Canvaſs taken down *from the Sail-Yards*. For *he deſign'd* at leaſt *eight* Gueſts *for every* Table. *Now* they to whom *the Country* Cuſtom *is* known, *ſit down* where *it pleaſes* every one. *For* there is *no*

B. Hæc *eſt* illa *vetus* æqualitas, *quam* nunc *tyrannis* ſubmovit *e vita*. Sic *opinor* Chriſtum *vixiſſe* cum *Diſcipulis*.

A. Poſtquam *omnes* accubuerunt, *rurſum* ille *torvus* Ganymedes *prodit*, ac *denuo* dinumerat *ſua* ſodalitia. *Mox* reverſus *apponit* ſingulis *ligneum* pinacium, *et* cochleare *factum* ex *eodem* argento, *deinde* cyathum vitreum; *aliquanto* poſt *panem*. Eum *quiſque* repurgat *ſibi* per otium, *dum* pultes *coquuntur*. Ita *ſedetur* nonnunquam *ferme* ſpatio *horæ*.

B. Nullus *hoſpitum* efflagitat *cibum* interim?

A. Nullus *cui* ingenium *regionis* eſt *notum*. Tandem *vinum* apponitur, *bone* Deus, *quam non fumoſum*! oportebat *Sophiſtas* non *bibere* aliud; *tanta* eſt *ſub-*

Difference *betwixt* a poor Man *and* a Rich, *betwixt* a Maſter *and* a Servant.

This *is* that *old* Equality, *which* now *Tyranny* has removed *out of Life*. So *I believe* Chriſt *lived* with *his Diſciples*.

After *all* are ſat, *again* that *grim* Ganymede *comes out*, and *over again* counts *his* Companys. *By and by* returning *he ſets before* each *a wooden* Diſh, *and* a Spoon *made* of *the ſame* Silver, *then* a Glaſs, *a little* after *Bread*. That *every Man* cleans *for himſelf* at his Leiſure, *whilſt* the Pulſe *is a boyling*. So *they ſit* ſometimes *almoſt* the Space *of an Hour*.

Does none *of the Gueſts* call for *the Meat* in the mean time?

None *to whom* the Temper *of the Country* is *known*. At length *Wine* is ſerved up, *good* God, *how far from being Taſteleſs*! it behoved *Sophiſters* not *to drink* any other;

tilitas

tilitas et *acrimonia*. Quod *ſi* quis *hoſpes*, pecunia *oblata* privatim, *roget* ut *aliud* genus *vini* paretur *aliunde*, primum *diſſimulant*, ſed *eo* vultu, *quaſi* interfecturi; *ſi* urgeas, *reſpondent*, hic *tot* comites *et* Marchiones *diverſati ſunt*, neque *quiſquam queſtus eſt* de *meo* vino; *ſi* non placet, *quære* tibi *aliud* diverſorium, nam *habent* nobiles *ſuæ* gentis *ſolos* pro *hominibus*, et *oſtentant* horum *inſignia* nuſquam non. *Jam* igitur *habent* offam *quam* objiciant *latranti* Stomacho. *Mox* diſci *veniunt* magna *pompa*. Primus *ferme* habet *offas* panis *madefactas* jure *carnium*, aut *ſi* eſt *piſculentus* dies, *jure* leguminum. *Deinde* aliud *jus*, poſt *aliquid* carnium *recoctarum*, aut *ſalſamentorum* recalfactorum. *Rurſus* aliquid *Pultis*, mox *aliquid* ſolidioris *cibi*, donec *Stomacho* probe domito,

ſuch is *the Thinneſs* and *Sharpneſs*. But *if* any *Gueſt*, Money *being offer'd* privately, *deſire* that *ſome other* Sort *of Wine* may be got *from ſomewhere elſe*, at firſt *they diſſemble the matter*, but *with that* Countenance, *as if* they would kill you. *If* you preſs them, *they anſwer*, here *ſo many* Earls *and* Marquiſes *have lodg'd*, nor *did any one Complain* of *my* Wine, *if* it do not pleaſe, *ſeek* for your ſelf *another* Inn, for *they Account* the Noblemen *of their* Nation *alone* for *Men*, and *they ſhew* their *Coats of Arms* every where. *Now* therefore *they have* a Piece *which* they may throw *to the barking* Stomach. *By and by* the Diſhes *come* in great *Pomp*. The firſt *commonly* has *Pieces* of Bread *ſoaked* in the Broth *of Fleſh*, or *if* it be *a Fiſh* Day, *in the Broth* of Herbs. *After that* another *Broth*, after *ſomething* of Fleſh *boiled* o-

apponant assas *carnes*, aut *elixos* pisces, *quos* non possis *contemnere* omnino: *sed* heic *sunt* parci, *et* subito *tollunt*. Hoc pacto *temperant* convivium, *quemadmodum* actores *fabularum*, qui *admiscent* Choros *scenis*: autem *curant* ut *extremus* actus *sit* optimus.

ver *again*, or *Salt-Fish warm'd* again. *Again* some *Pulse*, by and by *some* more solid *Meat*, till *the Stomach* being well tamed, *they set up* roasted *Flesh*, or *boiled* Fish, *which* you can not *contemn* at all: *But* here *they are* sparing, *and* suddenly *take away*. After this manner *they mix* their Entertainment, *as* the Actors *of Plays*, who *mix* Chorus's *with their Scenes*; but *they take care* that *the last* Act *is* the best.

B. Et *hoc* est *boni* poetæ.

And *this* is the Part *of a good* Poet.

A. Porro *sit* piaculum, *si* quis *interim* dicat, *tolle* hunc *discum*, nemo *vescitur*. Desidendum est *usque ad* spatium *præscriptum*, quod *illi* metiuntur *clepsydris*, ut *opinor*. Tandem *ille* barbatus, *aut* pandocheus *ipse* minimum *differens* a famulis *vestitu* prodit, *rogat* ecquid animi nobis sit. *Mox* aliquod *generosius*

Moreover *it would be* a heinous Crime, *if* any one *in the mean time* say, *take away* this *Dish*, no Body *eats*. You must sit *till* the Time *appointed*, which *they* measure *with Hour Glasses*, as *I suppose*. At last *that* Bearded Fellow, or the Inn-keeper *himself* very little *differing* from the Servants *in Cloaths* comes out, *asks* if we have a Mind

vinum

vinum *adfertur*. Autem *amant* eos *qui* bibunt *largius*, cum *solvat* nihilo *plus* qui *hauserit* plurimum *vini*, quam *qui* minimum.

B, Ingenium *gentis* mirum.

A. Cum *nonnunquam* sint *qui* absumant *plus* in vino, *quam* solvant *pro* toto *convivio*; sed *antequam* finiam *hoc* convivium, *mirum* dictu, *quis* strepitus *ac* tumultus *vocum* sit *ibi*, postquam *omnes* cæperunt *incalescere* potu. *Quid multis*? omnia *surda*. Ficti *moriones* admiscent *se* frequenter, *quo* genere *hominum*, cum *sit* nullum *magis* detestandum, *tamen* vix credas *quantopere* Germani *delectentur*. Illi *faciunt* cantu, *garritu*, clamore, *saltatione*, pulsu, *ut* hypocaustum *videatur* corruiturum. *Neque* quisquam audiat *alterum* loquentem. *At* interim *videntur* sibi *vivere* suaviter *atque* de-

to any Thing. *By and by* some *more generous* Wine *is brought*. But *they love* those *who* drink *plentifully*, tho' *he pays* no *more* who *drinks* most *Wine*, than *he that drinks* least.

The Temper *of the Nation* is strange.

When *sometimes* there are some *who* spend *more* in Wine, *than* they pay *for* the whole *Feast*; but *before* I end *this* Entertainment, *it is wonderful* to be said, *what* a Noise *and* Confusion of *Voices* there is *there*, after that *all* have begun *to grow warm* with Drink. *What needs many Words*? all *are deaf*. Pretended *Fools* thrust in *themselves* frequently, *with which* kind *of Men*, tho' *there be* none *more* detestable, *yet* you'l scarce believe *how much* the Germans *are delighted*. They *cause* by singing, *prating*, shouting, *Daneing*, thumping *that* the Stove *seems* ready to fall. *Nor* can any one hear *another* speaking. *But* in the mean time

ſidendum eſt *illic* volenti *nolenti* uſque ad multam noctem.

B. Nunc *tandem* abſolve *convivium*; nam *me tædet* quoque *tam prolixi*.

A. Faciam. *Tandem* caſeo *ſublato*, qui *vix* placet *illis*, niſi *putris* ac *ſcatens* vermibus, *ille* barbatus *prodit*, adferens *pinacium* ſecum, *in quo* pinxit *creta* aliquot *circulos* et *ſemicirculos*, deponit *id* in menſa. *taciturn* interim *ac* triſtis, *diceres* quempiam *Charontem*. Qui *agnoſcunt* picturam, *deponunt* pecuniam, *deinde* alius *atque* alius, *donec* pinacium *expleatur*. Deinde *notatis* qui *depoſuerunt*, ſupputat *tacitus*; ſi *nihil* deſit, *annuit* capite.

B. Quid *ſi* quid *ſuperſit*?

they ſeem to themſelves *to live* ſweetly, *and* you muſt ſit *there* willing *or unwilling* till late at Night.

Now *at laſt* finiſh *the Entertainment*; for *I am weary* too *of ſo long a one*.

I will do it. *At laſt* the Cheeſe *being taken away* which *ſcarce* pleaſes *them*, unleſs *rotten*, and *full* of Maggots, *that* bearded Fellow *comes forth*, bringing *a Trencher* with him, *in which* he hath drawn *with Chalk* ſome *Circles* and *Semi-Circles*, he lays *that* upon the Table, *ſilent* in the mean Time *and* ſad: *you would ſay* he was ſome *Charon*. They who *know* the Picture *lay down* their Money, *then* another *and* another, *till* the Trencher *be filled*. Then *having obſerved* thoſe who *laid down*, he reckons *ſilently*; if *nothing* be wanting, *he nods* with his Head.

What *if* any Thing *be over*.

A. Fortaſſe *redderet*, et *faciunt* hoc *nonnunquam*.

B, Nemo *reclamat* rationi *iniquæ* ?

A. Nemo *qui* ſapit, *nam* audiret *protinus*, quid *tu es* hominis ? *ſolves* nihilo *plus* quam *alii*.

B. Narras *liberum* genus *hominum*.

A. Quo *ſi* quis *laſſus* ex itinere, *cupiat* mox *a cœna* petere *lectum*, jubetur *expectare*, donec *cæteri* quoque *eant* cubitum.

B. Videor *mihi* videre *Platonicam* urbem.

A. Tum *ſuus* nidus *oſtenditur* cuique, *et* vere *nihil* aliud *quam* cubiculum, *nam* ibi *ſunt* lecti *tantum*, et *nihil* præterea, *quo* utaris, *aut* quod *fureris*.

B. Eſt *mundities* illic ?

A. Eadem *quæ* in convivio, *Lintea* lota forte *ante ſex menſes*.

Perhaps *he would return it*, and *they do* this *ſometimes*.

Does no Body *cry out* upon the Reckoning *as unjuſt* ?

No Body *that* is wiſe, *for* he would hear *forthwith*, What *are you* of a Man ? *you ſhall* pay no *more* than *others*.

You tell of *a free* kind *of Men*.

But *if* any one *weary* with his Journey, *deſires* preſently *after Supper* to go *to Bed*, he is ordered *to wait* till *the reſt* too go to Bed.

I ſeem *to my ſelf* to ſee *a Platonick* City:

Then *his* Neſt *is ſhewn* to every one, *and* truly *nothing* elſe *than* a Bed-Chamber, *for* there *are* Beds *only*, and *nothing* elſe *that* you can uſe, or that *you can ſteal*.

Is there *Cleanlineſs* there ?

The ſame *as* in the Feaſt, *Linnen* waſhed perhaps *ſix Months before*.

B. Quid

B. Quid *interim* fit *de equis*?

A. Tractantur *ad* eandem *Disciplinam*, ad quam *homines*.

B. Sed *est* eadem *Tractatio* ubiq; ?

A. Alicubi *est* civilior, *alicubi* durior *quam* narravi; *verum* in genere *est* talis.

B. Quid *si* ego *nunc* narrem *tibi* quibus modis *hospites* tractentur *in ea parte* Italiæ, *quam* vocant *Longobardium*, rursus *in Hispania*, deinde *in Anglia*, et *in Wallia*? Nam *Angli* obtinent *partim* Gallicos, *partim* Germanicos *mores*, ut *mixti* ex *his* duabus *gentibus*. Wali *prædicant* se αὐτόχθονας Anglos.

A. Quæso *te* ut *narres*, nam *nunquam contigit* mihi *videre* eas.

B. In prælentia *non est* otium: *Nam* nauta *jussit* adesse *ad tertiam* horam, *nisi* vellem *relinqui*; et *habet* Sarcinu-

What *in the mean time* becomes *of the Horses*?

They are treated *according to* the same *Discipline*, as *the Men*.

But *is there* the same *Treatment* every where?

In some Places *it is* civiler, *in some Places* harder *than* I have told you, *but* in general *it is* such.

What *if* I *now* tell *you* after what manner *Guests* are treated *in the Part* of Italy, *which* they call *Lombardy*, again *in Spain*, then *in England* and *in Wales*? For *the English*, have *partly* the French, *partly* the German *Manners*, as *being* mixt of *those* two *Nations*. The Welch *pretend* themselves *the original* English.

I pray *you* that *you would tell me*, for *it never happened* to me *to see* them.

At present *there is not* Time; *for* the Sailor *ordered me* to be with him *by the third* Hour, *unless* I would *be left*, and *be*

lam;

lam; *alias* opportunitas, *dabitur* nobis *Garriendi* uſque ad Satietatem.

has my Baggage; *another Time* an Opportunity *will be given* us *of prattling* to Satisfaction.

SPECTRUM.

A. QUID *bonæ* rei *eſt*, quod *rides* tecum *tam* ſuaviter, *quaſi* nactus ſis *Theſaurum*?

What *good* Thing *is there*, that *you laugh* with your ſelf *ſo* ſweetly, *as* tho' you had got *a Treaſure*?

B. Tua *Divinatio* non aberrat *procul* a ſcopo.

Your *Gueſs* does not wander *far* from the Mark.

A. Annon imparties *ſodali* quicquid *boni* iſtuc *eſt*?

Will you not impart *to your Companion* whatſoever *good Thing* that *is*?

B. Imo *jam dudum* optabam *quempiam* dari *mihi*, in cujus ſinum *effunderem* hoc *gaudium* meum.

Nay *ſome time ſince* I was wiſhing *ſome-body* might be offered *me*, into whoſe Boſom *I might pour out* this *Joy* of mine.

A. Age *igitur* imparti.

Come *then* impart it.

B. Audivi *modo* lepidiſſimam *fabulam*, quam *jures* eſſe *comicum* figmentum, *niſi* locus, *perſonæ*, ac *tota* res *eſſet* tam *nota* mihi, quam tu *es* notus *mihi*.

I have heard *juſt now* a very pretty *Story*, which *you would ſwear* was *a Comick* Fiction, *unleſs* the Place, *the Perſons*, and *the whole* Affair *was* as well *known* to me, *as* you *are* known *to me*.

A. Geſtio *audire*.

I long *to hear it*.

B. Noſtine

B. Noſtine *Polum* generum *Fauni*?

Do you know *Pool* the Son in Law *of Faun*?

A. Maxime.

Yes.

B. Is *eſt* et *auctor* et *actor* hujus *fabulæ*.

He *is* both *the Author* and *the Actor* of this *Play*.

A. Facilè credidérim, *nam* ille *poſſit* agere *quamvis* fabulam, *vel* abſque *Perſona*.

I can eaſily believe it, *for* he *could* act *any* Play, *even* without *a Vizard*.

B. Sic *eſt*. Noſti, *opinor*, prædium *quod* habet *non* ita *procul* a Londino.

So *it is*. You know, *I fancy*, the Eſtate *which* he has *not* ſo *far* from London.

A. Phy! *compotavimus* illic *ſæpe*.

Pugh? *We have drunk together* there *oftens*.

B. Agnoſcis *igitur* viam *ſeptam* utrinque *arboribus* digeſtis *pari* intervallo.

You know *therefore* the Way *hedg'd in* on both Sides *with Trees* placed *at an equal* diſtance.

A. Ad lævam *partem* ædium, *ferè* altero jactu baliſtæ.

On the left *Side* of the Houſe, *almoſt* two Bow-ſhots of.

B. Tenes. *Alterum* latus *viæ* habet *ſiccum* alveum *obſitum* dumis *et* vepribus; *e ponticulo* eſt *iter* in planitiem.

You have it. *One* ſide *of the Way* has *a dry* Ditch *ſet* with Thorns *and* Briars; *over the Bridge* there is *a Way* into a Plain.

A. Memini.

I remember.

B. Jampridem *vagabatur* rumor, *ac* fabula *per* ruſticos *ejus* loci, *ſpectrum* obſervari *juxta*

Some time ago *there went* a Report *and a*

hunc

hunc *ponticulum*, cujus *miſerandi* ejulatus *exaudirentur* ſubinde: *Suſpicabantur* eſſe *animam* cujuſpiam, *quæ* torqueretur *diris* cruciatibus.

Story *amongſt* the Country People *of that* Place, that a Spirit *was ſeen* nigh this *Bridge*, whoſe *miſerable* Howlings *were heard* now and then: *They ſuſpected* that it was *the Soul* of ſome Man, *which* was tortured *with direful* Torments.

A. Quis *erat* auctor *iſtius* Rumoris?

Who *was* the Author *of that* Report?

B. Quis *niſi* Polus? *Præſtruxerat* hoc *proœmium* ſuæ *fabulæ*.

Who *but* Pool? *He had prepared* this *Prologue* for his *Play*.

A. Quid *venit iſti in mentem* ut confingeret *iſta*?

What *came into his Mind* to invent *thoſe Things*?

B. Neſcio, *niſi* quia *ingenium* hominis *eſt* ſic; *gaudet* ludere *ſtultitiâm* populi *commentis* hujusmodi: *Dicam* quid *deſignarit* nuper *hujus* generis. *Aliquammulti* equitabamus *Richmondam*, inter *quos* erant, *quos* tu *diceres* cordatos *viros*. Cœlum *erat* mire *ſerenum*, nec *ſuffuſcatum* uſquam *ulla* nubecula: *Ibi* Polus *oculis* intentis *in cœlum* ſignavit *totam* faciem *et* ſcapulas *ima-*

I know not, *unleſs* becauſe *the Humour* of the Man *is* ſo; *he loves* to play upon *the Folly* of the People *with Inventions* of this Kind. *I will tell you* what *he contrived* lately *of this* Sort. *A good many of us* were riding *to Richmond*, amongſt *whom* there were ſome *whom* you *would call* prudent *Men*. The Sky *was* wonderful *clear*, nor *overcaſt* any where *with any* little Cloud. *There* Pool

gine crucis, *et* vultu *compoſito* ad ſtuporem, *ita dixit* ſecum, *immortalem* deum! *quid* ego video? *Rogantibus* qui *equitabant* proxime, *quid* videret, *rurſus* obſignans *ſe* majore *cruce*, clementiſſimus *deus* avertat *hoc* oſtentum, *inquit*, cum *inſtarent* cupiditate *cognoſcendi*, ille *defixis* oculis *in cœlum*, ac *commonſtrans* locum *cœli* digito, *inquit*, nonne videtis *immanem* draconem, *armatum* igneis *cornibus*, cauda *retorta* in circulum? *cum* negarent *ſe* videre, *atq;* ille *juſſiſſet* intenderent *oculos*, ac *ſubinde* commonſtraret *locum*, tandem *unus quiſpiam*, ne *videretur* parum oculatus, *affirmavit* ſe *quoque* videre, *unus* item *atque* alter *imitatus eſt* hunc; *nam* pudebat *non videre* quod *eſſet* tam *perſpicuum*. Quid multis? *intra* triduum *hic* rumor *pervaſerat* totam *Angliam*, tale *portentum* ap-

with his Eyes directed *towards Heaven* mark'd *all* his Face *and* Shoulder-Blades *with the Sign* of the Croſs, *and* with a Countenance *compoſed* to Aſtoniſhment, *ſaid thus* with himſelf, *Immortal* God! *What* do I ſee? *They asking* who *rode* next, *what* he ſaw, *again* ſigning *himſelf* with a greater *Croſs*, the moſt merciful *God* avert *this* Omen, *ſays he*, when *they urged him* out of a Deſire *of knowing*, he *having fix'd* his Eyes *upon Heaven*, and *ſhewing* the Place *of the Heaven* with his Finger, *ſays*, do you not ſee *a Huge* Dragon, *armed* with fiery *Horns*, with his Tail *turn'd up* into a Circle? *When* they denyed *that they* ſaw it, *and* he *bad them* direct *their Eyes*, and *now and then* ſhewed them *the Place*, at laſt *ſome one*, leſt *he ſhould ſeem* bad-ſighted, *affirmed* that he *too* ſaw it, *one*

paruiſſe.

paruiſſe. *Mirum autem* quantum *popularis* fama *addidit* fabulæ. *Nec* deerant *qui* ſerio *interpretarentur* quid *oſtentum* vellet ſibi. *Ille* qui *commentus fuerat* argumentum, *fruebatur* horum *ſtultitia* cum *magna* voluptate.

A. Agnoſco *ingenium* hominis: *ſed* redi *ad Spectrum.*

B. Interea *divertit* quidam *Faunus* ſacerdos *ad Polum* commodum, *ex eorum genere*, quibus *non ſatis eſt*, appellari *latine* regulares, *niſi* idem *cognomen* accinatur *græce*, parochus *vicini* oppidi *illic alicunde*. Is *videbatur* ſibi *non vulgariter ſapere*, præſertim *in ſacris* rebus.

likewiſe *and* another *imitated* him, *for* they were aſhamed *not to ſee* what *was* ſo *plain*. What needs many Words? *Within* three Days *this* Report *had gone through* all *England* that ſuch *a Monſter* had appear'd. *But it's wonderful* how much *popular* Fame *added* to the Story. *Nor* were there wanting ſome *who* in Earneſt *interpreted* what *this prodigy* meant. *He* who *had invented* the Matter, *enjoyed* their *Folly* with great *Pleaſure*.

I know *the Temper* of the Man: *but* return to *the Apparition*.

In the mean Time *comes* one *Faun* a Prieſt to *Pool* very opportunely, *of their Kind*, to whom *it is not enough* to be called *in Latin* Regulars, *unleſs* the ſame *Sirname* be ſung to them *in Greek*, a Parſon *of a neigbouring* Town *thereabouts*. He *ſeemed* to himſelf *not to be vulgarly wiſe*, eſpecially *in holy* Things.

A. Intelligo, *actor* fabulæ *repertus est.*

B. Super cænam *sermo* ortus est *de rumore* Spectri, *cum* Polus *sentiret* hunc *rumorem* non solum *auditum esse* Fauno, *verum* etiam *creditum*, cæpit *obtestari* hominem, *ut* doctus *ac* pius *vir* succurreret *animulæ* patienti *tam* dira; *et* si *quid dubitas*, inquit, *explora* rem, *obambula* ad decimam *juxta* illum *ponticulum*, et *audies* miserum *ejulatum*, adjunge *tibi* quem *voles* comitem, *ita* audies *et* tutior *et* certius.

I understand, *an Actor* of the Play *was found.*

At Supper *a Discourse* arose *about the Report* of the Apparition, *when* Pool *perceived* that this *Report* not only *had been heard* by Faun, but was *also believed*, he begun *to beseech* the Man, *that* he being a learned *and* godly *Man* would succour *the poor Soul* suffering *such* dreadful Things; *and* if *you doubt at all*, says he, *examine* the Matter, *walk* about ten *nigh* that *Bridge*, and *you will hear* miserable *Howling*, take *to you* whom *you will* as a Companion, *so* you will hear *both* more safe *and* more certain.

A. Quid *deinde*?

B. Cæna *peracta*, Polus *ex more* abit *venatum* aut *aucupatum*. Faunus *obambulans* cum *jam* tenebræ *sustulissent* certum *judicium* de rebus, *eodem* audit *miserandos* gemitus. *Hos* Artifex *Polus* effingebat *mire*

What *then*?

Supper *being ended*, Pool *according to his Custom*, goes *a Hunting*, or *a Fowling*. Faun *walking* when *now* the Darkness *had taken away* a certain *Judgment* of Things, *at length* he hears *miserable* Groans. *These* the Artist

abditus

abditus *illic* in vepreto, *fictili* olla *adhibita* ad id; *quo* vox *reddita* e cavo *sonaret* quiddam *lugubrius*.

A. Hæc *fabula*, ut *video*, vincit *Phasma* Menandri.

B. Dices *istuc* magis, *si* audieris *totam*. Faunus *recepit* se *domum*, cupiens *narrare* quid *audisset*. Polus *anteverterat* jam *alia* compendiaria *via*. Ibi, *Faunus* narrat *Polo*, quod *erat actum*, et *affingit* aliquid *etiam*, quo *res* esset *admirabilior*.

A. Poterat *Polus* interim *tenere* risum?

B. Illene? *habet* vultum *in manu*. Dixisses *rem* agi *serio*. Tandem *Faunus*, Polo *obtestante* vehementer, *suscepit* negotium *exortisimi*. Et *agit* totam *eam* noctem

Pool feign'd *wonderfully*, being hid *there* in a bushy Place, *an Earthen* Pot *being used* for that Purpose; *that* the Voice *being return'd* from the Hollow, *might sound* something *more mournfully*.

This *Farce*, as far as *I see*, exceeds *the Apparition* of Menander.

You will say *that* the more, *if* you hear *the whole*. Faun *got* him *Home*, desiring *to tell* what *he had heard*. Pool *had got before* already *by another* short *Way*. There *Faun* tells *Pool*, what *had been done*, and *invents* some Thing *too*, that *the Thing* might be *more wonderful*.

Could *Pool* in the mean Time *hold from* Laughing?

He? *He has* his Countenance *in his Hand*. You would have said *that the Thing* was doing in *Earnest*. At last *Faun*, Pool *beseeching him very much*, *undertook* the Business *of*

inſomnem, dum *deſpicit* quibus modis *aggrederetur* rem *tuto*, nam *miſere metuebat* ſibi *quoque*. Primum *itaque* efficaciſſimi *Exorciſmi* congeſti ſunt, *et* nonnulli *novi* additi *per* viſcera *beatæ* Mariæ, *per* oſſa *beatæ* Werenfridæ. *Deinde* locus *delectus eſt* in planitie *vicina* vepreto, *unde* vox *exaudiebatur*. Satis amplus *circulus* circumductus eſt, *qui* haberet *crebras* cruces *variaſque* notulas: *hæc omnia* peragebantur *conceptis verbis*. ingens *vas* plenum *conſecratæ* aquæ *adhibitum eſt*. Sacra *ſtola* quam vocant *addita eſt* in collum, *unde* pendebat *initium* Evangelii *ſecundum* Joannem. *Habebat* in loculis *cerulam* ſolitam *conſecrari* quotannis *a* Romano *pontifice*, quæ *dicitur* vulgo *agnus* Dei. His armis *olim* muniebant *ſe* adverſus *noxios* Dæmones, *priuſquam* cuculla *Franciſci* cæpit *eſſe* formidabilis *illis*. Om-

Exorciſm, and *he ſpends* all *that* Night *without Sleep*, whilſt *he conſiders* which Way *he might attempt* the Thing *ſafely*, for *he was miſerably afraid* of himſelf *too*. Firſt *then* the moſt effectual *Exorciſms* were got together, *and* ſome *new ones* added *by* the Bowels *of bleſſed* Mary, *by* the Bones *of bleſſed* Werenfrid. *Then* a Place *was choſen* in the Plain *nigh* the buſhy Place, *from whence* the Voice *was heard*. A good large *Circle* was drawn, *which* had *many* Croſſes, *and divers* Marks: *all theſe Things* were done *with a Form of Words*. A huge *Veſſel* full *of holy* Water *was made uſe of*: A holy *Gown* as they call it *was put* over his Neck, *from whence* hung *the Beginning* of the Goſpel *according to* St. John. *He had* in his Pocket *a Bit of Wax* uſed *to be conſecrated* every Year *by* the Roman *Pontif*, which

nia

nia *hæc* procurata ſunt, *ne*, ſi *eſſet* malus *ſpiritus*, faceret *impetum* in Exorciſtam. *Nec* tamen *auſus eſt* committere *ſe* ſolum *circulo*, ſed *decretum eſt* alterum *ſacerdotem* adhibendum eſſe. *Ibi* Polus *metuens*, ne, *ſi* naſutior *eſſet* adjunctus, *myſterium* fabulæ *proderetur*, adjungit *quendam* parochum *ex vicinia*, cui *aperit* totam *rem*; nam *ſic* actio *fabulæ* poſtulabat, *et* erat *is* qui *non abhorreret a* tali ludo. *Poſtridie*, omnibus, *rebus* præparatis *rite*, ſub *decimam* horam *Faunus* cum *Parocho* ingreditur *circulum*. Polus *qui* præceſſerat, *gemit* miſerabiliter *e vepreto*. Faunus *auſpicatur* exorciſmum. *Interim* Polus *ſubducit* ſe *clam* per tenebras, *in proximam* villam. *Illinc* adducit *aliam* perſonam *Fabulæ*, nam *non poterat* agi *niſi* per multos.

is called commonly *the Lamb* of God. With theſe Arms *formerly* they fortify'd *themſelves* againſt *miſchievous* Dæmons, *before* the Hood of *Franciſs* begun *to be* terrible *to them*. All *theſe Things* were provided, *leſt*, if *it ſhould be* an evil *Spirit*, it ſhould make *an Attack* upon the Exorciſt. *Neither* yet *durſt he* truſt *himſelf* alone *in the Circle*, but *it was determined* that another *Prieſt* ſhould be employed. *There* Pool *fearing*, leſt, *if* a cunninger Man *was* join'd with him, *the Miſtery* of the Farce *ſhould be betray'd*, he joins to him *a certain* Parſon *of the Neighbourhood*, to whom *he diſcloſes* the whole *Matter*, for *ſo* the Acting *of the Farce* required, *and* he was *one* that *was not averſe to* ſuch Sport. *The Day after*, all *Things* being prepared *rightly*, about *the tenth* Hour *Faun* with *the Parſon* en-

A. Quid

A. Quid *faciunt*?

B. Conſcendunt *Nigros* equos; *ferunt* occultum *ignem* ſecum, *ubi* non abeſſent *procula* circulo, *oſtentant* ignem, *quo* metu *abigerent* Faunum *e circulo*.

A. Quantum *operæ* ſumpſit *ille* Polus *ut* falleret?

B. Sic *homo* eſt. *Verum* ea *res* propemodum ceſſerat *peſſime* illis.

A. Qui *ſic*?

B. Nam *equi* conſternati *igne* ſubito *prolato*, parum abfuit quin præcipitarent *et* ſe, *et* ſeſſores. *Habes* primum *actum*.

ters *the Circle*, Pool, *who* had gone before, *groans* miſerably *out of the buſhy Place*. Faun *begins* the Exorciſm. *In the mean Time* Pool *withdraws* himſelf *privately* in the dark, *into the next* Village. *Thence* he brings *another* Actor *of the Play*; for *it could not* be acted *but* by many.

What *do they do*?

They mount *black* Horſes; *they carry* cover'd *Fire* with them, *when* they were not *far* from the Circle, *they ſhew* their Fire, *that* by Fear *they might drive* Faun *out of the Circle*.

How much *Pains* took *that* Pool *that* he might deceive?

So *the Man* is. *But that Thing* had well nigh fall'n out *very badly* for them.

How *ſo*?

For *the Horſes* being frighted *with the Fire* ſuddenly *produced*, had like to have thrown *both* themſelves, *and* their

rum

tum fabulæ. *Ubi* reditum eſt *in colloquium*. Polus *velut* ignarus *omnium* rogat *quid* eſſet actum. *Ibi* Faunus *narrat* duos *teterrimos dæmones* conſpectos *ſibi*, in nigris *equis*, igneis *oculis* ac *ſpirantes* ignem *naribus*; qui *tentaſſent* ingredi *circulum*, verum *abactos* in malam rem *efficacibus* verbis. *Cum* animus *accreviſſet* Fauno *his* rebus, *die* poſtero *rediit* in circulum *cum* ſummo *apparatu*, cumque *provocaſſet* ſpectrum *multis* obteſtationibus, *Polus* rurſum *cum* collega *oſtendit* ſe *procul* ex *atris* equis, *horrendo fremitu*, quaſi *cuperent* irrumpere *circulum*.

A. Habebant *nihil* ignis?

Riders. *You have* the firſt *Act* of the Play. *When* they return'd *to confer together*, Pool, *as if* ignorant *of all Things* asks *what* had been done. *There* Faun *tells him* that two *very ugly Devils* had been ſeen *by him*, upon black *Horſes*, with fiery *Eyes*, and *breathing* Fire *out of their Noſes*; who *had tryed* to enter *the Circle*, but *were driven away* with a Vengeance *by powerful* Words. *When* Courage *grew upon* Faun *by theſe* Things, *the Day* following *he returned* into the Circle *with* his utmoſt *Furniture*. And when *he had call'd out* the Spirit *with many* Entreaties, *Pool* again *with* his Colleague *ſhewed* himſelf *at a Diſtance* from *black* Horſes, *with a horrid muttering Noiſe*, as if *they deſired* to break into *the Circle*.

Had they *nothing* of Fire?

B. Nihil

B. Nihil, *nam* id *ceſſerat* male. *Sed* audi *aliud* commentum. *Ducebant* longum *funem*: eo *tracto* leviter *per humum*, dum *uterque* proripit ſe *hinc* atque *hinc*, velut *abacti* exorciſmis *Fauni*, provolvunt *in terram*, utrumque *ſacerdotem*, una *cum* vaſe *quod* habebant *plenum* ſacræ *aquæ*.

Nothing, *for* that *fell out* badly. *But* hear *another* Invention. *They took* a long *Rope*; that *being drawn* lightly *along the Ground*, whilſt *each* throws himſelf out *on this Side* and *that Side*, as if *driven away* by the conjuring *of Faun*, they tumble down *upon the Ground* both *Prieſts* together *with* the Tub *which* they had *full* of Holy *Water*.

A. Parochus tulit *hoc* præmii *pro* ſua actione.

Did the Parſon get *this* Reward *for* his acting his Part.

B. Tulit, *et* tamen *maluit* perpeti *hoc*, quam *deſerere* fabulam *cœptam*. His *geſtis* ita, *ubi* reditum eſt *ad colloquium*, Faunus *deprædicat* apud Polum *in quanto* periculo *fuiſſet*, et *quam* fortiter *profligaſſet* utrumque *Cacodæmonem* ſuis verbis; *jamque* conceperat *certam* fiduciam, *eſſe* nullum *dæmonem* tam *noxium*, aut *impudentem*, qui *poſſet* irrumpere *circulum*.

He did get it, *and* yet *he choſe rather* to ſuffer *this*, than *to forſake* the Play *begun*. Theſe Things *being done* thus, *when* they returned *to the Conference*, Faun *tells* to Pool *in how great* Danger *he had been*, and *how* ſtoutly *he had put to Flight* both *the Devils* with his Words; *and now* he had conceived *a certain* Aſſurance *that there was* no *Devil* ſo *miſchievous*, or *impudent*, who

A. Ille

A. Ille *Faunus* non multum abeſt *a Fatuo.*

B. Audiſti *nihil* adhuc. *Fabula* progreſſa *hucuſque*, commodum *ſupervenit* Poli *gener*, nam *duxerat* ejus *natu maximam* filiam, *juvenis*, ut *ſcis*, mire feſtivo *ingenio.*

A. Scio, *nec* abhorrens ab *hujuſmodi* jocis.

B. Abhorrens, *ille* deſereret *nullum non* vadimonium, *ſi* talis *fabula* eſſet *vel* ſpectanda, *vel* agenda: *ſocer* denarrat *omnem* rem *huic*; atque *delegat* illi *partes*, ut *agat* animam. *Sumit* ornatum *ac* lubens *convolvit* ſe *linteo*, quem admodum *funera* ſolent *apud nos.* Habet *vivam* prunam in *teſta*, quæ *per Linteum* reddebat *ſpeciem* incendii. *Sub noctem* itum eſt *ad locum*, ubi *hæc* fabula *agebatur.* Miri *gemitus* audiuntur. *Faunus* expedit *omnes*

could break into *the Circle.*

That *Faun* is not far removed *from a Fool.*

You have heard *nothing* as yet. *The Play* being advanc'd *thus far*, in good Time *comes in* Pool's *Son in Law*, for *he had married* his *eldeſt* Daughter, *a young Man*, as *you know*, of a wonderful merry *Humour.*

I know, *nor* averſe to *ſuch* Jeſts.

Averſe, *he* would forſake *any* Bail, *if* ſuch *a Play* was *either* to be ſeen *or* to be acted. *The Father in Law* tells *all* the Matter *to him*, and *appoints* him *his Part*, that *he may act* the Soul *He takes* his Dreſs, *and* willingly *wraps* himſelf *in a Sheet*, as *dead Bodies* uſe to be *with us.* He has *a live* Coal *in a Shell*, which *through the Sheet* made *an Appearance* of Fire. *At Night* they went *to the Place* where *this* Play *was acted.* Wonderful *Groans* are heard.

Exorciſmos.

Exorciſmos. *Tandem* anima *oſtendit* ſeſe *procul* inter *vepretum*, ſubinde *oſtentans* ignem *ac* ſuſpirans *miſere*. Cum *Faunus* obteſtaretur *hanc*, ut *eloqueretur*, quiſnam *eſſet*, Polus *proſiliit* ſubito *e vepreto*, ornatu *cacodæmonis*, fictoque *fremitu*, inquit, *eſt tibi* nihil *juris* in hanc *animam*, eſt *mea*, ac *ſubinde* procurrit *uſque ad* oram *circuli*, veluti *facturus* impetum *in Exorciſtam* : moxq; *velut* ſubmotus *verbis* Exorciſmi, *et* vi *ſacræ* aquæ, *quam* aſperſit *illi* multam, *retroceſſit*. Tandem *Pædagogo* dæmone *abacto*, naſcitur *dialogiſmus* Fauni *cum* anima. *Reſpondit* percunctanti *et* obteſtanti, *ſe* eſſe *animam* Chriſtiani *hominis*. Rogata *quo* nomine vocaretur, reſpondit, *Faunus* : Faunus, *inquit*, idem *eſt mihi* nomen ; *jamque* res cæpit *eſſe cordi* illi *magis* ex *communi* nomine *ut* Faunus *libe-*

Faun makes ready *all* his Exorciſms. *At length* the Soul *ſhews* it ſelf *a great Way of* within *the buſhy Place*, now and then *ſhewing* the Fire *and* groaning *miſerably*. When *Faun* beſought *it*, that *it would declare* who *it was*, Pool *jump'd* ſuddenly *out of the buſhy Place*, in the Dreſs *of a Devil*, and with a feign'd *muttering Noiſe*, ſays, *you have* no *Right* to this Soul, it is *mine*, and *now and then* he runs *up to* the Edge *of the Circle*, as if *he would make* an Attack *upon the Conjuror*; and by and by *as if* beat of *by the Words* of the Conjuration, *and* the Virtue *of the Holy* Water, *which* he ſprinkled *upon him* in great Plenty, *he drew of*. At length *the Pedagogue* Devil *being driven away*, begins *a Dialogue* of Faun's *with* the Soul. *It anſwered him* asking *and* beſeeching, *that it* was *the Soul* of a Chriſtian *Man*. Being ask'd *by*

raret

raret Faunum. *Cum* Faunus *percontaretur* multa, *ne* diutina *Confabulatio* proderet *fucum*, anima *subducebat* ſeſe, *negans* eſſe *fas* ſibi *colloqui* diutius, *quod* tempus *urgeret*, quo *cogeretur* abire, *quo* liberet *pædagogo* dæmoni: *tamen* pollicita eſt *ſe* redituram *poſtridie*, hora *qua* eſſet *fas*. Rurſus *convenitur* in *Poli* ædibus, *qui* erat *Choragus* fabulæ. *Ibi* Exorciſta *denarrat* quid *eſſet* geſtum, *admentiens* nonnulla *etiam*, quæ *tamen* perſuadebat *ſibi* eſſe *vera*, adeo *favebat* negotio *quod* agebatur. *Jam* hoc *compertum erat*, ſcilicet, *eſſe* Chriſtianam *animam*, quæ *vexaretur* diris *cruciatibus* ſub *inclementiſſimo* dæmone. *Huc* omnis *conatus* intenditur. *Verum* quiddam *ridiculum* accidit *in proximo* exorciſmo.

what Name *it was call'd* it anſwer'd, *Faun*, Faun *ſays he*, the ſame *is my* Name; *and now* the Thing begun *to pleaſe* him *more* becauſe of *their common* Name, *that* Faun *might deliver* Faun. *When* Faun *asked* many things, *leſt* a long *Diſcourſe* ſhould betray *the Roguery*, the Soul *withdrew* it ſelf, *denying* that it was *lawful* for him *to talk* longer, *becauſe* the Time *was at Hand*, when *he ſhould be oblig'd* to go *whither* it pleas'd *the Pedagogue* Devil: *Yet* he promiſed *that he* would return *the Day after*, at the Hour *when* it ſhould be *lawful*. Again *they meet* in *Pool's* Houſe, *who* was *the Furniſher* of the Play. *There* the Conjurer *tells* what *was* done, *lying* in ſome Things too, which *yet* he perſwaded *himſelf* to be *true*, ſo much *he favoured* the Buſineſs *which* was doing. *Now* this *was found out*, to wit, *that*

A. Obſecro *quidnam*?

B. Cum *Faunus* evocaſſet *animam*, Polus, *qui* agebat *dæmonem*, aſſiliit *prorſus* ſic, *quaſi* irrupturus *intra* circulum, *eumque* Faunus *pugnaret* exorciſmis, *et* aſpergeret *multam vim* aquæ; *tandem* dæmon *exclamat* ſe *ne facere* omnia *iſta* quidem *pili*, inquit, *habuiſti* rem *cum* puella, *es* mei juris. *Cum* Polus *diceret* id *joco*, tamen *forte Fortuna* viſus eſt *dixiſſe* verum: *nam* Exorciſta *tactus* hoc *dicto*, illico *recepit* ſe *in centrum* circuli, *et* immuſſavit *neſcio* quid *in aurem* Parocho. *Polus* ſentiens *id*, recepit *ſeſe*, ne *audiret* quid, *quod* non eſſet *fas* audire.

was a Chriſtian *Soul*, which *was plagued* with dreadful *Torments*, under *a moſt unmerciful* Devil. *To this* all *his Endeavour* is directed. *But* a certain *comical Thing* happened *in the next* Conjuring Bout.

I beſeech you *what*?

When *Faun* had call'd out *the Soul*, Pool, *who* acted *the Devil*, leaped up *juſt* ſo, *as if* he would break *within* the Circle, *and when* Faun *fought* by Conjuration, *and* ſprinkled on him *a vaſt Quantity* of Water; *at laſt* the Devil *cryes out* that he *did not value* all *thoſe Things* ſo much as a *Hair*, quoth he, *thou haſt had* Dealings *with* a Girl, *thou art* a Part of my Right. *Tho'* Pool *ſaid* that *in Jeſt*, yet *by good Fortune* he ſeemed *to have ſaid* the Truth. *For* the Conjurer *being ſtruck* with this *ſaying*, preſently *betook* himſelf *into the Center* of the Circle, *and* mattered *I know not*

A. Sane

A. Sane *Polus* agebat *religioſum* et *modeſtum* dæmonem.

B. Sic *eſt*, actio *poterat* reprehendi, *quod* parum meminiſſet *decori*.

Tamen *exaudivit* vocem *Parochi* indicentis *ſatisfactionem*.

A. Quam?

B. Ut *diceret* Dominicam *precationem* ter. *Ex hoc* conjiciebat *habuiſſe* rem *ter* eadem nocte.

A. Hoc *ſane* ille *regularis* præter *regulam*.

B. Sunt *homines*, et *erat* humanus *lapſus*.

A. Perge, *quid* deinde *factum*?

B. Jam *Faunus* redit *ferocior* ad oram *circuli*, et *ultro* provocat *dæmonem*, at *ille* jam *timidior* refugiebat, *inquiens*, fefelliſti *me*. ſi *ſapuiſſem*,

what *in the Ear* to the Parſon. *Pool* perceiving *that*, withdrew *himſelf*, leſt *he ſhould hear* any Thing, *which* it was not *lawful* to hear.

Truly *Pool* acted *the Religious* and *Modeſt* Devil.

So *it is*, the Action *might* be blamed, *becauſe* he little regarded *Decency*.

Yet *he overheard* the Voice *of the Parſon* appointing *Satisfaction*.

What?

That *he ſhould ſay* the Lord's *Prayer* thrice. *By this* he gueſſed *that he had had* Dealings *thrice* the ſame Night.

This *truly* that *Regular did* beſides *his Rule*.

They are *Men*, and *it was* a humane *Failing*.

Go on, *what* then *was done*?

Now *Faun* returns *more fierce* to the Edge *of the Circle*, and *of his own Accord* challenges *the Devil*, but *he* now *being more timerous* ran a-

non

non monuiſſem *te*. Hoc *eſt* perſuaſum *multis*, quæ *confeſſus ſis* ſemel *ſacerdoti*, eſſe *prorſus* abolita *e memoria* dæmonis, *ne poſſit* opprobrare.

A. Narras *plane ridiculum* Jocum.

B. Sed *ut* finiam *fabulam* aliquando, *colloquium* habitum eſt *cum* anima *in hunc modum* aliquot *diebus*. *Summa* evaſit *huc*. Illa *reſpondit* Exorciſtæ *roganti*, num *poſſet* qua via *liberari* a cruciatu, *poſſe*, ſi *pecunia* quam *reliquiſſet* partam *fraude*, reſtitueretur. *Ibi* Faunus *inquit*, quid *ſi* diſpenſaretur *in* pios *uſus* per *bonos* viros? *Reſpondit* et hoc *profuturum*. Heic *exorciſta* exhilaratus *percunctatus eſt* ſumma *diligentia*, quanta *ſumma* eſſet. *Illa* dixit *ingentem*, quod *erat* bonum *et* commodum *illi*. Indicavit *et* locum, *ſed*

way, *ſaying*, thou haſt deceived *me*, if *I had been wiſe*, I ſhould not have told *thee*. This *is* believed *by many*, what *you confeſs* once *to the Prieſt*, is *quite* wiped out *of the Memory* of the Devil, *that he cannot* upbraid you.

You tell me *a very comical* Jeſt.

But *that* I may finiſh *the Story* at laſt, *a Conference* was held *with* the Soul *in this Manner* for ſome *Days*. *The Upſhot* came *to this*. It *anſwered* the Conjurer *asking*, whether *it could* any Way *be delivered* from Torment, *that it might*, if *the Money* which *it had left* got *by Cheating*, ſhould be reſtor'd. *Upon that* Faun *ſays*, what *if* it ſhould be diſpoſed of *to* pious *Uſes* by *good* Men? *It anſwered* that that alſo *would do good*. Here *the Exorciſt* being rejoiced *enquired* with the greateſt *Diligence*, how great *the Sum* was. *It* ſaid *a huge one*, which

procul

procul *dissitum*, ubi *hic* thesaurus *esset* defossus. *Præscripsit* in quos *usus* vellet *impendi*.

A. In quos?

B. Ut *tres* susciperent *peregrinationem*, unus *quorum* adiret *limina* Petri, *alter* iret *salutatum* Jacobum *Compostellanum*; tertius *oscularetur* pectinem *Jesu*, qui *est* Treveris. *Deinde* magna *vis* Psalteriorum *et* Missarum *perageretur* per *aliquot* Monasteria. *Quod* supereſſet, *ipse* dispensaret *pro* suo *arbitratu*. Jam *totus* animus *Fauni* erat *in Thesauro*. Devorarat *illum* toto pectore.

A. Est *vulgaris* morbus; *quanquam* sacerdotes *peculiariter* male audiunt *hoc nomine*.

B. Ubi *nihil* omissum esset, *quod* pertineret *ad*

was good *and* convenient *for him*. It discovered *also* the Place, *but* a great Way *distant*, where *this* Treasure *was* hid in the Earth. *It prescribed* for what *Uses* it would have it *laid out*.

For What?

That *three* should undertake *a Pilgrimage*, one *of which* should go *to the Thresholds* of Peter, *another* should go *to salute* James *of Compostella*; a third *should kiss* the Comb *of Jesus*, which *is at* Triers. *Then* a great *Quantity* of Psalms *and* Masses *should be perform'd* thro' *some* Monasteries. *What* remain'd *he* might dispose *of according to* his *Pleasure*. Now *the whole* Soul *of Faun* was *in the Treasure*. He had devoured *it* with his whole Breast.

It is *a common* Disease; *tho'* Priests *peculiarly* have an ill Report *upon this Account*.

When *Nothing* had been omitted, *that* ap-

Negotium pecuniæ, *Exorciſta* ſubmonitus *a Polo*, cæpit *percunctari* animam *de Alcumiſtica*, deque Magia : *et* anima *reſpondit* quædam *ad hæc* pro tempore ; *cæterum* pollicita *ſe* indicaturam *plura*, ſimul atque *liberata fuiſſet* illius opera *a* pædagogo *dæmone*. Sit hic, *ſi* videtur, *tertius* actus *fabulæ*. In quarto *Faunus* cæpit *prædicare* hanc *prodigioſam* rem *ubique* ſerio, *crepare* nihil *aliud* in colloquiis, *in conviviis*, pollicери *quædam* magnifica *Monaſteriis*, et *loquebatur* jam *nihil* omnino *humile*. Adit *locum*, reperit *ſigna*, tamen *non auſus eſt* effodere *Theſaurum*, quod *anima* injeciſſet *Scrupulum*, facturum *ingenti* periculo, *ſi* Theſaurus *attingeretur*, prius quam *Miſſæ* peractæ eſſent. *Jam* fucus *ſubolebat* multis *naſutioribus*. Cum *tamen* ille nuſquam non *deprædicaret* ſuam *Stultitiam*

pertained *to the Buſineſs* of the Money, *the Conjurer* being put in mind of it *by Pool*, begun *to ask* the Soul *about the Alcumiſtick Art*, and of Magick : *and* the Soul *anſwered* ſome things *to that* for that Time ; *but* promiſed *that it* would diſcover *more*, as ſoon as *it was delivered* by his Means *from* the Pædagogue *Devil*. Let this be, *if* it ſeem good, *the third* Act *of the Play*. In the fourth *Faun* begun *to tell of* this *prodigious* thing *every where* in Earneſt, *to talk of* nothing *elſe* in Company, *in Feaſts*, to promiſe *ſome* mighty Matters *to the Monaſteries*, and *he ſpoke of* now *nothing* at all *mean*. He goes to *the Place*, finds *the Marks*, yet *he durſt not* dig up *the Treaſure*, becauſe *the Soul* had thrown in *a Scruple*, that he would do it *with great* Danger, *if* the Treaſure *ſhould be touched*, be-

tiam

tiam, admonitus eſt *clam* ab amicis, *præſertim* ab Abbate ſuo, *ne daret* diverſum *ſpecimen* de ſe *omnibus*, qui *hactenus* habitus eſſet *prudens* vir. *Tamen* ille *potuit* commoveri *nullius oratione*, quo minus crederet *rem* eſſe *ſeriam*; et *hæc* Imaginatio *occupavit* animum *hominis* adeo *penitus*, ut *ſomniaret* nihil, *loqueretur* nihil *præter* ſpectra *et* malos *genios*. Habitus *mentis* abierat *in ipſam* faciem, *quæ* ſic pallebat, *erat* ſic *extenuata*, ſic *dejecta*, ut *diceres* eſſe *larvam*, non *Hominem*. Quid multis? *minimum aberat* a *vera* dementia, *ni* ſuccurſum fuiſſet *celeri* remedio.

fore *the Maſſes* were perform'd. *Now* the Roguery *was ſmelt out* by many *more cunning People*. When *notwithſtanding* he every where *publiſhed* his *Folly*; he was adviſed *privately* by his Friends, *eſpecially* by his Abbot, *that he would not give* a different *Specimen* of himſelf *to all Men*, who *hitherto* had been accounted *a prudent* Man. *Yet* he *could* be moved *by no Man's Talk*, from believing *that the Matter* was *real*: And *this* Imagination *ſeized* the Mind *of the Man* ſo *throughly*, that *he dreamt of* nothing, *ſpoke of* nothing, *beſides* Ghoſts *and* evil *Spirits*. The Habit *of his Mind* had got *into his very* Face, *which* was ſo pale, *was* ſo *thin*, ſo *dejected*, that *would have ſaid* he was *a Ghoſt*, not a *Man*. What needs many Words? *He was very little removed* from *real* Madneſs, *unleſs* he had been relieved *by a ſpeedy* Remedy.

A. Nimirum *hic* erit *extremus* actus *fabulæ.*

B. Reddam *eum* tibi. *Polus* et *ejus gener* commenti ſunt *hujuſmodi technam.* Effinxerunt *Epiſtolam* deſcriptam *in raris literis*, idque *non* in vulgaribus Chartis, *Sententia* Epiſtolæ *erat* hæc. *Faunus* dudum *Captivus* nunc *liber* æternam ſalutem *Fauno* ſuo *optimo* liberatori. *Non eſt* mi Faune, *cur* maceres *te* diutius *in hoc negotio.* Deus *reſpexit* piam *voluntatem* tui animi, *et* illius merito *liberavit* me *a ſuppliciis*: ego *nunc* ago *feliciter* inter Angelos. *Locus* manet *te* apud *divum* Auguſtinum, *qui* eſt *proximus* Choro *Apoſtolorum.* Ubi *veneris* ad nos, *agam* tibi *gratias* coram. *Interim* cura *ut* vivas *ſuaviter.* Datum *ex* Empyreo *cælo*, Idibus *Septembribus*, anno *mileſimo* quadringinteſimo *nonageſimo* octavo *ſub* ſigillo *mei annuli.*

Well *this* ſhall be *the laſt* Act *of the Play.*

I will give *it* to you. *Pool* and *his Son in Law* invented *ſuch a Trick as this.* They forged *an Epiſtle* writ *in rare Letters*, and that *not* upon common Paper, *the Subject* of the Letter *was* this. *Faun* ſome time ago *a Priſoner* now *Free* wiſheth eternal Health *to Faun* his *very good* Deliverer. *There is no Reaſon* my Faun, *why* you ſhould trouble *your ſelf* any further *in this Buſineſs.* God *hath regarded* the pious *Intention* of your Mind, *and* for the Merit of it *hath delivered* me *from Puniſhment*: I *now* live *happily* amongſt the Angels: *A Place* is reſerv'd *for you* near St. Auſtin, *which* is *next* to the Choir *of the Apoſtles.* When *you come* to us, I *ſhall give* you *Thanks* Face to Face. *In the mean Time* take care *that* you live *merrily.* Given

Hæc

Hæc *Epiſtola* poſita eſt *clam* in altari, *ubi* Faunus *facturus erat* rem divinam: *Subornatus*, qui, *ea* peracta, *ſubmoneret eum* de re *quaſi* deprehenſa *caſu*. Nunc *circumfert* eam Epiſtolam, *ac* credit *nihil* certius, *quam* eam *perlatam* e cœlo *ab angelo*.

A. Iſtud *non eſt* liberaſſe *hominem* inſaniæ, *ſed* mutaſſe *genus* inſaniæ

B. Sic *eſt* profecto, *niſi* quod *nunc* inlanit ſuavius.

A. Antehac *non ſolebam* tribuere multum *fabulis*, quæ *feruntur* vulgo *de Spectris*; ſed *poſthac* tribuam *multo* minus; *nam* ſuſpicor *multa* prodita *literis* pro veris *ab credulis* homini-

from the Empyrean *Heaven*, on the Ides *of September*, in the Year *one thouſand* four hundred *and ninety* eight, *under* the Seal of *my Ring*. This *Letter* was laid *privately* upon the Altar, *where* Faun *was to perform* divine Service. *One was ſuborn'd* who, *that* being over, *ſhould tell him* of the Thing, *as* obſerv'd *by Chance*. How he *carries about* that Letter, *and* believes *nothing* more certainly *than* that it *was brought* from Heaven *by an Angel*.

That *is not* to free *the Man* from Madneſs, *but* to change *the Kind* of Madneſs.

So *it is* indeed, *but* that *now* he is more ſweetly mad.

Heretofore I *did not uſe* to give much Regard *to Storys*, that *are told* commonly *of Apparitions*; but *hereafter* I ſhall give *much* leſs: *For* I ſuſpect *that many Things* have been deli-

bus

bus, *et* ſimilibus *Fauni*, quæ *adſimulata ſunt* ſimili *Artificio.*

vered *in Books* for true *by credulous* Men, *and* Men like *Faun*; which *have been contrived* by the like *Art.*

B. Ego credo *pleraque* eſſe *hujus generis.*

I believe *the moſt Part* are *of this Kind.*

ALCUMISTICA.

AQUID *novæ* rei *eſt* quod *Lalus* ridet *ſic* apud ſeſe, *ſubinde* ſignans *ſe* cruce; *interpellabo* felicitatem *hominis.* Salve *multum* amiciſſime Lale. *Videre* mihi *admodum* felix.

What *new* thing *is there* that *Lalus* laughs *ſo* with himſelf, *now and then* ſigning *himſelf* with the Croſs; *I will interrupt* the Felicity *of the Man.* God ſave you *much* my good Friend Lalus. *You ſeem* to me *very* happy.

B. Atqui *ero* felicior, *ſi* impertiam *tibi* hoc *gaudium.*

But *I ſhall be* more happy, *if* I impart *to you* this *Joy.*

A. Fac *igitur* bees me *quamprimum.*

See *therefore* you make me happy *as ſoon as poſſible.*

B. Noſti *Balbinum?*

Do you know *Balbinus?*

A. Illum *eruditum* ſenem, *ac* laudatæ *vitæ.*

That *learn'd* old Man, *and* of a commendable *Life.*

B. Sic *eſt* ut *dicis*, ſed *eſt* nullus *mortalium* qui

So *it is* as *you ſay*, but *there is* no one *of*

ſapit

ſapit omnibus *horis*, aut *qui* ſit *undiquaque* perfectus. *Ille* vir *habet* hoc *nævi* inter *multas* egregias *dotes*. Jam olim inſanit *in Artem* quam *vocant* Alcumiſticam.

A. Haud tu narras *nævum* quidem, *ſed* inſignem *morbum*:

B. Utcunque *eſt*, ille *toties* deluſus *ab* hoc genere *hominum*. tamen *paſſus eſt* ſibi *dari verba* mirifice *dudum*.

A. Quo *pacto*?

B. Quidam *ſacerdos* adiit *illum*, ſalutavit *honorifice*: mox *ſic* exorſus eſt. *Doctiſſime* Balbine, *mirabere* fortaſſis, *quod* ignotus *interpellem* te *ſic*, quem *ſcio* nunquam non *occupatiſſimum* ſanctiſſimis *Studiis*. Balbinus *annuit*, qui *eſt* illi mos, *nam* eſt *mire* parcus *verborum*.

Mankind, who *is wiſe* at all *Hours*, or *who* is *in all Reſpects* perfect. *That* Man *has* this *Blemiſh* amongſt *many* excellent *Qualities*. He has been for ſome time mad *upon the Art* which *they call* Alcumiſtica.

You do not talk of *a blemiſh* truly, *but* a conſiderable *Diſtemper*.

Howſoever *it is*, He *ſo oftens* deluded *by* this ſort *of Men*, yet *ſuffered* himſelf *to be impoſed upon* wonderfully *ſome time ago*.

After what *manner*?

A. A certain *Prieſt* went to *him*, ſaluted *reſpectfully*: By and by *thus* he begun. *Moſt learned* Balbinus, *you will wonder* perhaps, *that* I a ſtranger to you, *ſhould break in upon* you *thus*, whom *I know to be* always *very buſy* in the moſt ſacred *Studies*. Balbinus *nodded to him*, which *is* his Cuſtom, *for* he is *wonderfully* ſparing *of Words*.

A. Nay,

A. Narras *argumentum* prudentiæ.

B. Verum *alter* prudentior *pergit* ſic. *Tamen* ignoſces *meæ* importunitati, *ſi* cognoris *cauſam*, cur *adierim* te. *Dic*, inquit *Balbinus*, ſed *paucis*, ſi *potes*. Dicam, *inquit ille*, quanto compendio *potero*, ſcis, *doctiſſime vir*, fata *mortalium* eſſe *varia*. Ego *neſcio* in utro *numero* ponam *me*, felicium *an* infelicium. *Etenim* ſi *contemplor* meum *fatum* ex altera parte, *videor* mihi *pulchre felix*, ſi ex *altera*, nihil *eſt* infelicius *me*. Balbino *urgente*, ut *conferret* rem *in compendium*: Finiam, *inquit*, doctiſſime *Balbine*. Id *erit* facilius *mihi* apud virum, *cui* hoc *totum* negotium *eſt* ſic *notum*, ut *notius* nulli.

You tell me *an Argument of* his Prudence.

But *the other* being more prudent *goes on* thus. *Yet* you will pardon *my* Importunity, *if* you know *the Cauſe*, why *I am come to* you. *Tell me*, ſays *Balbinus*, but *in a few Words*, if *you can*. I will tell you, *ſaith he*, with as great Brevity as *I can*. You know *moſt learned Sir*, that the Fates *of Men* are *various*. *I know not* in which *Number* I muſt rank *my ſelf*, of the Happy *or* the unhappy. *For* if *I view* my *Fate* on one Side, *I ſeem* to my ſelf *very happy*, if *on the other*, nothing *is* more unhappy *than me*. Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould bring* his Matter *into a ſhort compaſs*: I will make an End, *quoth he*, moſt learned *Balbinus*. That *will be* more Eaſy *for me* with a Man, *to whom* this *whole* Buſineſs *is* ſo well *known*, that

A. De-

A. Depingis *Rhetorem* mihi, *non* Alcumiſtam.

B. Mox *audies* Alcumiſtam. *Hæc* felicitas, *inquit*, contigit *mihi* a puero, *ut* diſcerem *artem* maxime *expetendam* omnium, *illam* Alcumiſticam, *inquam*, medullam *totius* philoſophiæ. *Balbinus* experrectus eſt *non nihil* ad nomen *Alcumiſtices*, geſtu *tantum*, cæterum *juſſit* gemitu, *ut* pergeret. *Tum* ille *inquit*, O me miſerum, *qui* non inciderim *in eam* viam, *quam* oportuit *Cum* Balbinus *rogaſſet* quaſnam *vias* diceret. *Scis*, inquit, *optime* (nam *quid* fugit *te*, Balbine, *virum* undiquaque *doctiſſimum*) eſſe *duplicem* viam *hujus* artis, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* longatio, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* curtatio. *At* contigit *mihi* quodam *malo* fato *incidere* in Longationem. *Balbino* Sciſcitante, *quodnam* diſcrimen *viarum* eſſet, *Impudentem me*, inquit, *qui* loquar *hæc*

it is better known to no body.

You deſcribe *a Rhetorician* to me, *not* an Alcumiſt.

By and by *you will hear of* the Alcumiſt. *This* Happineſs, *ſaith he*, befel *me* from a Child, *that* I learnt *an Art* the moſt *to be deſir'd* of all, *that* Alcumiſtick Art, *I ſay*, the Marrow *of all* Philoſophy. *Balbinus* was awakened *a little* at the Name *of the Alcumiſtick Art*, in Geſture *only*; but *he ordered him* with a Groan, *that* he ſhould go on. *Then* he *ſays*, O wo's me *who* did not light *upon that* Way, *which* I ought. *When* Balbinus *asked him* what *Ways* he meant. *You know*, quoth he, *good* Sr. (for *what* eſcapes *you*, Balbinus, *a Man* in all Reſpects *the moſt learned*) that there is *a double* Way *of this* Art, *one* which *is called* Longation, *another* which is *called* Curtation. *But* it happened *to me* by ſome *ill* Fate *to*.

apud te, *cui* Sciam *omnia* hæc *esse* sic *nota*, ut *notiora* nulli. *Itaque* accurri *huc* ad te *supplex*, ut *misertus* nostri *digneris* impertire *nobis* illam *felicissimam* viam *curtationis*. Quo *peritior* es *hujus artis*, hoc minore *negotio* potes *communicare* nobis. *Ita* Jesus Christus locupletet *te* semper *majoribus* dotibus. *Cum* hic *non faceret finiem* obtestandi, *Balbinus* coactus est *fateri*, se *prorsus ignorare*, quid *longatio* aut *curtatio* esset: *Jubet* exponat *ipse* vim *harum* vocum. *Tum* inquit *ille*, quanquam *scio* me *loqui* peritiori; *tamen*, quando *jubes* ita, *faciam*: Qui *contriverunt* totam *ætatem* in hac *divina* arte, *vertunt* species *rerum* duabus *rationibus*, altera, *quæ* est *brevior*, sed *habet* plusculum *periculi*, altera *quæ* est *longior*, sed *eadem* tutior. *Ego* videor *mihi* infelix, *qui* hactenus *sudarim* in ea *via*, quæ *non arriserit* meo *animo*: Neq; *potui* nancisci *quenquam*, *fall upon* Longations. *Balbinus* asking *what* the Difference *of the Ways* was, *Impudent that I am*, quoth he, *who* speak *these Things* before you, *to whom* I know *all* these Things *are* so well *known* that *they are better known* to no Body. *Therefore* I am come *hither* to you *humbly begging*, that *pitying us you would vouchsafe* to impart *to us* that *most happy* Way of *Curtation*. By how much *the more skilful* you are *in this Art*, with so much the less *Trouble* can you *communicate it* to us. *So* may Jesus Christ enrich *you* always *with greater* Gifts. *When* he *made no End* of entreating, *Balbinus* was forced *to confess*, that he *was wholly ignorant*, what *Longation* or *Curtation* was. *He bids him* expound *himself* the Signification *of those* Words. *Then* saith *he*, tho' *I know* I *speak* to one more skillful, *yet*, since *you order* so, *I will do it*. They who

qui *vellet* indicare *alteram* cujus amore *deperco* Tandem *Deus* immisit *in mentem*, ut *adirem te*, virum *non minus* pium *quam* doctum. *Doctrina* præstat *tibi*, ut *possis* facile *dare* quod *peto*, pietas *commovebit*, ut *velis* opitulari *fratri*, cujus *salus* est tibi *in manu*. Ne faciam *longum*, cum *ille* veterator *amovisset* suspicionem *fuci* a se *hujusmodi sermonibus*, ac *feciſſet fidem*, alteram *viam* esse *perspe issimam* sibi, *jam prodem* Balbino *animus* pruriebat. *Tandem* non temperans *sibi* inquit *valeat* illa *curtatio*, cujus *nomen* ne audivi quidem *unquam*, tantum abest ut teneam, *dic* mihi *bona* fide, *tenesne* longationem *exacte*? Phy! *Inquit* ille, *ad unguem*, sed *longitudo* displicet *Cum* Balbinus *rogasset* quantum *temporis* requireretur, *nimium*, inquit, *pene* totus *annus*, sed *interim* est *tutissima*. Ne labora, *inquit* Balbinus, *etiamsi* sit

have spent their whole *Life* in this *Divine* Art, *change* the Species *of Things* two *Ways*, one, *which* is *the shorter*, but *has* a pretty good deal *of Danger*, another *which* is *longer* but *the same is* safer. *I* seem *to my self* unhappy, *who* hitherto *have Sweat* in that *Way*, which *does not please* my *Mind*, neither *could I* get *any one*, that would *shew* me *the other*, with the Love of which *I perish*. At last *God* put it *into my Mind*, that *I should come to you*, a Man *noless* pious *than* learn'd. *Your Learning* enables *you*, that *you can* easily *give* what *I ask*, your Piety *will move you*, that *you will* help *a Brother*; whose *Preservation* you have *in your Power*. That I may not make it *tedious*, when *that* Cheat *had removed* all Suspicion *of Roguery* from himself *with this kind of Talk*, and *had made him believe*, that the other *Way* was *very well known* to him

opus biennio, *modo* fidas *tuæ* arti. Ut conferam *rem* in pauca, *convenit* nter eos, *ut* aggrederentur *rem* clam *in ædibus* Balbini, *hac lege*, ut *ille* ſuppeditaret *operam*, Balbinus *ſumptum*, ac *lucrum* divideretur *ex æquo et bono*, quanquam *modeſtus* impoſtor *differebat* ultro *Balbino* totum *lucrum* quod *proveniſſet*. Juratum eſt *utrinque* de ſilentio, *quod* faciunt *qui* initiantur *in myſteriis*. Jam *illico* pecunia *numeratur*, unde *artifex* mercaretur *ollas*, vitra, *carbones*, reliquaque, *quæ* pertinent *ad Inſtruendam* officinam. *Ibi* noſter *Alcumiſta* decoquit *eam* pecuniam *ſuaviter* in ſcorta, *aleam* et *compotationes*.

for ſome time, Balbinus's *Mind* itch'd. *At length* not commanding *himſelf* he ſays, *Farewell to* that *Curtation*, whoſe *Name* I have not ſo much as heard *ever*, ſo far am I from underſtanding it, *tell* me *in good* Faith, *do you underſtand* Longation *exactly*? Puh! *ſays* he, *to a Tittle*, but *the Length* diſpleaſes me. *When* Balbinus *had asked* how much *Time* was required, *too much*, ſays he, *almoſt* a whole *Year*, but *in the mean time* it is *very ſafe*. Do not trouble your ſelf, *ſays* Balbinus, *tho'* there ſhould be *Occaſion* for two years, *provided* you can truſt *to your* Art. *That* I may bring *the Matter* into few Words; *it was agreed* betwixt them, *that* they ſhould attempt *the Matter* privately *in the Houſe* of Balbinus, *upon this Condition*, that *he* ſhould give *his Labour*, Balbi-

nus *the Charge*, and *the Gain* ſhould be divided *equally and fairly*, tho' *the modeſt* Cheat *offered* of his own accord *to Balbinus* the whole *Gain* that *ſhould accrue*. They ſwore *on both Sides* to Silence; *which* they do *who* are initiated *in Myſteries*. Now *preſently* Money *is payed*, wherewith *the Artiſt* ſhould buy *Pots*, Glaſſes, *Fewel*, and other things, *which* are proper *for furniſhing* the Forge. *There* our *Alcumiſt* ſpends *that* Money *ſweetly* in Whores, *Dice* and *drinking*.

A. Hoc *nimirum* eſt *vertere* ſpecies *rerum*.

This *indeed* is *to change* the ſpecies *of things*.

B. Balbino *urgente*, ut *aggrederetur* rem: *An non tenes*, inquit, *illud*, qui *cæpit* bene *habet* dimidium *facti*? Eſt *magnum* præparare *materiam* bene. *Tandem* fornax *cæpit* adornari. *Hoc* rurſus *erat* opus *novo* auro, *veluti* illecebra *auri* venturi,

Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould ſet about* the Buſineſs; *do you not underſtand*, ſays he, *that*, He that *hath begun* well *has done* half *his Work*? It *is a great thing* to prepare *your materials* well. *At length* the Furnace *be-*

ſiquidem ut *Piſcis* non capitur *abſque eſca*, ſic *aurum* non provenit *Alcumiſtis*, niſi *pars auri admiſceatur*. Interea *Balbinus* erat *totus* in ſupputationibus. *Nam* ſubducebat, *ſi* uncia *pareret* quindecim, *quantum* lucri *eſſet rediturum* ex *bis Mille* unciis; *nam* decreverat *inſumere* tantum. *Cum* Alcumiſta *de*roxiſſet hanc *pecuniam* quoque, *jamque* ſimulaſſet *multum operæ* circa *ſolles* et *carbones*, unum *onenſem* atque *alterum*, Balbino *rogante* ecquid res procederet; *primum* obmutuit, *tandem* reſpondit *urgenti*, ſicut *præclare* res *ſolent*, quæ *habent* ſemper *difficiles* aditus. *Cauſabatur* erratum *in emendis* carbonibus: *Nam* emerat *quernos*, cum *eſſet opus* abiegnis *aut* columnis. *Ibi* centum *aurei* perierant. *Nec* redierunt *ad aleam* eo *ſegnius*. Nova *pecunia* data, *carbones* mutantur, *jamque* res *cæpta eſt* majore *ſtudio* gun to be prepared. *Here* again *there was* need of *new* Gold, *as it were* a wheedle *to the* Gold that was to come. *For* as *a Fiſh* is not taken *without a Bait*, ſo *Gold* comes not *to the Alcumiſts*, unleſs *a parcel* of Gold *is mixt*. In the mean Time *Balbinus* was *all* upon Calculations. *For* he reckoned, *if* an Ounce *would produce* fifteen, *how much* Profit *would accrue* from *two thouſand* Ounces; *for* he had determined *to lay out* ſo much. *When* the Alchymiſt *had ſpent* this *Money* too, *and now* had pretended to *abundance of Pains* about *the Bellows* and *Fewel*, one *Month* and *another*, Balbinus *asking* if the Buſineſs advanc'd any thing; *at firſt* he was ſilent, *at length* he anſwered him, *being urgent with him*, as *great* Things *uſe to do*, which *have* always *difficult* Beginnings. *He pretended* there was a

quam

quam *antea*: Quemadmodum *in bello*, milites, *ſi* quid *accidit* ſecus *quam* vellent, *ſarciunt* virtute: *Cum* officina *ferbuiſſet* jam *aliquot* menſes, *et* aureus *fœtus* expectaretur, *ac* ne *mica* quidem *auri* eſſet *in vaſis* (nam *jam* Alcumiſta *decoxerat* et *omne* illud) *alia* cauſatio *inventa eſt*, nimirum, *vitra* quibus *uſus fuerat*, non fuiſſe *temperata* ſicut *oportuit*. Etenim *ut* Mercurius *non fit* ex *quovis* ligno, *ita* aurum *non conficitur* quibuſlibet *vitris*. Quo *plus* erat *impenſum*, hoc *minus* libebat *deſiſtere*.

a Miſtake made *in buying* the Charcoal, *for* he had bought *Oak*, whereas *he had Occaſion* for Fir *or* Hazel. *There* a hundred *Crowns* were gone. *Nor* did they return *to the Game* for that *the more backwardly*. New *Money* being given, *Charcoal* is changed; *and now* the Thing *was begun* with greater *Eagerneſs* than *before*: as *in War* Soldiers, *if* any Thing *happen* otherwiſe *than* they could wiſh, *mend it* by their Courage. *When* the Forge *had been heated* now *ſome* Months, *and* a Golden *Product* was expected, *and* not *a Bit* truly *of Gold* was *in the Veſſels* (for *now* the Alchymiſt *had ſpent* alſo *all* that) *another* Pretence *was found out*, to wit, *that the Glaſſes* which *he had uſed*, had not been *temper'd* as *they ought*. For *as* a Mercury *is not made* out of *any* Wood, *ſo* Gold *is not made* with any *Glaſſes*. By how

A. Sic *Aleatores* ſolent; *quaſi* non ſit *multo* ſatius *perdere* hoc *quam* totum.

B. Sic *eſt*. Alcumiſta *dejerabat* nunquam impoſitum fuiſſe ſibi *ſic*: nunc *errore* deprehenſo *cætera* fore *tutiora*, et *ſeſe* larturum *hoc* diſpendii *magno cum fœnore*. Vitris *mutatis*, officina *inſtaurata* eſt tertio. *Alcumiſta* admonebat *rem* ſucceſſuram *felicius*, ſi *mitteret* aliquot *aureos* dono *virgini* matri, *quæ* colitur, *ut* ſcis, *Paralis*. nam *artem* eſſe *ſacram*, neque *rem* geri proſpere *abſque* favore *numinum*. Id *conſilium* vehementer *placuit* Balbino *pio* homini, *ut* qui *prætermitteret* nullum *diem*. quin *perageret* divinam rem. *Alcumiſta* ſuſcepit *religioſam* profectionem, *nimirum* in proximum *oppidum*, atque *ibi* decoxit *pecuniam* in

much *the more* was *laid out*, by ſo much *the leſs* had he a Mind *to deſiſt*.

So *Gameſters* uſe to do; *as tho'* it were not *much* better *to looſe* that *than* all.

So *it is*. The Alcumiſt *ſwore* that he was never impoſed on *ſo*. Now *the Miſtake* being diſcover'd, *the reſt* would be *ſafer*, and *that he* would make up *this* Loſs *with great Advantage*. The Glaſſes *being changed*, the Forge *was furniſh'd* a third Time. *The Alcumiſt* put him in Mind *that the thing* would ſucceed *more happily*, if *he ſent* ſome *Crowns* as a Preſent *to the Virgin* Mother, *who* is worſhipped, *as* you know, *at Paralia*, for *the Art* was *ſacred*, nor *would the Thing be managed* ſucceſsfully *without* the Favour *of the Saints*. That *Advice* mightily *pleaſed* Balbinus a *Pious* Man, *as* who *omitted* no Day but *he perform'd* divine Service. *The Alcumiſt*

ganeis

ganeis. *Reverſus* domum *nunciat* ſibi eſſe *ſummam* ſpem, *negotium* ſucceſſurum *ex ſententia*, adeo *divam* viſam *annuere* ſuis votis. *Ubi* ſudatum eſſet *jam* multo tempore, *ac* ne mica *quidem* auri *naſceretur* uſquam, *reſpondet* Balbino *expoſtulanti*, nihil tale *unquam accidiſſe* ſibi, *in vita*, experto *artem* toties; *nec* poſſe *conjectare* ſatis *quid* eſſet *cauſa*. Quum *divinatum eſſet* diu, *tandem* illud *venit* in Mentem *Balbino*, num *prætermiſiſſet* quo Die *audire* ſacrum, *aut* dicere *horarias* preces, *quas vocant*. Nam *nihil* ſuccedere *his* omiſſis. *Ibi* impoſter *inquit*, me miſerum, *id* admiſſum eſt *per oblivionem* ſemel *atque* iterum; *et* nuper *ſurgens* a *prolixo* convivio *oblitus ſum* dicere *ſalutationem* Virginis. *Tum* Balbinus *inquit*, non mirum, *ſi* tanta *res* non ſuccedit. *Artifex* recipit, *pro* duo-

undertook, *the Religious* Journey, *to wit*, into the next *Town*, and *there* he ſpent *the Money* in Taverns. *Being return'd* Home *he tells him* that he had *the greateſt* Hopes, *that the Buſineſs* would ſucceed *to their Mind*; ſo *the Saint* ſeem'd *to agree* to his Prayers. *When* he had ſweat *now* a long Time, *and* not a Bit *indeed* of Gold *was produced* any where, *he anſwer'd* Balbinus *expoſtulating*, that no ſuch Thing *had ever happened* to him *in his Life*, having tryed *his Art* ſo often; *nor* could he *gueſs* well *what* was *the Reaſon*. When *they had gueſſed* a long Time, *at length* that *came* into the Mind *of Balbinus*, whether *he had omitted* any Day *to hear* Maſs, *or* to ſay *the Horary* Prayers, *as they call them*: For *Nothing* would ſucceed, *theſe* being omitted. *There* the Cheat *ſays*, Wo's me, *that* was done *through Forgetfulneſs*

bus

bus *ſacris* prætermiſſis, *auditurum* duodecim, *et* pro *unica* ſalutatione *re-poſiturum* decem. *Cum* pecunia *defeciſſet* prodigum *Alcumiſtam* ſubinde, *nec* cauſæ *petendi* ſuppeterent, *tandem* commentus eſt *hanc* technam; *rediit* domum *admodum* exanimatus: *Ac* lamentabili *voce*, per i, *inquit*, fun ditus, *Balbine*, perii, *actum eſt* de capite meo. *Balbino* obſtupuit, *et* avebat *ſcire* cauſam *tanti* mali. *Aulici* ſubodorati ſunt, *inquit*, quod *egimus*, nec *expecto* aliud *quam* ut *mox* deducar *in carcerem*. Ad hanc vocem *Balbinus* expalluit *ſerio*. Nam *ſcis* apud nos *eſſe* capitale, *ſi* quis *exerceat* Alcumiſticam *abſque* permiſſu *principis*. Ille *pergit*, non metuo *mortem*, inquit, *utinam* illa *contingat*: metuo *quiddam* crudelius. *Inquit* roganti *quid* eſſet; *rapiar* aliquo *in turrim*: illic *cogar* per *omnem* once *and* again: *And* lately *riſing* from *a long* Feaſt, *I forgot* to ſay *the Salutation* of the Virgin. *Then* Balbinus *ſays*, no Wonder, *if* ſo great *a Thing* does not ſucceed. *The Artiſt* promiſes, for two *Maſſes* omitted, *that he would hear* twelve, *and* for *one* Salutation *would pay* ten. *When* Money *failed* the Prodigal *Alcumiſt* now and then, *and no* Pretences *for asking* occurr'd, at *length* he invented *this* Trick: *He return'd* Home *very much* frighted; *and* with a lamentable *Voice*, I am undone, *ſays he*, utterly, *Balbinus*, I am undone, *there is an End* of my Life. *Balbinus* was amazed, *and* deſired *to know* the Cauſe *of ſo great* a Calamity. *The Courtiers* have ſmelt out, *ſays he*, what *we have done*; nor *do I expect* any Thing elſe *than* that *by and by* I ſhall be carried *to Priſon*. At this Saying *Balbinus* was Pale *in good Earneſt*.

vitam

vitam *laborare* illis, *quibus* non libet. *An eſt* ulla *mors*, quæ *non debeat* eſſe *potior* quam *talis* vita? *Ibi* res *ventilata eſt* conſultatione. *Balbinus*, quoniam *callebat* artem Rhetoricam, *pulſavit* omnes *ſtatus*, ſi *qua* periculum *poſſet* vitari. *Non potes* inficiari *crimen*? inquit. *Nequaquam*, ait *ille*. Res *ſparſa eſt* inter *regios* ſatellites; *et* habent *argumenta*, quæ *non poſſunt* dilui. *Nec* poterat *factum* quidem *defendi*, ob *manifeſtam* legem. *Cum* multis *adductis* in medium, *videretur* nihil *firmi* præſidii, *tandem* Alcumiſta, *cui erat* jam *opus* præſenti *pecunia*, inquit, *nos*, Balbine, *agimus* lentis *conſiliis*, atqui *res* poſcit *præſens* remedium. Arbitror *adfuturos* jam, *qui* abripiant *me* in malam rem. *Denique* cum *nihil* occurreret *Balbino*, tandem *Alcumiſta* inquit, *nec* quidquam occurrit *mihi*, nec *video* quid-

For *you know* with us *it is* Capital, *if* any one *exerciſes* the Alcumiſtick Art *without* the Permiſſion *of the Prince*. He *goes on*, I do not fear *Death*, ſaith he, *I wiſh* that *may befall me*: I fear *ſomething* more cruell. *He ſays* to him asking *what* it was. *I ſhall be carried* ſome whither *into a Tower*; there *I ſhall be forced* for all my Life *to work* for thoſe *for whom* I have no Mind. *Is there* any *Death* which *ought not* to be *more valuable* than *ſuch* a Life? *There* the Matter *was examin'd* in Conſultation. *Balbinus*, becauſe *he underſtood* the Art of Rhetorick, *run over* all *his Topicks*, if *any Way* the Danger *could* be avoided. *Cannot you* deny *the Crime*? ſays he. *By no Means*, ſays *he*. The thing *is ſpread* amongſt *the King's* Guards; *and* they have *Proofs* which *cannot* be confuted. *Nor* could *the Fact* indeed *be defended*, becauſe of *a plain* Law.

quam

quam *superesse*, nisi *ut* peream *fortiter*; nisi *forte* hoc *placet*, quod *unum* supereſt, *utile* magis *quam* honeſtum, *niſi* quod *neceſſitas* eſt *durum* telum. *Scis*, inquit, *hoc* genus *hominum* eſſe *avidum* pecuniæ; *eoque* poſſe *corrumpi* facilius *ut ſileant*: quamvis *ſit* durum *dare* illis *furciferis* quod profundant, *tamen* ut *res* nunc *ſunt*, video *nihil* melius. *Idem* viſum eſt *Balbino*, ac *numeravit* triginta *aureos*, quibus *redimeret* ſilentium.

When after many Things *produced* betwixt them, *there appeared* nothing *of good* Security: *At length* the Alcumiſt, *who had* now *need* of preſent *Money*, ſays, *We*, Balbinus, *act* by ſlow *Counſels*; but *the Thing* requires *a preſent* Remedy. I ſuppoſe *they will be here* preſently, *that* will hurry *me* into an evil Condition. *Laſtly*, When *nothing* occurr'd *to Balbinus*, at length *the Alcumiſt* ſays, *nor* does any Thing occur *to me*, nor *do I ſee* any Thing *left*, unleſs *that I* die *bravely*, unleſs *perhaps* this *pleaſe you*, which *alone* is left, *uſeful* rather *than* honourable, *but* that *Neceſſity* is *a hard* Weapon *You know*, quoth he, *that this* Sort *of Men* are *greedy* of Money; *and therefore* may *be corrupted* more eaſily *to be ſilent*. Altho' *it be* a hard Caſe *to give* to thoſe *Raſcals* to ſpend, *yet* as *Matters* now *are*, I ſee *nothing* better. *The ſame Thing*

A. Li-

A. Liberalitas *Balbini* eſt *mira*.

B. Imo *citius extudiſſes* dentem *ab eo* quam *nummum* in honeſta re. *Sic* proſpectum eſt *Alcumiſtæ*, cui nihil erat periculi, *niſi* quod *non haberet* quod daret *amicæ*.

A. Demiror *nihil eſſe naſi Balbino* in tantum.

B. Heic *tantum* caret *naſo*, naſutiſſimus *in cæteris*. Rurſum *fornax* inſtruitur *nova* pecunia, *ſed* precatiuncula *præmiſſa* ad virginem *Matrem*, ut *faveret* cæptis. *Jam* totus *annus* exierat, *dum* illo *cauſante* nunc *hoc* nunc *illud*, luditur opera, *et* impenſa *perit*. Interim *extitit* quidam *ridiculus* caſus.

A. Quiſnam?

B. Alcumiſta *habuit* furtivam *conſuetudinem*

The Liberality *of Balbinus* is *wonderful*.

Nay *you would ſooner have got a* Tooth *from him* than *a Piece of Money* in an honeſt Matter. *Thus* Proviſion was made *for the Alcumiſt*, who was in no Danger, *but* that *he had not* to give *to his Miſs*.

I wonder *Balbinus ſhould have no Senſe* to ſuch a Degree.

Here *only* he wants *Senſe*, being ſenſible enough *in other Things*. Again *the Furnace* is fitted up *with new* Money *but* with a Prayer *put up firſt* to the Virgin *Mother*, that *ſhe would favour* their Undertakings. *Now* a whole *Year* was gone, *whilſt* he *pretending* now *this* then *that*, his Labour is loſt, *and* the Expence *thrown away*. In the mean time *there happened* a certain *comical* Adventure.

What?

The Alcumiſt *had* a private *Commerce* with

cum *uxore* cujuſdam *aulici*; maritus, *concepta* ſuſpicione, *cæpit* obſervare *hominem*. Tandem *cum* nunciatum eſſet *illi*, ſacrificum *eſſe* in cubiculo, *rediit* domum *præter* expectationem, *pulſat* oſtium.

A. Quid *facturus* homini?

B. Quid? *Nihil* ſuave, *aut* occiſurus erat, *aut* exſecturus. *Ubi* maritus *inſtans* minitaretur *ſe* effracturum *oſtium* vi, *ni* uxor *aperiret*. Trepidatum eſt *magnopere*, et *aliquod* præſentaneum *conſilium* circumſpicitur. *Nec* erat *aliud*, quam *quod* res *ipſa* dabat. *Abjecit* tunicam, *ac* dejecit *ſeſe* per *feneſtram anguſtam*, non *ſine* periculo; *nec* ſine *vulnere*, ac *fugit*. Scis *tales* tabulas *ſpargi* illico, *itaque* permanavit *et* ad Balbinum; *atque* Artifex *Divinarat* id fore.

the Wife of a certain *Courtier*; the Husband, *having conceived* a Suſpicion *begun* to watch *the Fellow*. At laſt *when* it was told *him*, that the Prieſt *was* in the Bedchamber, *he return'd* Home *contrary to* their Expectation, *knocks* at Door.

What *was he for doing* with the Fellow?

What? *Nothing* Pleaſant, *either* he would have killed him, *or* have guelded him. *When* the Husband *being very earneſt* threatned *that he* would break *the Door* by Force, *unleſs* the Wife *opened it*. They trembled *mightily*, and *ſome* preſent *Contrivance* is conſider'd of. *Nor* was there *any other*, than *what* the thing *it ſelf* offered. *He ſtrip'd of* his Waſtcoat, *and* threw *himſelf* through *a narrow Window*, not *without* Danger, *nor* without *a Wound*, and *fled*. You know *that ſuch* Stories *are ſpread* preſently.

A. Heic

A. Hèic *itaque* tenetur *medius*.

B. Imo *elapſus eſt* hinc *felicius* quam *e cubiculo*. Audi *technam* hominis. *Balbinus* nihil expoſtulabat, *ſed* nubilo *vultu* indicabat *ſe* non ignorare *quod* ferebatur *vulgo*. Ille *noverat* Balbinum *eſſe* pium *virum*, pene dixerim, *Superſtitioſum* in nonnullis; *et* qui *ſunt* tales, *facile* condonant *ſupplici* in peccato *quamvis* magno. *Itaque* injicit mentionem *de ſucceſſu* negotii *data opera*, queritans *non ſuccedere* ut *ſolet*, aut *vellet*: Addebat *ſe* vehementer *mirari* quid *eſſet* cauſa. *Ibi* Balbinus *commotus* per occaſionem, *qui* videbatur *alioqui* deſtinaſſe *ſilentium*; et *erat* qui *commoveretur* facile. *Non eſt* obſcurum, *inquit*, quod *obſtet*, peccata *obſtant*, quo minus ſuccedat,

Wherefore it came *alſo* to Balbinus; *and* the Artiſt *had gueſſed* that would be.

Here *therefore* he is held *by the Middle*.

Nay *he ſlipp'd* hence *more luckily* than *out of the Bed Chamber*. Hear *the Trick* of the Fellow. *Balbinus* did not expoſtulate at all, *but* by his cloudy *Countenance* ſhewed *that he* was not ignorant of *what* was reported *commonly*. He *knew* Balbinus *was* a pious *Man*, I may almoſt ſay, *Superſtitious* in ſome Things; *And* they who *are* ſuch, *eaſily* forgive *one that begs Pardon* in a Fault *never ſo* great. *Wherefore* he makes mention *of the Succeſs* of the Buſineſs *on purpoſe*; complaining *that it did not ſucceed* as *it uſed*, or *he wiſhed*: He added *that he* very much *wondered* what *was* the Reaſon *There* Balbinus *being moved* upon the Occaſion, *who* ſeemed *other-*

quod convenit *tractari* pure *a puris*. Ad hanc vocem *Artifex* procubuit *in genua*, ſubinde *tundens* pectus, *lacrymabili vultu* ac *voce* inquit, *dixiſti* veriſſimum *Balbine*; peccata, *inquam*, obſtant, *ſed* mea *peccata*, non *tua*: Nam *non pudebit me* confitere *meam* turpitudinem *apud te*, velut *apud ſanctiſſimum* ſacerdotem. *Infirmitas* carnis *vicerat* me. *Satanas* pertraxerat *me* in *ſuos* laqueos, *et* O me miſerum, *e ſacrifico* factus ſum *Adulter*. Tamen *hoc* munus, *quod* miſimus *Virgini* Matri *non periit* omnino. *Perieram* certo *exitio*, ni *illa* ſuccurriſſet. *Jam* maritus *effringebat* fores, *feneſtra* erat *arctior* quam *ut* poſſem *elabi*: in *tam* præſentaneo *periculo*, venit in mentem *ſanctiſſimæ* virginis; *procidi* in genua, *obteſtatus ſum*, ſi *munus* tuiſſet *gratum*, ut *opitularetur*. Nec mora, *repeto* feneſtram

wiſe to have intended *Silence*; and *he was one* who *was moved* eaſily. *It is not* obſcure, *quoth he*, what *hinders*, Sins *hinder* it from ſucceeding, *which* it is fit *ſhould be handled* purely *by the Pure*. At this Saying *the Artiſt* fell *upon his Knees*, now and then *ſmiting* his Breaſt, *with a lamentable Countetenance* and *Voice* ſays, *you have ſaid* very true *Balbinus*, Sins, *I ſay*, hinder, *but* my *Sins*, not *yours*: For *I ſhall not be aſhamed* to confeſs *my* Filthineſs *to you*, as *to a moſt holy* Prieſt. *The Weakneſs* of the Fleſh *had conquered* me: *Satan* had drawn *me* into *his* Snares, *and* O wo's me, *of a Prieſt*, I am become *a Cuckold-Maker*. Yet *this* Preſent *which* we ſent *to the Virgin* Mother *was not loſt* altogether. *I had periſh'd* by certain *Deſtruction*, unleſs *ſhe* had ſuccour'd me. *Now* the Husband *was breaking* the Door; *the Window*

ſtram (*nam ſic neceſſitas urgebat*) *et* reperi *amplam ſatis ad Effugium.*

was *ſtraiter* than *that* I *could get out*; in ſo imminent *a Danger*, I bethought *of the moſt holy* Virgin: *I fell* upon my Knees, *I beſought her*, if *the Preſent* was *acceptable*, that *ſhe would help me*. Without Delay, *I go again* to the Window (for ſo *Neceſſity* obliged me) *and* I find it *large* enough *for an Eſcape.*

A. Credidit Balbinus *iſta*?

B. Credidit? *imo* ignovit *etiam*, et *admonuit* religioſe, *ne præberet* ſe *ingratum* beatiſſimæ *virgini*. Rurſus *pecunia* numerata eſt *danti* fidem *ſe* tractaturum *ſacram* rem *pure* poſthac.

Did Balbinus believe *thoſe Things*?

Believe? *Nay* he forgave him *too*, and *adviſed him* religiouſly, *that he ſhould not ſhew* himſelf *ungrateful* to the moſt bleſſed *Virgin*. Again *Money* was paid him *giving* his Promiſe *that he* would manage *this holy* Affair *purely* for the Future.

B. Quis *finis* tandem?

A. Fabula *eſt* perlonga; *ſed* ego *abſolvam* paucis. *Cum* luſiſſet *hominem* diu *ejuſmodi commentis*, et *exterſiſſet* non mediocrem

What was *the Upſhot* at laſt?

The Story *is* very long; *but* I *will finiſh it* in a few Words. *After* he had play'd upon *the Man* a long Time *with ſuch Inventions*, and *had*

vin-

vim pecuniæ *ab eo*, tandem *venit* qui *noverat* nebulonem *a puero*. Is *facile* divinans *illum* agere *idem* apud *Balbinum*, quod *egerat* nuſquam non, *aggreditur* eum *clam*, exponit *qualem* artificem *foveret* ſuæ domi; *monet* ut ableget *hominem* quam primum, *ni mallet* ipſum *fugere* aliquando *compilatis* ſcriniis.

A. Quid *Balbinus* hic? *videlicet*, curavit *hominem* conjiciendum *in carcerem*.

B. In *carcerem*? Imo *numeravit* viaticum, *obſecrans* per omnia ſacra, *ne effutiret* quod *accidiſſet*: Et *ſapuit* mea *ſententia* quidem, *qui* maluerit hoc, *quam* eſſe *fabula* conviviorum, *et* fori, *deinde* venire *in periculum* confiſcationis. *Nam erat* nihil periculi *impoſtori*, te-

got no ſmall *Quantity* of Money *from him*; at length *there came one* who *had known* the Knave *from a Child*. He *eaſily* gueſſing *that he* was doing *the ſame Thing* with Balbinus, which *he had been doing* every where elſe, *goes to* him *privately*, tells him *what* an Artiſt *he maintained* in his Houſe: *he adviſes him* to diſmiſs *the Man*, as ſoon as may be, *unleſs he had rather have* him *run away* ſome time *after he had robbed* his Cheſts.

What did *Balbinus* here? *To wit*, he took care *the Fellow* was thrown *into the Jayl*.

Into *the Jayl*? nay. *he paid him* Money for his Journey, *beſeeching him* by all was ſacred, *that he would not blab* what *had happened*: And *he was wiſe* in my *Opinion* truly, *who* choſe this rather *than* be *the Story* of Feaſts, *and* the Market, *and then* come in *Dan-*

nebat

nebat *tantum* artis, *quantum* quivis *aſinus*, et *impoſtura* in hoc genere *eſt* favorabilis. *Quod ſi* intentaſſet *crimen* furti, *unctio* reddebat *eum* tutum *a ſuſpendio*: Neque *quiſquam alat* lubens *talem* in *carcere* gratis.

ger of Confiſcation. *For there was* no Danger of *the Cheat*; he underſtood *as much* of the Art *as* any *Aſs*: And *cheating* in this kind *is* favoured. *But if* he had laid againſt him *the Crime* of Felony, *his Unction* rendred *him* ſecure *from Hanging*: nor *would any one maintain* willingly *ſuch a Fellow* in *the Jayl* for nothing.

A. Miſereſceret me *Balbini*, niſi *ipſe* gauderet *deludi*.

I ſhould pity *Balbinus*, unleſs *he* loved *to be deluded*.

B. Nunc *properandum eſt* in aulam; *alias* referam *multo* ſtultiora *etiam* his.

Now *I muſt haſten* to Court, *ſome other Time* I will tell you *much* more fooliſh Things *even* than thoſe.

A. Cum *vacabit*, et *audiam* lubens, *et* penſabo *fabulam* fabula.

When *you ſhall be at Leiſure*, I both *ſhall hear you* gladly, *and* requite *Story* with Story.

HIPPOPLANUS.

HIPPOPLANUS.

A. IMmortalem *Deum*! ὡς σεμνοπροσωπεῖ *noſter* Phædrus, *et* ſubinde *ſuſpicit* in cœlum! *adoriar*, quid *novæ* rei *accidit* Phædre?

B. Quamobrem *interrogas* iſtuc *Aule*?

A. Quoniam *viderũ* mihi *factus* Cato *e Phædro*; eſt *tanta* ſeveritas *in vultu*.

B. Non *mirum*, amice: *confeſſus ſum* modo *mea* peccata.

A. Phy! *jam* deſino *mirari*, ſed *age* dic *bona fide*, conteſſus es *omnia*?

B. Omnia *quidem* quæ *veniebant* in mentem, *unico* duntaxat *excepto*.

A. Cur *reticuiſti* hoc *unum*?

B. Quia *nondum potuit* diſplicere *mihi*.

A. Oportet *eſſe* ſuave *peccatum*.

Immortal *God*! how grave looks *our* Phædrus, *and* now and then *looks up* to Heaven! *I will accoſt him*, What *new* thing *has happened* Phædrus?

Why *do you ask* that *Aulus*?

Becauſe *you ſeem* to me *to have become* a Cato *of a Phædrus*; there *is ſo much* ſeverity *in your Countenance*.

No *wonder*, Friend, *I have confeſſed* juſt now *my* Sins.

Puh! *Now* I give over *wondering*, but *come* tell me *in good Faith*, have you confeſſed *all*?

All *indeed* which *came* into my Mind, *one* only *excepted*.

Why *did you conceal* this *one*?

Becauſe *it could not yet* diſpleaſe *me*.

It muſt *be* a ſweet *Sin*.

B. Neſcio

B. Neſcio *an* ſit *peccatum*, ſed, *ſi* vacat, *audies*.

I know not *whether* it be *a Sin*, but, *if* you are at Leiſure, *you ſhall hear*.

A. Audiam *equidem* lubens.

I will hear it *indeed* willingly.

B. Scis *quanta* impoſtura *ſit* apud noſtros *in his* qui *vendunt* aut *locant* equos.

You know *what abundance of* Cheating *there is* with our Countrymen *amongſt thoſe* who *ſell* or *let out* Horſes.

A. Scio *plus* quam *vellem*, deluſus *non* ſemel *abiis*.

I know *more* than *I would*, having been cheated *not* once only *by them*.

B. Iter *nuper* incidit *mihi*, cum *prolixum* ſatis, *tum etiam* accelerandum; *adeo* quendam *ex illis*, quem *dixiſſes* minime *malum* ejus *generis*, et *nonnihil* amicitiæ *etiam* intercedebat *mihi cum homine*. Narro *mihi eſſe* ſeriam *rem*, *opus eſſe* præſtrenuo *equo*; ſi unquam præbuiſſet *ſe* bonum *virum* mihi, *nunc* præſtaret. *Ille* pollicetur *ſe* acturum *mecum* ſic, *ut* ageret *cum* ſuo *cariſſimo* fratre.

A Journey *lately* happened *to me*, both *long* enough, *and alſo* to be haſtened: *I go to* one *of them*, whom *you would have ſaid to be* the leaſt *bad* of that *ſort*; and *ſomething* of Friendſhip *too* there was *betwixt me and the Man*. I tell him *I have* ſome weighty *Buſineſs*, *had need* of a very ſtout *Horſe*, if ever he had ſhewn *himſelf* a good *Man* to me, *that now* he would do it. *He* promiſes me *that he* would deal *with me* ſo,

A. Fortaſſis

A. Fortaſſis *impoſiturus* et *fratri.*

B. Inducit *in ſtabulum*, jubet *ut eligam* ex omnibus *equis* quemcunque *vellem.* Tandem *unus* arridebat *plus* cæteris. *Ille* probat *meum* judicium, *dejerans* eum *equum* expetitum eſſe *frequenter* a multis: *ſe* maluiſſe *ſervare* eum *ſingulari* amico, *quam* addicere *ignotis.* Conventum eſt *de pretio*, pecunia *numeratur* præſens. *Conſcendo.* Equus geſtiebat mira *alacritate* in egreſſu; *dixiſſes* eſſe *ferociulum*, nam *erat* obeſulus *et* pulchellus. *Ubi* equitaſſem *jam* ſeſquihoram, *ſenſi* plane *laſſum*, nec poſſe *impelli* quidem *calcaribus.* Audieram *tales* ali *ab illis* ad impoſturam, *quos* judicares *inſignes* e ſpecie, *cæterum* impatientiſſimos *laboris.* Ego *continuo* mecum, *captus ſum.* Age *referam* par *pari*, ubi *rediero* domum.

as he would deal *with* his *moſt dear* Brother.

Perhaps *he would have impoſed* likewiſe *upon his Brother.*

He leads me *into the Stable*, bids me *chooſe* out of all *the Horſes*, which ſo ever *I would.* At length *one* pleaſed me *more* than the reſt. *He* approves of *my* Judgment; *ſwearing* that that *Horſe* had been deſired *frequently* by many. *That he* choſe rather, *to keep* him *for a particular* Friend. *than* part with him *to Strangers.* We agreed *about the Price*, the Money *is paid down* preſently. *I mount.* The Horſe *pranced* with wonderful *Alacrity* in ſetting out: *You would have ſaid* that he was *mettleſome*; for *he was* pretty fat *and* handſome. *When* I had rid *now* an Hour and a half, *I perceived him* quite *tired*, and that he could not be got *on* truly *with the Spurs.* I had heard *that ſuch*

A. Quid

A. Quid *conſilii* capiebas *heic* eques *abſque* equo ?

B. Id *quod* res *dabat*. Deflexi *in proximum* vicum; *illic* depoſui equum *apud* quendam *notum* mihi, *et* conduxi *alterum*; profectus ſum *quo* deſtinâram, *reverſus ſum*, reddo *conductitium* equum; *reperio* meum *ſophiſtam*, ut *erat*, obeſum *et* pulchre *requietum*; vectus eo *redeo* ad impoſtorem, *rogo* ut *alat* aliquot *dies* in ſuo ſtabulo, *donec* repetiero. *Percunctatur* quam *commode* geſſerit *me*. Ego *dejero* per *omnia* ſacra, *me nunquam* conſcendiſſe *tergum* felicioris *equi* in vita, *volaſſe* potius *quam*

were kept *by them* for cheating, *which* you would judge *fine ones* by their Appearance, *but* very unable to bear *Labour*. I ſaid *preſently* with my ſelf, *I am catch'd*, well *I will return* like *for like* when *I return* Home.

What *Courſe* did you take *here* a Horſeman *without* a Horſe ?

That *which* the thing *offered*. I turn'd of *into the next* Town : *There* I ſet up my Horſe *with* one *that was known* to me, *and* hired *another*; I went *whither* I had deſign'd, *return'd*, reſtore *my hired Horſe*; *I find* my *Cheat*, as *he was*, fat *and* finely *reſted*; riding upon him *I return* to the Rogue; *I beg of him* that *he would keep him* ſome *Days* in his Stable, *till* I call for him again. *He asks me* how *well* he carried *me*. I *ſwear* by *all that's* ſacred, *that I never* got upon *the Back* of a better

am.

ambulaſſe, *nec ſenſiſſe* laſſitudinem *tam longo* itinere, *nec* factum *pilo* maciorem *ob laborem*. Cum *perſuaſerim* illi *hæc* eſſe *vera*, cogitabat *tacitus* ſecum *illum* equum *eſſe* alium, *quam* hactenus *ſuſpicatus eſſet*. Itaque *priuſquam* abirem, *rogabat* num *mihi equus* eſſet *venalis*; Primo *negabam*, quod *ſi* iter *incideret* denuo, *non foret* facile *nanciſci* ſimilem, *attamen nihil* eſſe *tam* carum *mihi*, quod *non eſſet* venale *pretio largo*; etiamſi *quis* cuperet *emptum meipſum*, inquam.

Horſe in my Life; *that he flew* rather *than* paced, *and was not ſenſible of* wearineſs *in ſo long a* Journey, *nor* made *a Hair* the leaner *for his Labour*. When *I had perſwaded* him *that theſe things* were *true*; he thought *ſilently* with himſelf, *that Horſe was* another ſort of one *than* hitherto *he had ſuſpected him*. Therefore *before* I went away, *he asked me* if *my Horſe* was *to be ſold*; at firſt I *ſaid no*, becauſe *if* a Journey *ſhould fall out* again, *it would not be* eaſy *to get* the like; *but that nothing* was *ſo* dear *to me*, which *was not* to be ſold *for a large Price*; altho' *any one* ſhould deſire *to buy my ſelf*, ſay I.

A. Næ *tu agebas* Cretenſem *pulchre* cum *Cretenſi*

Truly *you acted* the Cretian *finely* with *the Cretian*.

B. Quid multis? *Non dimittit* me, *donec* indicarem. *Indicavi* non *paulo* pluris *quam* emeram. *Digreſſus* ab homine, *mox* ſuborno *qui* agat *partem*

What needs many Words? *He does not diſmiſs* me *till* I ſet my Price. *I ſet him* at not *a little* more *than* I had bought him for. *Being*

huius

hujus *fabulæ* mihi *pulchre* inſtructum *et* edoctum. Is ingreſsus *domum*, inclamat *locatorem*, ait ſibi opus eſse *inſigni equo*, et *egregie* patienti *laboris*. Alter *oſtendit* multos, *et* prædicat *peſſimum quemque* maxime: *non laudat* illum *ſolum*, quem *vendiderat* mihi, *quoniam* existimabat *vere* talem, *qualem* prædicaveram. *At* alter *illico* rogat *num* et ille *eſſet* venalis. *Locator* primum *obticeſcere*, atque *prædicare* alios *ambitioſe*. Cum *iſte*, cæteris *probatis* utcunque, *ſemper ageret* de illo uno, *tandem* locator *apud ſe*, Judicium *de illo equo* plane *fefellit*, me: Siquidem *hic* peregrinus *ſtatim* agnovit *hunc* inter *omnes*. Cum *ille* inſtaret, *tandem* inquit, *hic* eſt *venalis*, ſed *fortaſſe* deterreberis *pretio*. Pretium, *inquit* ille, *non eſt* magnum, *ſi* dignitas *rei* reſpondeat. *Indica*. Indicavit *aliquanto* pluris, *quam* indicaram *ipſi*,

gone from the Man, *by and by* I ſuborn one, *who* ſhould act *a Part* of this *Play* for me, *well* inſtructed *and* taught. *He* entring *the Houſe*, calls upon *the Jockey*, he ſays that he had need *of a very good Horſe*, and *excellently* capable of enduring *Labour*. The other *ſhews him* many, *and* commends *every the worſt Horſe* moſt: *He does not commend* him *alone*, which *he had ſold* to me, *becauſe* he thought him *truly* ſuch, *as* I had commended him for. *But* the other *preſently* asks *whether* he too *was* to be ſold. *The Jockey* at firſt *was ſilent*, and *commended* others *mightily*. When *he*, the reſt *being approved of* in ſome Meaſure, *always treated* about that alone. *At laſt* the Jockey ſays *to himſelf*, my Judgment *of that Horſe* plainly *deceived* me: Since *this* Stranger *immediate-*

captans et *hoc* lucrum. *Tandem* convenit *de pretio*: ſatis magna *arrha* datur, *nempe* regalis *aureus*, ne *qua* ſuſpicio *ſimulatæ* emptionis *incideret*. Emptor *jubet* pabulum *dari* equo. *Ait* ſe *rediturum* mox, *et* abducturum. *Dat* etiam *drachmam* Stabulario. *Ego*, ſimul atque *cognovi* pactionem *eſſe* firmam, *ſic* ut *non poſſet* reſcindi, *redeo* rurſus *ad locatorem* armatus *ocreis* et *Calcaribus*. Clamo *anhelus*, ille *adeſt*, rogat *quid* velim; *meus equus adornetur* illico, *inquam*, nam *proficiſcendum eſt* e veſtigio *ob* maxime *ſeriam* rem. *At qui* modo, *inquit*, mandabas *ut* alerem *tuum* equum *aliquot* dies; *verum*, inquam, *ſed* negotium *objectum eſt* præter *exſpectationem*, idque *regium*, quod *patitur* nullam *dilationem*. Hic *ille*, eliges *ex omnibus* quem *voles*, non potes *habere* tuum. *Rogo* quamobrem? *quoniam* inquit *venditas*

ly knew *him* amongſt *them all*. When *he* urged him, *at laſt* ſays he, *he is to be ſold*, but *perhaps* you will be frighted *with the Price*. The Price, *ſays* he, *is not* great, *if* the Worth *of the Thing* anſwer. *Set your Price*, he ſet him *at ſomething* more *than* I had ſet him at *to him*, catching alſo at *this* Gain. *At length* they agreed *about the Price*: a good large *Earneſt Penny* is given, *to wit*, a Royal *Crown*, leſt *any* Suſpicion *of a Counterfeit* purchaſe *ſhould happen*. The Buyer *orders* Hay *to be given* to the Horſe. *He ſays* that he *will return* preſently, *and* take him away. *He gives* alſo *a Six-pence* to the Hoſtler. *I*, as ſoon as *I knew* the Bargain *was* firm, *ſo* that *it could not* be broken, *return* again *to the Jockey* dreſs'd *in my Boots* and *Spurs*. I call *out of Breath*, He *comes*, asks

eſt,

eſt. Ibi *ſimulata* magna *perturbatione*, inquam, *ſuperi prohibeant* quod *dicis*. Hoc *itinere* objecto, *non venderem* eum *equum*, etiamſi *quis* numeret *quadruplum*. Incipio Rixam, clamo *me* perditum. *Tandem* et ille *incaluit*. Quid opus, *inquit*, his jurgiis? *indicaſti* equum, *ego vendidi*, ſi *numero* pretium, *habes* nihil *quod agas* mecum. *Sunt* leges *in hac urbe: non potes* compellere *me* ad exhibendum *equum*. Cum clamaſſem *diu*, aut *exhiberet* equum, *aut* emptorem; *tandem* iratus *numerat* pretium. Emeram *quindecim* aureis, *æſtimaram* viginti ſex, *ille* æſtimarat *triginta duobus*. Cogitabat *apud ſe*; præſtat *facere* hoc lucri, *quam* reddere *equum*. Abeo *ſimilis* dolenti, *ac* vix *placatus* pecunia *data*. Ille *rogat* ut *boni conſulam*, ſe *penſaturum* hoc incommodi *in alia rebus*. Sic *impoſitum eſt* impoſtori. *Habet* equum *nullius* pre-

me *what* I would have. *Let my Horſe be got ready* preſently, *ſay I*, for *I muſt* gò immediately *upon* a very *ſerious* Affair. *But* juſt now, *quoth he*, you ordered *that* I ſhould keep *your* Horſe *ſome* Days; *true*, ſay I, *but* Buſineſs *is fallen in my Way* beſides *my Expectations*; and that *the King's*, which *admits* no *Delay*. Here *he ſaid*, you may chooſe *out of all* which *you will*; you cannot *have* your own. *I ask*, what for? *becauſe*, ſays he, *he is ſold*. There *pretending* a great *Diſturbance*, I ſay, *God forbid* what *you ſay*. This *Journey* being fallen out, *I would not ſell* that *Horſe*, altho' *any one* would pay me *four times the Worth*. I begin *a ſcolding*, I cry out *that I* am undone. *At length* He too grew hot. What need, *quoth he*, *of all this Brawling*? you ſet a Price on *your Horſe*, I have ſold him, *if I*

tii. *Expectat* ut, *qui* dedit *arrham*, veniat *numeratum* pecuniam; *at* nemo *venit*, nec *unquam* venturus est.

pay you *your Price*, you *have* nothing *that you can do* with me. *There are* Laws *in this City*; you *can not* compel *me* to produce *the Horse*. After I had bawl'd *a long time*, either *that he should produce* the Horse *or* the Buyer; *at length* being mad *he pays me* my Price. I had bought him *for fifteen* Crowns, *I had valued him* at twenty six, *he* had valued him *at thirty two*. He thought *to himself*, it is better *to make* this Advantage, *than* to return *the Horse*. I go away *like* one grieved, *and* scarce *appeased* with the Money *given me*. He *begs* that *I would take it in good Part*, that he *would make amends for* this Inconvenience *in other Things*. So *I cheated* the Cheater. *He has* a Horse *of no* Value. *He expects* that *he who* gave *the earnest Penny*, should come *to pay* his Money, *but* no Body *comes*, nor *ever* will come.

A. In-

A. Interim *nunquam expostulavit* tecum?

In the mean Time *did he never expostulate* with you?

B. Qua *fronte*, aut *quo* jure *faceret* id? *Convenit* quidem *semel* atque *iterum*. Conquestus est *de fide* emptoris. *Verum* ego expostulavi; *ultro* cum homine, *dicens* illum *dignum* eo malo, *qui* spoliavit *me* tali *equo* præpropera *venditione*. Hoc *est* crimen *tam bene* collocatum, *mea sententia*, ut *non possim* inducere *animum* confiteri.

With what *Forehead*, or *with what* Right *could he do* it? *He met me* indeed *once* and *again*. He complain'd *of the Honesty* of the Buyer. *But* I expostulated *of my own accord* with the Man, *saying* that he *was worthy* of that Misfortune, *who* had robbed *me* of such *a Horse* by too hasty *selling of him*. This *is* a Crime *so well* placed, *in my Opinion*, that *I cannot bring* my *Mind* to confess it.

A. Ego poscerem *statuam* mihi, *si* designassem *aliquid* tale.

I should demand a *Statue* for my self, *if* I had contrived *any* such thing.

B. Nescio *an* loquaris *ex animo*: tamen *addis animum* mihi, *quo* magis libeat *facere fucum* talibus.

I know not *whether* you speak *from your Heart*. Yet *you give Encouragement* to me, *that* I have the more Mind *to put the Trick* upon such Fellows.

CONVIVIUM FABULOSUM.

Polymythus, Gelaſinus, Eutrapelus, Aſtæus Philythlus. Philogelos, Euglottus, Lerochares, Adoleſcas.

Po. UT *non decet* bene inſtitutam *civitatem* eſſe *ſine* legibus *ac* principe, *ita* nec *oportet* convivium.

Ge. Iſthuc *vero* perplacet, *ut* unus *reſpondeam* nomine *totius* populi,

Po. Heus *puer*, adfer *huc* talos, *horum ſuffragiis* regnum *decernetur*, cuicumque *Jupiter* faveret. *Euge*! Jupiter *favit* Eutrapelo. *Sortes* non fuere *cæcæ*. Magis Idoneus *non poterat* eligi, *etiamſi* puncta *collecta fuiſſent* viritim *per* ſingulas tribus. Vulgo jactatur *proverbium* non *ſam* vanum, *quam* parum latinum, *novus rex*, novus lex.

A wit does not become a well ordered *State* to be *without* Laws *and* a Prince, *ſo* neither *does it become* a Feaſt to be.

That *indeed* pleaſes us very well, *that I* alone *may anſwer* in the Name *of the whole* People.

So ho *Boy*, bring *hither* the Dice, *by their Votes* the Kingdom *ſhall be diſpoſed of*, to whomſoever *Jupiter* ſhall favour. *Well done!* Jupiter *has favoured* Eutrapelus. *The Lots* were not *blind*. A more fit Man *could not* have been choſen, *tho* the Votes *had been taken* Man by Man *through* every Tribe. There is commonly toſs'd about *a Proverb*, not *ſo* ſilly *as* it is bad Latin, *a new King*, a new Law.

Eu. Quod *ſit* felix *fauſtumque* huic convivio. *Primum* edico, *ne quis proferto* heic *præter* ridiculas *fabulas*. Cui deerit *fabula*, multator *drachma*. Ea pecunia inſumitor *in Vinum*. Atque *extempore conficta habentor* in *legitimis* fabulis, *modo* probabile *et* decorum *ſervetur*; ſi *nulli deerit* fabula, *duo pendunto* pretium *vini*, quorum *alter* dixerit *lepidiſſimam*, alter *frigidiſſimam* tabulam. *Convivator eſto* immunis *a ſumptu* vini: *unus ſuppeditato* ſumptum *ciborum*. Si *quid Controverſiæ* inciderit, *Gelaſinus eſto* arbiter *et* judex *hujus rei*. Si *vos* ſciveritis *hæc*, rata ſunto. *Qui* noluerit *parere* leg, *abito*, tamen *ſic*, ut *ſit* jus *faſque* redire *poſtridie* ad compotationem.

That which *may be* lucky *and fortunate* for this Feaſt. *Firſt*, I proclaim *that no body produce any thing* here *beſides* comical *Stories*. He that wants *a Story* let him be fined *Six-pence*. Let that Money be ſpent *in Wine*. And *let things invented extempore be reckon'd* amongſt *lawful* Stories, *provided* Probability *and* Decency *be kept to*: If *none ſhall want* a Story, *let thoſe two pay* the Charge *of the Wine*, whereof *the one* ſhall tell *the prettieſt*, the other *the dulleſt* Story. *Let the Maſter of the Feaſt be* free *from the Charge* of the Wine: *Let him alone bear* the Charge *of the Victuals*. If *any Diſpute* happen, *let Gelaſinus be* the Decider *and* Judge *of that Affair*. If *you* confirm *theſe things*, let them be eſtabliſhed. *He that* will not *obey* the Law, *let him* go, yet *ſo* that *it may be* lawful.

Ge. Vo-

Ge. Volumus *legem* latam *a rege* esse *ratam* nostris *suffragiis*, sed *unde* circulus *fabularum* proficiscetur ?

Eut. Unde *nisi* a convivatore ?

As. Jureconsulti *negant* esse *legem* quæ *non sit* æqua.

Eu. Assentior.

As. At *tua Lex* æquat *optimam* fabulam *pessimæ*.

Eu. Ubi *voluptas* quæritur, *ibi* promeretur *non* minus *laudis*, qui *dicit* pessime, *quam* qui *optime*, velut *inter* cantores *nemo* voluptati est, *nisi* qui *cecinerit* aut *insigniter* bene, *aut* egregie *male*. Nonne plures rident *audito* coccyge, *quam* luscinia ? *Hic* mediocritas *non habet* laudem.

Al. At *cur* plectuntur *qui* auferunt *laudem* ?

and allowable for him to return *the Day after* to the Club.

We will *that the Law* made *by our King* be confirm'd by our *Votes* ; but *whence* shall the Circle *of Stories* proceed ?

From whence *but* from the Entertainer ?

The Lawyers *deny it* to be *a Law* which *is not* just.

I Assent to it.

But *your Law* equals *the best* Story *to the worst*.

Where *Pleasure* is sought, *there* he deserves *no* less *Praise*, who *says* very badly, *than* he who says *very well*, as *amongst* Singers *no Man* pleases, *unless* he that *sings* either *notably* well, *or* extraordinary *ill*. Do not more laugh *upon hearing* the Cuckow, *than* the Nightingale ? *Here* Indifference *has no* Praise.

But *why* are they punished *who* get *Praise* ?

Eu. Ne

Eu Ne *nimia felicitas* provocet *aliquam* nemesin *illis*, si *auferrent* et *laudem* et *immunitatem* simul.

Lest *excessive Happiness* should provoke *some* Nemesis *against* them, if *they should get* both *Praise* and *immunity* together.

Af. Per Bromium *Minos ipse* nunquam *tulit* æquiorem *legem*.

By Bromius *Minos himself* never *made* a more reasonable *Law*.

Philyth. Feres *nullam* legem *de modo* bibendi?

Will you make *no* Law *concerning the Manner* of Drinking?

Eut. Re *dispecta*, sequar *exemplum* Agesilai *regis* Lacædæmoniorum.

The Thing *being considered*, I will follow *the Example* of Agesilaus *King* of the Lacedemonians.

Philyth. Quid *is fecit*?

What *did he do*?

Eu. Cum *is* quodam tempore *delectus esset* sympostarchus, *arbitrio* talorum; *Architriclino* rogante *quantum* vini *juberet* apponi *cuique*, inquit, *si* largior copia *vini* parata est, *dato* cuique *quantum* popposcerit; *si* malignior, *distribuito* omnibus *ex æquo*.

When *he* on a certain time *had been chosen* Governour of a Feast *at the Pleasure* of the Dice. *The Master of the House* asking *how much* Wine *he ordered* to be serv'd up *to every one*, he says, *if* a larger Plenty *of Wine* be provided, *give* to every one *as much as* he calls for; *if* a more sparing, *divide* to every one *alike*.

Philyth.

Philyth. Quid ſibi voluit *ille* Lacon *cum* diceret *hæc*?

Eut. Agebat *hoc*, ut *convivium* neque eſſet *temulentum*, neque *rurſum* querulum.

Philyth. Qui ſic?

Eut. Quia *ſunt* qui *gaudent* bibere *largius*, ſunt *qui* gaudent *parcius*: reperiuntur et *Abſtemii*, qualis *Romulus* dicitur *fuiſſe*. Itaque *ſi* vinum *datur* nulli *niſi* poſcenti, *primum* nemo *compellitur* ad bibendum, *et* tamen *deſiderant* nihil, *quibus* largior *potatio* eſt *grata*. Ita *fit* ut *nemo* ſit *triſtis* in convivio. *Rurſus*, ſi *partior* copia *vini* diſtribuitur *æquis* portionibus *in ſingulos*, habent *ſatis* qui *bibunt* moderatius, *neque* poteſt *quiſquam* obmurmurare *in æqualitate*, quando *qui* hauſturus erat *largius*, componit *ſe* ad temperantiam *æquo* animo. *Si* hoc *exemplum* placet, *utar*, nam *volumus* hoc *eſſe*

What meant *that* Lacedæmonian *when* he ſaid *theſe Things*?

He meant *this*, that *the Feaſt* ſhould neither be *drunken*, nor *again* querulous.

How ſo?

Becauſe *there are ſome* who *love* to drink *plentifully*, there are *who* love to drink *ſparingly*. There are likewiſe found *Abſtemious People*, ſuch as *Romulus*, is ſaid *to have been*. Therefore *if* Wine *is given* to none *but* him that calls for it, firſt no body *is forced* to drink, *and* yet *they want* nothing, *to whom* plentiful *drinking* is *agreeable*. So *it comes about* that *no body* is *ſad* in the Feaſt. *Again*, if *a leſs* quantity *of Wine* is diſtributed *in equal* Shares *to each*, they have *enough* that *drink* moderately, *nor* can *any one* murmur *in equality*, ſince *he that* would have drunk *plentifully*,

fabuloſum

fabuloſum, *non* vinoſum *convivium.*

Philyth. Quid *igitur* bibebat *Romulus*?

Eu. Idem *quod* canes *bibunt.*

Philyth. An non *iſtud* indignum *rege*?

Eu. Nihilo *magis* quam *quod* reges *ſpirant* aere *communi* cum canibus, *niſi* quod *illud intereſt*; *rex* non bibit *eandem* aquam, *quam* canis *biberet*, ſed *canis* haurit *aerem* quem *rex* efflavit. *Et* viciſſim *rex* haurit *aerem*, quem *canis* efflavit. *Alexander ille magnus* tuliſſet *plus* gloriæ, *ſi* bibiſſet *cum canibus.* Nam *nihil* pejus *regi*, qui *vigilat* tot millibus *hominum*, quam *vinolentia.* Cæterum *Romulum* fuiſſe *abſtemium*, apophthegma *dictum* ab illo *non infeſtiviter* declarat.

compoſes *himſelf* to Temperance *with a contented* Mind. *If* this *Example* pleaſes you, *I will uſe it*, for *we would have* this *to be* a fabulous, *not* a drunken *Feaſt.*

What *then* drunk *Romulus*?

The ſame *that* Dogs *drink.*

Is not *that* worthy *of a King*?

No *more* than *that* Kings *breath* in the Air *common* with Dogs, *but* that *there is that Difference*; *The King* does not drink *the ſame* Water *which* the Dog *drunk*, but *the Dog* draws in *the Air*, which *the King* breathed out. *And* again *the King* draws in *the Air*, which *the Dog* breathed out. *Alexander the Great* had got *more* Glory, *if* he had drunk *with the Dogs.* For *nothing is* worſe *for a King*, who *watches over* ſo many thouſand *Men*, than

Etenim

Etenim cum *quidam* videns *illum* abſtinere *a vino* dixiſſet, *vinum* futurum *vile*, ſi *omnes* biberent *quemadmodum* ille; Imo, *inquit*, tum *arbitror* fore *cariſſimum*, ſi *omnes* biberent *vinum* quemadmodum *ego*, nam *bibo* quantum *lubet*.

Drunkenneſs. But *that Romulus* was *Abſtemious*, an Apophthegm *ſpoke* by him *not unwittily* declares. *For* when *one* ſeeing *him* abſtain *from Wine* had ſaid, *that Wine* would be *Cheap*, if *all* ſhould drink *as* he. Nay, *ſays he*, then *I think* it would be *very dear*, if *all* ſhould drink *Wine* as *I do*, for *I drink* as much as *I have a Mind*.

Ge. Utinam *noſter* Joannes *Botzemus* Canonicus *Conſtantienſis* adeſſet *heic*. Nam *et is* eſt *non* minus *abſtemius* quam *dicitur*, alioqui *comis* et *feſtivus* conviva.

I wiſh *our* John *Botzem* Canon *of Conſtance* was *here*. For *he too* is *no* leſs *abſtemious* than *he is ſaid to be*; otherwiſe *a Courteous* and *pleaſant* Companion.

Po. Age, *ſi* poteſtis, *non dicam*, ſorbere *et* flare *ſimul*, quod *Plautus* ait *eſſe* difficile; *ſed* edere *et* audire, *quod* eſt *perfacile*, auſpicabor *munus* fabulandi *bonis avibus*. Si *fabula* erit *parum lepida*, ſcitote *Batavam eſſe*. Opinor *nomen* macci *auditum* aliquot *veſtrum*.

Come, *if* you can, *I will not ſay*, ſup *and blow at the ſame time*, which *Plautus* ſays *is* difficult, *but* eat *and* hear, *which* is *very eaſy*, I will begin *the Buſineſs* of telling Stories *with good Luck*. If *the Story* be *not a pretty one*, know *it is a Dutch one*. I ſuppoſe *the Name* of Maccus *has been heard* by ſome *of you*.

Ge. Non eſt *ita* diu *quod periit.*

Po. Cum *is* veniſſet *in civitatem* quæ *dicitur* Leydis, *ac* novus hoſpes *vellet* innoteſcere *quopiam* joco (*nam* is *erat* homini *mos*) ingreſſus eſt *officinam* calcearii, *ſalutat*: Ille *cupiens* extrudere *ſua* merces *rogat* nunquid vellet. *Macco* conjiciente *oculos* in ocreas *penſiles* ibi; *ſutor* rogat *num* vellet *ocreas.* Macco *annuente*, quærit *aptus* tibiis illius, *protulit* inventas *alacriter*, et, *ut* ſolent, *inducit* illi. *Ubi* Maccus *jam* eſſet *eleganter* ocreatus, *quam* belle, *inquit*, par *calceorum* duplicatis *ſoleis* congrueret *his* ocreis. *Rogatus* an *vellet* et calceos *annuit.* Reperti ſunt *et* additi *pedibus.* Maccus *laudabat* ocreas, *laudabat* calceos. *Calcearius* gaudens *tacite* ſuccinebat *illi* laudanti, *ſperans* æquius *pretium*, poſteaquam *merx* placeret *emptori* tantopere. *Et* jam

It is not *ſo* long *ſince he died.*

When *he* was come *into a City* which *is called* Leydis, *and* being a new Gueſt *had a Mind* to become known *by ſome* Jeſt (*for* that *was* the Man's *Way*) he entred *the Shop* of a Shoemaker; *ſalutes him*: He *deſiring* to put of *his* Ware, *asks* if he would have any thing. *Maccus* caſting *his Eyes* upon Leather Stockings *that hung* there: *The Shoe-Maker* asks him *if* he would have *Leather Stockings.* Maccus *agreeing to it*, he ſeeks ſome *fit* for his Legs, *he produced them* when found *chearfully*, and, *as* they uſe to do, *draws them on* for him. *When* Maccus *now* was *handſomely* fitted with Leather Stockings, *how* well, *quoth he*, would a Pair *of Shoes* with double *Soles* agree *with theſe* Leather Stockings. *Being asked* whether *he would have*

nonnulla familiaritas *erat* contracta. *Heic* Maccus *inquit*, dic *mihi* bona fide, *nunquamne uſu venit* tibi, *ut* quem *armaſſes* ſic *ocreis* et *calceis* ad curſum, *quemadmodum* nunc *armaſti* me, *abierit* non numerato pretio? *Nunquam*, ait ille. *Atqui* ſi *forte*, inquit *veniat uſu*, quid *tu faceres* tum? *Conſequerer*, inquit *Calcearius*. Tum *Maccus* inquit, *dicis* iſta *ſerio* an *joco*? Plane *loquor* ſerio, *inquit* alter, *et* facerem *ſerio*. Experiar, *ait* Maccus: *en* præcurro *pro calceis*, tu ſequere *curſu*; ſimulq; *cum dicto* conjecit *ſe* in pedes. *Calcearius* conſecutus eſt *e veſtigio*, quantum *poterat*, clamitans, *tenete* furem, *tenete* furem. *Cum* cives *proſæliſſent* ex cedibus *undique* ad hanc vocem, *Maccus* cohibuit *illos* hoc commento, *nequis injiceret manum*. Inquit *ridens* ac *placido* vultu, *ne quis removetur* noſtrum

Shoes too, *he agrees to it*. They were found, *and* put upon *his Feet*. Maccus *commended* the Stockings, *commended* the Shoes. *The Shoemaker* rejoycing *ſilently*, agreed with *him* commending them, *hoping for* a better *Price*, ſeeing *the Ware* pleaſed *the Buyer* ſo much. *And* now *ſome* Familiarity *was* contracted. *Here* Maccus *ſays*, tell *me* in good Faith, *did it never happen* to you, *that* one whom *you had furniſhed* thus *with Leather Stockings* and *Shoes* for a Race, *as* now *you have furniſhed* me, *went of* without paying the Price? *Never*, ſays he. *But* if *by chance*, ſays he, *it ſhould happen*, what *would do* then? *I would follow him*, ſays *the Shoe-Maker*. Then *Maccus* ſays, *do you ſay* that *in Earneſt* or *in Jeſt*? Truly *I ſpeak* in Earneſt, *ſays* the other, *and* would do it *in Earneſt*. I will try,

curſum : certamen *eſt* de cupa *cereviſiæ*. Itaque *jam* omnes *præbebant ſe* ſpectatores *certaminis* : nam *ſuſpicabantur* calcearium *fingere* eum *clamorem* dolo, *ut* hac occaſione *anteverteret*. Tandem *calcearius* victus *curſu* rediit *domum* ſudans *et* anhelus, *Maccus* tulit *Brabeum*.

ſays Maccus, *lo* I run before *for the Shoes*, do you follow *running* ; and together *with this ſaying*, he threw *himſelf* upon his Feet. *The Shoemaker* follow'd him *forthwith*, as faſt as *he could*, bawling, *ſtop* the Thief, *ſtop* the Thief. *When* the Citizens *ran out* of their Houſes *on all Sides* at this cry, *Maccus* hindred *them* by this Contrivance, *that no body ſhould lay Hands on him*. He ſays *ſmiling* and *with a pleaſant* Countenance, *no body ſtop* our *running*, the Race *is* for a Tankard *of Ale*. Wherefore *now* all *became* Spectators *of the Race* ; for *they ſuſpected* that the Shoemaker *pretended* that *Cry* out of Roguery, *that* by that means *he might get before him*. At laſt *the Shoemaker* being beat *in the Race*, return'd *home*, ſweating *and* out of Breath. *Maccus* got *the Prize*.

Ge. Iſte *Mactus* quidem *effugit* Calcearium, *at* non effugit *furem*.

That *Maccus* indeed *eſcaped* the Shoe-maker, *but* he did not eſcape *the Thief*.

Po. Quamobrem ?

What for ?

Ge. Quia *ferebat* furem *ſecum*.

Becauſe *he carried* the Thief *with him*.

Po. Forte *pecunia* non erat *ad manum* quam *poſtea* reſolvit.

Perhaps *Money* was not *at Hand* which *afterwards* he payed.

Ge. Verum *erat* actio *Furti*.

But *there was* an Action *of Theft*.

Po. Ea *quidem* intentata eſt *poſt*, ſed *jam* Maccus *innotuerat* aliquot *magiſtratibus*.

That *indeed* was brought *afterwards*, but *now* Maccus *was become acquainted* with ſome *Magiſtrates*.

Ge. Quid *attulit Maccus* ?

What *did Maccus plead* ?

Ge. Quid attulit, *rogas*, in cauſa *tam* vincibili? *Actor* magis periclitatus eſt *quam* reus,

What did he plead, *do you ask*, in a Cauſe *ſo* eaſy to be carried ? *The Proſecutor* was more in Danger *than* the Perſon indited.

Ge. Qui ſic ?

How ſo ?

Po. Quia *gravabat* illum *actione* Calumniæ, *et* intendebat *Rhemiam legem*, quæ *dicitat*, ut *qui* intenderit *crimen* quod *non poſſit* probare, *ferat* pœnam *quam* reus *laturus erat* ſi *fuiſſet* con-

Becauſe he *loadened* him *with an Action* of Slander, *and* urged *the Rhemian Law*, which *orders* that *he who* brings *a Charge* which *he cannot* prove, *ſhall ſuffer* the Puniſhment, *which* the victus,

victus. *Negabat* ſe contrectaſſe *alienam rem* invito domino, *ſed* deferente *ultro*, nec ullam mentionem *pretii* interceſſiſſe *ſe provocaſſe* calcearium *ad certamen curſus*: Illum *accepiſſe* conditionem, *nec habere* quod *queratur*, cum *eſſet* ſuperatus *curſu*.

Ge. Hæc Actio *non multum abeſt* ab umbra *aſini*. Quid tandem?

Po. Ubi *riſum eſt* ſatis, *quidam* e judicabus *vocavit* Maccum *ad cænam*, et *numeravit* calcearo *pretium*. Quiddam *ſimile* accidit Daventriæ me puero. *Erat* illud *tempus*, quo *piſcatores* regnant, *lanii* frigent. *Quidam* aſtabat *ad feneſtram* fructuariæ, *vehementer* obeſæ *fœminæ*, o-

Perſon indicted *ſhould have ſuffered*, if *he had been* Convict. *He denied* that he medled with *the others Ware* againſt the Will of the Owner, *but* on his giving it *of his own Accord*, and that no mention *of Price* had paſt betwixt them, *that he had challenged* the Shoe maker *to the running of a Race*, that he *had accepted* the Propoſal, *and had nothing* that *he could complain of*, ſeeing *he was* beat *in the Race*.

This Action *is not much ſhort* of the Shadow *of the Aſs*. What came of it at laſt?

When *they had laugh'd* ſufficiently, *one* of the Judges *invited* Maccus *to ſupper*, and *paid* the Shoe maker *his Price*. Something *like this* happen'd *at Daventry*, when I was a Boy. *It was* that *Time* when *the Fiſhermen* reign, *the Butchers* ſtarve: *A certain Fellow* ſtood *at the Win-*

culis *intentis* in ea *quæ* propoſita erant *venum*. Illa *invitabat* hominem *ex more*, ſi *quid vellet*. Et *eum* videret *intentum* ficis, *vis* ficos? *Ait*, ſunt *perquam elegantes*. Cum *ille* annuiſſet, *rogat* quot *libras* vellet. *Vis*, inquit, *quinque* libras? *Annuenti* effudit *tantum* ficorum *in gremium*. Dum *illa* reponit *Lances*, ille *ſubducit ſe* non *curſu* ſed *placide*. Ubi *prodiſſet* acceptura *pecuniam*, vidit *emptorem* abire: *Inſequitur* majore *voce* quam *curſu*. Ille *diſſimulans* pergit *quo* cæperat *ire*: Tandem *multis* concurrentibus *ad vocem* fœminæ, *reſtitit*. Ibi *cauſæ* agitur *in coronâ* populi: *Riſus* oboritur: *Emptor* negabat *ſe emiſſe*, ſed *accepiſſe* quod *fuiſſet* delatum *ultro*; ſi *vellet* experiri *coram* judicibus, *ſe* compariturum.

dow of Fruit Seller, *a very* fat *Woman*, with his Eyes *intent* upon thoſe Things *which* were expoſed *to Sail*. She *invited* the Man *according to Cuſtom*, if *he would have any thing*. And *when* ſhe ſaw him *intent* upon the Figs, *will you have any* Figs? *ſays ſhe*, they are *very fine ones*. When *he* agreed to it, *ſhe asks him*, how many *Pounds* he would have. *Will you have*, ſays ſhe, *five* Pounds? *On his agreeing to it*, ſhe poured *ſo many* Figs *into his Boſom*. Whilſt *ſhe* lays by *the Scales*, he *withdraws*, not *running* but *eaſily*. When *ſhe came out* to receive *her Money*, ſhe ſaw *her Chapman* was going off: *She follows* with a greater *Noiſe* than *Pace*: He *taking no Notice* goes on *whither* he had begun *to go*. At laſt *many People* coming together, *at the Clamour* of the Woman, *he ſtood*. There

Ge. Age

Ge. Age *narrabo* fabulam *non* admodum *diſſimilem* tuæ, *nec* fortaſſe *inferiorem*, niſi *quod* hæc *non habeat* auctorem *perinde celebrem* atque *eſt Maccus*. Pythagoras *dividebat* totum *Mercatum* in tria *hominum genera*, quorum *alii* prodiſſent, ut vendarent, *alii* ut *emerent*: Aiebat *hoc utrumque* genus *eſſe* ſolicitum *ac* proinde *non felix*. Alios *non venire* in forum *ob aliud*, quam *ut* ſpectent, *quid* proferatur *illic*, aut *quid* agatur. *Hos* ſolos *eſſe* felices, *quod* vacui *curis*, fruerentur *gratuita* voluptate. *Atque* ad hunc modum *dicebat* Philoſophum *verſari* in hoc mundo, *quemadmodum* illi *verſarentur* in

the Cauſe is tryed *in a Ring* of the People. *A Laughter* is ſet up; *The Chapman* denied that *he bought them*, but *that he receiv'd* what *had been* given *on her own accord*, if *ſhe would* try it *before* the Juſtices, *he* would appear.

Well *I will tell* a Srory *not* much *unlike* yours, *nor* perhaps *inferiour*, but *that* this *has not* an Author *ſo famous* as *Maccus is*. Pythagoras *divided* the whole *Market* into three *Kinds of Men*, whereof *ſome* go *that* they may ſell, *others* to buy, he ſaid *that both theſe* kinds *were* concern'd, *and* therefore *not happy*, that others *did not come* into the Market *for any thing elſe* than *that* they may ſee *what* is produced *there*, or *what* is done: *That theſe* alone *were* happy, *becauſe* being free *from Cares*, they enjoy'd *a gratuitous* Pleaſure. *And* after this Manner *he ſaid* a

mercatu

mercatu. *Verum* in noſtri *Emporiis* quartum genus hominum *ſolet* obambulare, *qui* nec *emunt* nec *vendunt*, nec *contemplantur* otioſe, *ſed* obſervant *ſollicite* ſi *poſſunt* involare *quid*. Atque *quidam* reperiuntur *mire* dextri *in hoc genere*, dicas *natos* Mercurio *favente*. *Convivator* dedit *fabulam* cum coronide, *ego dabo* cum proœmio. *Nunc* accipite *quod* nuper *accidit* Antwerpiæ. *Quidam* ſacrificus *recepe-rat* illic *mediocrem* ſummam *Pecuniæ*, ſed *Argenteæ*. Quidam impoſtor *animadverterat* id. *Adiit Sacrificum*, qui *geſtabat* crumenam *turgidam* nummis *in Zona*; ſalutat *civiliter*, narrat *ſibi datum negotium* a ſuis, *ut mercaretur novum* ſacrum pallium *parocho* ſui vici, *quæ* eſt *ſumma* veſtis *ſacerdoti* peragenti *divinam rem*. Rogat *ut* commodaret *ſibi* tantillum operæ, *ut* iret *ſecum* ad eos, *qui* ven-

Philoſopher *was* in this World, *as* they *were* in the Market. *But* in our *Markets* a fourth *Kind* of Men *uſe* to walk about, *who* neither *buy* nor *ſell*, nor *look about them* idly, *but* watch *carefully* if *they can* ſharp *any thing*. And *ſome* are found *wonderfully* dextrous *in this Kind*, you would ſay *that they were born* under the Favour of Mercury. *The Maſter of the Feaſt* has given a *Story* with a Concluſion, *I will give you one* with a Preface. *Now* hear *what* lately *happened* at Antwerp. *A certain* Prieſt *had received* there *a moderate* Sum *of Money*, but *in Silver*. A certain Cheat *had obſerv'd* it. *He went to the Prieſt*, who *carried* the Purſe *ſtuffed* with Money *in his Belt*; he ſalutes him *civilly*; he tells him *that he was employed by* his Neighbour *to buy a new* Surplice *for the Parſon* of their Town,

dant

dunt *ejuſmodi* pallia ; *quo* ſumeret *majus* aut *minus* ex modo *illius corporis*, nam *ipſius* ſtaturam *videri* ſibi *congruere* vehementer *cum* magnitudine *parochi*. Cum hoc *videretur* leve *officium*, Sacrificus *facile* pollicitus eſt. *Adeunt* ædes *cujuſdam*. Pallium *prolatum* eſt Sacrificus *induit*. Venditor *affirmat* mire congruere. *Cum* impoſtor *contemplatus eſſet* Sacrificum *nunc* a fronte, *nunc* a tergo, *cauſatus eſt* brevius *a fronte* quam *eſſet* par. *Ibi* venditor, *ne* contractus *non procederet*, negat *id* eſſe *vitium* pallii, *ſed* turgidam *crumenam* efficere, *ut* brevitas *offenderet* ea parte. *Quid multa* ? Sacrificus *deponit* crumenam. *Contemplantur* denuo. *Ibi* impoſtor, *Sacrifico* averſo, *arripit* crumenam, *ac* conjicit *ſe* in pedes. *Sacerdos* inſequitur *curſu* ut *erat* palliatus, *et* Venditor *Sacrificum*.

which is the *upper* Garment *of the* Prieſt performing *divine Service*. He asks him *that* he would lend *him* a little of his Help, *that* he would go *with him* to thoſe *who* ſell *ſuch* Gowns ; *that* he might take it *bigger* or *leſs* by the Meaſure *of his Body*, for *his* Stature *ſeem'd* to him *to agree* mightily *with* the bigneſs *of the Parſon*. And as this *ſeem'd* a ſlight *Service*, the Prieſt *eaſily* promiſed. *They go to* the Houſe *of a certain Man*. The Garment *was produced*. The Prieſt *puts it on*, the Seller *affirms* that it agreed wonderfully. *When* the Cheat *had viewed* the Prieſt *one while* before, *another* behind, *he pretended* that it was ſhorter *before* than *was* fit. *There* the Seller, *leſt* the Bargain *ſhould not go forward*, denies *that* to be *the Fault* of the Garment, *but* that the full *Purſe* was

Sacrificus

Sacrificus *clamat* tenete *furem*, venitur *clamat* tenete *Sacrificum*, Impoſtor *clamat* cohibete *furentem* Sacrificum; *et* creditum eſt, *cum* viderent *eum* currere *ſic* ornatum *in publico*; itaque *dum alter* eſt *in mora* alteri, *Impoſtor* effugit.

the Occeſion, *that* the ſhortneſs *offended* on that ſide. *What needs many Words?* The Prieſt *lays down* the Purſe. *They view him* again. *There* the Cheat, *the Prieſt* being turn'd from him, *whips up* the Purſe, *and* throws *himſelf* upon his Feet. *The Prieſt* follows him *running* as *he was* with the Surplice on, *and* the Seller *the Prieſt*. The Parſon *cries out* ſtop the *Thief*. The Seller *cries out* ſtop *the Parſon*. The Cheat *cries out* ſtop *the mad* Prieſt. *And* it was believed, *when* they ſaw *him* run *ſo* dreſs'd *in the Streets*; Wherefore *whilſt one* is *a Hindrance* to the other, *the Cheat got away*.

Eut. Dignus *qui pereat* non *ſimplici* ſuſpendio.

Worthy to *periſh* not *by a ſingle Hanging*.

Ge. Niſi *jam pendet*.

Unleſs *he be hanged already*.

Eu. Utinam *non ſolus*, ſed *una cum illo*,

I wiſh *not he alone*, but *together with him*

qui

qui *favent* talibus *portentis* in perniciem *reipublicæ*

Ge. Non favent *gratis*. Eſt *Catena*, quæ *demiſſa in* terras *pertingit* ad Jovem.

Eu. Redeundum *ad fabulas*.

As. Ordo *redit* ad te, *ſi* fas eſt *cogere* regem *in ordinem*.

Eu. Non cogar, *imo* veniam *volens* in ordinem, *alioqui* eſſem *tyrannus*, non rex, *ſi* recuſem *leges* quas *præſcribo* aliis.

As. Veruntamen *aiunt* Principem *eſſe* ſupra leges.

Eu. Iſtuc *non eſt* omnino *falſo* dictum, *ſi* accipias *principem* illum *ſummum*, quem *tum* vocabant *Cæſarem*. Deinde *ſi* ſic accipias *ſuperiorem* legibus, *quod* alii *coacti* ſervant *utcunque*, illum *præſtare* multo cumulatius *ſuapte ſponte*. Nam *quod* animus *eſt* corpori.

they who *favour* ſuch *Monſters* to the Ruin *of the Common-wealth*.

They do not favour them *for nothing*. There is *a Chain*, which *being let down* upon the Earth *reaches* to Jupiter.

We muſt return *to our Stories*.

The turn *is come* to you, *if* it be lawful *to force* a King *to Order*.

I will not be forc'd, *nay* I will come *willingly* into Order, *otherwiſe* I ſhould be *a Tyrant*, not a King, *if* I ſhould refuſe *the Laws* which I *preſcribe* to others.

Nevertheleſs *they ſay* a Prince *is* above the Laws.

That *is not* altogether *falſely* ſaid, *if* you mean by *the Prince* that *great* one, *which then* they called *Cæſar*. And then *if* you ſo underſtand *ſuperiour* to the Laws, *that* others *being forc'd* keep them *in ſome Meaſure*, that he *obſerves them* much more

hoc

hoc eſt *bonus* princeps *reipublicæ*. Sed *quid* opus *erat* addere *bonus*, quando *malus* Princeps *non eſt* Princeps; *quemadmodum* impurus *ſpiritus* qui *invaſit* corpus *hominis*, non eſt *animus*. Sed *ad fabulam*, et *arbitror* convenire, *ut* rex *adferam* fabulam regiam. *Ludovicus* rex *Galliarum*, undecimus *ejus nominis*, cum *rebus* turbatis *domi* peregrinaretur *apud Burgundiones*, occaſione *venationis* nactus eſt *familiaritatem* cum *quodam* Conone *ruſtico homine*, ſed *ſimplicis* ac *ſinceri* animi. *Nam* Monarchæ *delectantur* hominibus *hoc genus*. Rex *diverterat* frequenter *ad hujus ædes* ex venatu; *et* ut *nonnunquam* magni *principes* delectantur *Plebeiis* rebus, *veſcebatur* rapis *apud eum* cum magna voluptate. *Mox* ubi *Ludovicus* reſtitutu, *jam* potiretur *rerum* apud Gallos, *uxor* ſubmonuit *Cononem*, ut commoneſaceret Re

fully *of his own accord*. For *what* the Soul *is* to the Body, *that* is *a good* Prince *to the Commonwealth*. But *what* need *was there* to add *good*. ſince *a bad* Prince *is not* a Prince; *as* an impure *Spirit* that *has ſeized* the Body *of a Man* is not *the Soul*. But *to the Story*; and *I think* it is fit, *that* I being a King *ſhould bring* a Story of a King. *Lewis* the King *of France*, the Eleventh *of that Name*, when Affairs being in diſorder *at Home*, he ſojourn'd *amongſt the Burgundians*, on occaſion *of Hunting*, got *Acquaintance* with *one* Conon, *a Country-Fellow*, but *of an honeſt and ſincere* Mind; *for* Monarchs *are delighted* with Men *of this ſort*. The King *turn'd* frequently *to his Houſe* after Hunting; *and* as ſometimes *great* Princes *are pleaſed* with common *things*, he eat Turnips *with him* with

gem

gem *veteris* Hoſpitii, *et* adferret *illi* aliquot *inſignes* rapas *dono*. Conon *tergiverſatus eſt* ſe luſurum operam. *Principes enim* non meminiſſe *talium* officiorum. *Sed* uxor *vicit*: Conon *deligit* aliquot *inſignes* rapas, *accingitur* itineri. *Verum* ipſe captus *illecebra* cibi, *paulatim* devoravit *omnes*, una *duntaxat* inſigniter magna *excepta*. Ubi *Conon* prorepſiſſet *in aulam*, qua *rex* erat *iturus*, ſtatim agnitus eſt *a Rege*, et *accerſitus*. Ille *detulit* munus *cum* magna *alacritate*, rex *accepit* cum *majori* alacritate, *mandans* cuidam *e proximis*, ut *reponeretur* diligenter *inter ea quæ* haberet *cariſſima*. Jubet *Cononem* prandere *ſecum*; a prandio *egit gratias* Cononi, *et* juſſit *mille* coronatos *numerari* pro rapa *illi* cupienti *repetere* ſuum rus. *Cum* fama *hujus rei*, ut *fit*, pervagata eſſet *per* omne *regis* famulitium, *quidam* ex aulicis *dedit* regi *non*

great Pleaſure. *Soon after* when *Lewis* being reſtored *now* enjoyed *the Kingdom* amongſt the French; *the Wife* adviſed *Conon*, that he ſhould put the King in Mind *of his old* Entertainment, *and* ſhould carry *him* ſome *fine* Turnips *as a Preſent*. Conon *declined it*, ſaying, that he ſhould looſe his Labour, *for Princes* did not remember *ſuch* Services. *But* the Wife *prevailed*. Conon *chooſes out* ſome *fine* Turnips, *prepares* for his Journey. *But* he being tempted *with the Allurement* of the Food, *by little and little* devoured *them all*, one *only* a very great one *excepted*. When *Conon* had crept *into the Hall*, where *the King* was *to paſs*; he was preſently known *by the King* and *ſent for*. He *offered* his Preſent *with* great *Chearfulneſs*; the King *received it* with *greater* Chearfulneſs, *ordering* one *of thoſe next him*, that *it*

inelegantum

inelegantem equum *dono*. Rex *intelligens* illum *provocatum* benignitate *quam* præſtiterat *Cononi*, captare *prædam*, accepit *munus* vultu *majorem in modum* alacri, *et* convocatis *primoribus*, cæpit *conſultare* quo munere *penſaret* tam bellum *tamque pretioſum* equum. *Interim* qui donarat *equum*, concepit *opimas* ſpes *animo*, cogitans *ſic*, ſi *ſic penſavit* rapam *donatam* a Ruſtico, *quanto* munificentius *penſaturus eſt* talem equum *oblatum* ab aulico. *Cum* alius reſponderet aliud, *regi* conſultanti *veluti* de magna re, *et* captator *lactatus eſſet* diu *vana ſpe*, tandem *rex* inquit, *venit mihi in Mentem* quod *donem* illi, *et* quopiam *ex proceribus* accerſito, *dixit* in aurem, *ut* adferat *id* quod *reperiret* in cubiculo (*ſimulque* deſignat *locum*) obvolutum *diligenter* ſerico. *Rapa* adfertur. *Rex* donat *eam* ſua manu *aulico*, ut *erat* obvoluta, *addens*,

ſhould be laid up diligently *amongſt* thoſe Things *which* he counted *moſt dear*. He orders *Conon* to dine *with him*; after Dinner *he gave Thanks* to Conon; *and* ordered *a thouſand* Crowns *to be paid* for his Turnip *to him* deſiring *to return* to his own Country. *When* the Fame *of this thing*, as *it happens*, had gone *through* all *the King's* Servants, *one* of the Courtiers *gave* the King *no unhandſome* Horſe *as a Preſent*. The King *underſtanding* that he *being encouraged* by the kindneſs *which* he had ſhewn *to Conon*, catch'd at *a Prize*, receiv'd *the Preſent* with a Countenance *more than ordinarily* chearful; *and* having called together *his Nobles*, he begun *to conſult* with what Preſent *he ſhould make a Return for* ſo fine *and ſo valuable* a Horſe. *In the mean time* he who had given *the Horſe*, conceived

equum

equum *videri* ſibi *bene* penſatum *cimelio* quod *conſtitiſſet* ſibi *mille* coronatis. *Aulicus* digreſſus, *dum* tollit *linteum*, reperit *pro theſauro* non *carbones*, ut aiunt, *ſed* rapam *jam* ſubaridam. *Ita* ille captator *captus* riſui fuit *omnibus*.

rich Hopes *in his Mind*, thinking *thus*, *if he made ſuch a Return for* a Turnip *preſented* by a Country Fellow, *how much* more generouſly *will he make a Return for* ſuch a Horſe *given him* by a Courtier. *When* one anſwered one thing, another another, *to the King*, conſulting as about a grand Affair, *and* this catching Fellow *had been fed* a long time *with vain Hopes*, at laſt *the King* ſays, *it comes into my Mind* what *I ſhould give* him, *and* one *of the Nobles* being called to him, *he whiſpered* in his Ear, *that* he ſhould bring *that* which he *ſhould find* in his Bed chamber (*and at the ſame time* he deſcribes *the Place*) wrapped up *diligently* in Silk. *The Turnip* is brought. *The King* gives *it* with his own Hand *to the Courtier*, as *it was* wrapped up, *adding* that the Horſe *ſeemed* to him *well* paid

A Jam *ſi* permittis, *rex*, ut *Plebeius* loquar *regalia*, referam *quod* ex tua fabula *venit* in mentem *de* eodem *Ludovico*. Nam *ut* anſa *trahit* anſam, *ita* fabula *fabulam*. Cum *quidam famulus* vidiſſet *pediculum* repentem *in regia veſte*, flexis genibus, *et* manu ſublata, *ſignificat* ſe *velle* præſtare *neſcio quid officii*. Ludovico *præbente* ſe, *ſuſtulit* pediculum, *et* abjecit *clam*. Rege *roganre* quid eſſet, *puduit* fateri. *Cum* rex *inſtaret*, faſſus eſt *fuiſſe* pediculum. *Eſt* lætum *omen*, inquit, *declarat enim* me *eſſe* hominem, *quod* hoc genus

for *with a precious thing* which *had coſt* him *a thouſand* Crowns. *The Courtier* going away, *whilſt* he takes of *the Cloth*, finds *for a Treaſure*, not *Coals*, as they ſay, *but* a Turnip *now* dry. *Thus* that catching Fellow *being catched* was a laughing Stock *to every body*.

Now *if* you permit me, *O King*, that *I being a Commoner* ſhould ſpeak of *things belonging Kings*; I will relate *what* upon your Story *comes* into my Mind *of* the ſame *Lewis*. For *as* a Link of a Chain *draws* a Link, *ſo does* a Story *a Story*. When *a certain Servant* had ſeen *a Louſe* creeping *upon the King's Coat*, on his bended Knees, *and* with his Hand held up, *he ſignifies* that he *would* perform *ſome Office or other*. Lewis *offering* himſelf, *he took of* the Louſe, *and* threw it away *privately*. The King *asking* what it was,

vermi-

vermiculorum inteſtet *hominem* peculiariter, *præſertim* in adoleſcentia, *juſſitque* quadraginta *coronatos* numerari *pro officio*. Poſt aliquam multos dies, *alter quidam*, qui *viderat* tam humile *officium* ceſſiſſe *feliciter* illi, *nec animadvertens* plurimum, intereſſe *facias* quid *ex animo* an *arte*, aggreſſus eſt *regem* ſimili *geſtu*, ac *rurſus* illo *præbente* ſe, *ſimulabat* ſe tollere *quiddam* e regia veſte, *quod* mox *abjiceret*. Cum *Rex* urgeret *tergiverſantem*, ut diceret *quid eſſet*, pudore *mire ſimulato*, tandem *reſpondit* eſſe *pulicem*. Rex *intellecto* fuco, *quid*, inquit, *an tu facies* me *canem*? Juſſit *hominem* tolli, *ac* quadraginta *plagas* infligi *pro* quadraginta *coronatis captatis*.

he was aſhamed to confeſs. *When* the King *urged him*, he confeſſed *that it was* a Louſe. *It is* a joyful *Omen*, quoth he, *for it declares* that I *am* a Man, *becauſe* this kind *of Vermin* does infeſt *Man* peculiarly, *eſpecially* in his Youth, *and he ordered* forty *Crowns* to be paid him *for his Service*. After a good many Days, *ſome other*, who *had obſerv'd* that ſo mean *a Service* had fallen out *luckily* for him, *and not minding* that there is a great deal of Difference *whether you do* a thing *from the Heart* or *by Art*, accoſted *the King* with the like *Geſture*, and *again* he *offering* himſelf, *he pretended* that he took *ſomething* from the King's Coat, *which* preſently *he threw away*. When *the King* urged him *declining it*, to tell *what it was*, ſhame *being wonderfully counterfeited*, at length *he anſwered* that

it was *a Flea*. The King *having underſtood* the Roguery. *What*, quoth he, *will you make* me *a Dog*? He ordered *the Fellow* to be taken away, *and* forty *Stripes* to be given him *for* the forty *Crowns he catched at*.

Philyth. Non eſt *tutum*, ut *audio*, ludere *cum regibus* facetiis, *quemadmodum enim* leones *præbent ſe* nonnunquam *placide* tricanti, *iidem*, ubi *lubitum eſt*, ſunt *Leones*, et *colluſor* jacet, *itidem* Reges *favent*. Sed *adferam* tabulam *non diſſimilem* tuæ fabulæ, *ne recedamus* interim *a Ludovico*, cui *erat* pro delectamento *fallere* hiantes *Corvos*. Acceperat *dono* alicunde *decem* millia *coronatorum*. Quoties autem *nova* pecunia *obtigit* principibus, *omnes* officiarii *venantur*, et *capiant* aliquam *partem* prædæ. *Id* non fugiebat *Ludovicum*. Cum *igitur* ea pecunia *expromta*

It is not *ſafe*, as *I hear*, to play *with Kings* in Waggery; *for as* Lyons *offer themſelves* ſometimes *quietly* to one that rubs them, *the ſame*, when *they pleaſe*, are *Lyons*, and *their Play-fellow* lies dead. *In like manner* Kings *favour*. But *I will bring* a Story *not unlike* your Story, *that we may not depart* in the mean Time *from Lewis*, to whom *it was* a Diverſion *to deceive* gaping *Crows*. He had received *as a Preſent* from ſomebody *ten* thouſand *Crowns*. But as often as *new* Money *has come in* to Princes, *all* the Officers *hunt for it*, and *endeavour to catch*

eſſet

eſſet in Menſa, *quo magis invitaret* ſpem *omnium*, ſic *locutus eſt* circumſtantibus. *Quid*, an non videor *vobis* opulentus *Rex*? Ubi *collocabimus* tantam *vim* pecuniæ? *eſt* donatitia, *convenit* donari *viciſſim*. Ubi *nunc* ſunt *amici*, quibus *debeo* pro *ſuis* officiis *in me*? Adſint *nunc* priuſquam *hic* Theſaurus *effluat*: Ad hanc vocem *permulti* accurrere, *nemo non* ſperabat *aliquid* ſibi. *Cum* Rex *vidiſſet* aliquem *inhiantem* maxime, *et* jam *devorantem* pecuniam *oculis*, converſus *ad eum*, inquit, *amice*, quid tu narras? *Ille* commemorabat, *ſe* aluiſſe *Regios* Falcones *diu*, ſumma fide, *nec* ſine *gravibus* impendiis. *Alius* adferebat *aliud*; quiſque *exaggerabat* ſuum *Officium*, Verbis, *quantum* poterat. *Rex* audiebat *omnes* benigne, *et* comprobabat *Orationem* ſingulorum. *Hoc* conſulſome *Part* of the Prize. *That* did not ſcape *Lewis*. When *therefore* that Money *had been drawn out* upon the Table, *that he might raiſe the more* the Hope *of all*, thus *he ſpoke* to them ſtanding about him. *What*, do not I ſeem *to you* a rich *King*? Where *ſhall we diſpoſe of* ſo great *a Quantity* of Money? *it is* given, *it is fit* it be given *again*. Where *now* are *my Friends*, to whom *I am indebted* for *their* Services *to me*? Let them come *now*, before *this* Treaſure *be gone*: Upon this ſaying *a great many* came in, *every body* hoped for *ſomething* to himſelf. *When* the King *ſaw* one *gaping at it* very much, *and* now *devouring* the Money *with his Eyes*, being turn'd *to him*, he ſays, *Friend*, what do you ſay? *He* ſaid, *that he* had maintained *the King's* Hawks *a long time* with great Faithfulneſs, *and*

tatio

ſultatio *dilata eſt* in longum tempus, *quo* torqueret *omnes* diutius *ſpe* metuque. *Primus* Cancellarius *aſtabat* inter eos: *nam* jusſerat *et hunc* acciri. *Is* prudentior *cæteris*, non prædicabat *ſua Officia*, ſed *agebat* ſpectatorem *fabulæ*. Tandem Rex converſus *ad hunc* inquit, *quid* narrat *meus* Cancellarius? *Ille* ſolus *petit* nil, *nec* prædicat *ſua Officia*. Ego, *inquit* Cancellarius, *accepi* plus *a* regia *benignitate*, quam *promeruerim*; nec *ſum* magis *ſollicitus* de ulla re, *quam* ut *reſpondeam* Regiæ *munificentiæ* in me, *tantum abeſt ut velim* flagitare *plura*. Tum *rex* inquit, *Unus igitur* omnium *non eges* pecunia? *Tua* benignitas, *inquit* alter, *jam præſtitit* ne egerem. *Ibi* Rex *verſus* ad alios *inquit*, næ *ego ſum* magnificentiſſimus *omnium* regum, *qui* habeam *tam* opulentum *Cancellarium*. Heic *ſpes*

not without *great* Charges. *Another* alledged *another thing*; every Man *magnified* his *Office* by Words *as much as* he could. *The King* heard *all* kindly, *and* approved of *the Speech* of every one. *This* Conſultation *was continued* for a long Time, *that* he might torment *them all* the longer *with Hope* and fear. *The firſt* Chancellor *ſtood* amongſt them.; *for* he had ordered *him alſo* to be called. *He* more prudent *than the reſt*, did not extol *his Services*, but *acted* the Spectator *of the Play*. At laſt *the King* being turned *to him* ſays, *what*, ſays my Chancellor? *He* alone *asks for* nothing, *nor* does he extol *his Services*. I, *ſays* the Chancellor, *have receiv'd* more *from* the Royal *Bounty*, than *I have deſerved*; nor *am* I more *concern'd* about any thing, *than* that *I may anſwer* the royal *Bounty* towards me, *ſo far am I from* accenſa.

accensa est *magis* omnibus, *futurum* ut *pecunia* distribueretur *cæteris*, quandoquidem *ille* ambiebat *nihil*. Ubi *Rex* lusisset *ad hunc modum* satis diu, *coegit* Cancellarium, *ut auferret* totam *eam* summam *domum*. Moxque *versus* ad cæteros *jam* mæstos, *vobis erit expectanda*, inquit, *alia* Occasio.

desiring to ask *more*. Then *the King* says, do *you alone* therefore of all *not want* Money? *Your* Bounty, *says* the other, *has already secured me* from wanting. *There* the King *being turn'd* to others *says*, truly *I am* the most magnificent *of all* Kings, *who* have *so* rich *a Chancellour*. Here *Hope* was kindled *more* in all, *that it would come to pass*, that *the Money* would be distributed *to the rest*, seeing *he* desired *nothing*. When *the King* had played *in this manner* long enough, *he forced* the Chancellour *to take* all *that* Sum *Home*. And by and by *being turn'd* to the rest, *now* sad, *you must wait*, says he, *another* Occasion.

Phil. Fortasse *videbitur* frigidius *quod* sum narraturus; *proinde* deprecor *suspicionem* mali *doli* fucive; *ne videar ambisse* immunitatem, *de industria*. Quidam *adiit* eundem *Ludovicum* petens *ut* juberet *munus*,

Perhaps *it will appear* flat *which* I am going to tell; *wherefore* I bar *the Suspicion* of evil *Deceit*, or Roguery, *that I* may *not seem to have sought* Immunity *on purpose*. A

quod

quod *forte* vacabat *in eo pago*, in quo *habitabat*, transferri *in ipſum*. Rex, *audita* petitione, *reſpondit* expedite, *efficies* nihil. *Petitor* etiam *mox* actis *gratiis* Regi *diſceſſit*. Rex *colligens* ex ipſa fronte, *eſſe* hominem *non omnino* ſiniſtri *ingenii*; ſuſpicanſque *illum* non intellexiſſe *quod* reſpondiſſet, *jubet* eum *revocari*. Redit. *Tum* Rex *inquit*, intellexeras *quid* reſponderim *tibi*? Intellexi. *Quid* igitur *dixi*? me *effecturum* nihil. *Cur* igitur *agebas* gratias? *Quoniam*, inquit, *eſt quod agam* domi; *proinde* perſecuturus eram *anceps* ſpem *hei*, meo magno incommodo: *Nunc* interpretor *beneficium*, negaſſe *beneficium* cito, *meque* lucratum *quicquid* eram perditurus, *ſi* lactatus fuiſſem *vana ſpe*. Ex eo reſponſo Rex conjectans *minime ſegnem* hominem, *ubi* percunctatus eſſet

certain Man *went to the* ſame Lewis, deſiring *that* he would order *an Office*, which *by chance* was vacant *in that Diſtrict*, in which *he lived*, to be conferred *upon him*. The King; *having heard* his Petition, *anſwered* readily, *you will do* nothing. *The Petitioner* likewiſe *preſently* having given *Thanks* to the King *departed*. The King *gathering* from his very Look, *that he was* a Man *by no Means* of dull *Parts*, and ſuſpecting *that he* did not underſtand *what* he had anſwered him, *orders* him *to be called back*. He returns. *Then* the King *ſays*, did you underſtand *what* I anſwered *you*? I did underſtand. *What* then *did I ſay*? That I *ſhould effect* nothing. *Why* therefore *did you give* Thanks? *Becauſe*, ſays he, *I have ſomething to do* at Home, *and therefore* I ſhould have purſued *doubtful* Hopes *here* to my great

pauca

pauca, habebis, *inquit*, quod *petis*, quo *agas* mihi *gratias* bis: *Simulque* verſus *ad Officiarios*, expediantur diplomata *huic*, inquit, *ſine mora*, ne hæreat *heic* diu *ſuo damno*,

Loſs; *now* I conſtrue it *as a Kindneſs* to deny *the Kindneſs* quickly, *and that I* have gained *whatſoever* I ſhould have loſt *if* I had been fed *by vain Hopes*. By that anſwer *the King* gueſſing him to be *no dull* Man, *when* he asked him *a few things*, you ſhall have, *quoth he*, what *you deſire*, that *you may give* me *Thanks* twice: *and at the ſame time*, turning *to the Officers*, let the Patents be made ready *for him*, ſaith he, *without Delay*, that he may not ſtay *here* long *to his Loſs*.

Eu. Non deeſt *quod referam* de Ludovico, *ſed* malo *de noſtro* Maximiliano. *Qui*, ut *nequaquam ſolitus eſt* defodere *pecuniam*, ita *erat* clementiſſimus *in eos* qui *decoxerant*, modo *commendarentur* titulo *Nobilitatis*. Cum vellet *opitulari* cuidam *juveni* ex hoc genere *hominum*, mandavit *illi* legationem, *ut* peteret *centum* millia *florenorum* a quadam *civitate* neſcio quo titulo. *Tititulus autem* erat *talis*, ut *ſi* quid

I want not *ſomething to relate* of Lewis, *but* I had rather tell *of our* Maximilian. *Who* as *he uſed not* to bury *his Money*, ſo *he was* very merciful *to thoſe* who *had ſpent their Eſtates*, ſo *they were recommended* by a Title *of Nobility*. Being deſirous *to help* a certain *young Man* of this ſort *of Men*, he committed *to him* a Deputation, *that*

impetratum eſſet dexteritate *legati*, Poſſet *duci* pro lucro. *Legatus* extorſit *quinquaginta* millia, *reddidit* Cæſari *triginta*. Cæſar *lætus* inſperata *præda* dimiſit *hominem*, inquirens *nihil* præterea. *Interea* quæſtores *et* rationales *oſtenderant* plus *acceptum fuiſſe* quam *exhibitum*. Interpellant *Cæſarem*, ut *accerſeret* hominem. *Accitus eſt*, venit *illico*. Tum *Maximilianus* inquit, *audio* te accepiſſe *quinquaginta* Millia. *Faſſus eſt*. Exhibuiſti *non niſi* triginta, *faſſus eſt* et hoc. *Reddenda eſt* ratio, *inquit*; promiſit *ſe facturum*, et *diſceſſit*, Rurſum *cum* nihil *eſſet* actum, *officiariis* interpellantibus, *revocatus eſt*. Tum *Cæſar* inquit, *nuper* juſſus es *reddere* rationem. *Memini*, inquit ille, *et* ſum *in hoc*. Cæſar *ſuſpicans* rationem *nondum eſſe* ſatis *ſubductam* illi, *paſſus eſt* illum *abire ſic*. Cum

he ſhould demand *a hundred* thouſand *Florens* from a certain *City* upon I know not what Title. *But the Title* was *ſuch*, that *if* any thing *was obtained* by the Dexterity *of the Deputy*, it might *be reckoned* as clear Gain. *The Deputy* got *fifty* thouſand, *he return'd* Cæſar *thirty*. Cæſar *being glad* of the unexpected *Booty* diſmiſſed *the Man*, inquiring *nothing* further. *In the meantime* the Treaſurers *and* Auditors *had ſmelt out* that more *was received* than *given in*: They ſpeak to *Cæſar*, that *he would ſend for* the Man: *He was ſent for*, comes *preſently*. Then *Maximilian* ſays, *I hear* that you received *fifty* thouſand. *He confeſſed it*. You gave in *but* thirty. *He confeſſed* that too. *You muſt give* an Account, *ſays he*; he promiſed *he would do it*, and *departed*. Again *when* nothing *was* done, *the Officers* ſpeaking to Cæſar, *he was*

ſic

ſic eluderet, officiarii *inſtabant* vehementer, *clamitantes* non eſſe ferendum, *ut* ille *illuderet* Cæſari *tam palam*. Perſuaſerunt, *ut* accerſitus *juberetur* exhibere *rationem* inibi, *ipſis preſentibus*. Cæſar *annuit*. Accitus *venit* illico, *nihil* tergiverſatus. *Tum* Cæſar *inquit*, nonne pollicitus es *rationem*? Pollicitus, *reſpondit ille*. Opus eſt *jam*, inquit, *nec* eſt *locus* tergiverſandi *amplius*. Ibi *juvenis* inquit *ſat dextre*. Non detrecto *rationem*, *invictiſſime Cæſar*; verum *non ſum* admodum peritus *hujuſmodi rationum*, ut *qui* nunquam reddiderim: *Iſti* qui *aſſident* ſunt *peritiſſimi* talium rationum, *ſi* videro *vel ſemel* quemadmodum *illi* tractent *hujuſmodi* rationes, *ego imitabor* facile. *Rogo* jubeas *illos* vel edere *exemplum*, videbunt *me* docilem, *Cæſar* ſenſit *dictum* hominis, *quod* hi *non intelligebant*, in quos *dicebat*

recalled. Then *Cæſar* ſays, *lately* you were ordered *to give* an Account. I *remember*, ſays he, *and I* am *about it*, Cæſar *ſuſpecting* that his Account *was not yet* ſufficiently *drawn up* by him, *he ſuffered* him *to go away ſo*. When *he thus evaded*, the Officers *preſs'd the Matter* mightily, *crying out* that it was not to be born with, *that* he *ſhould play upon* Cæſar *ſo openly*. They perſwaded him *that* being ſent for for *he ſhould be ordered* to give in *his Account* there. *Whilſt they were by*. Cæſar *agrees*. Being ſent for *he comes* quickly *not* at *all* declining it. *Then* Cæſar *ſays*, did not you promiſe *an Account*? I did, *replyed he*. It muſt be *juſt now*, ſays he, *nor* is there *Room* for declining it *any longer*. There *the young Man* ſays *dexterously enough*, I do not refuſe *an Account* moſt invincible *Cæſar*; but *I am not* very much skill'd *in*

tur; ac *subridens* inquit, *narras* verum, *et* postulas *æquum*. Ita *dimisit* juvenem: *subindicabat enim* illos *solere* reddere *rationem* Cæsari, *quemadmodum* ipse *reddiderat*; nimirum, *ut* bona pars *pecuniæ* remaneret *penes ipsos*.

such *Accounts*, as who never gave any in those who *sit by* are *very skilful* in such Accounts, *if* I see *but once* how they manage *such* Accounts, *I shall imitate them* easily. *I desire* you would command them but to set me *an Example*. They shall see *me* teachable. *Cæsar* perceived *the saying* of the Man, *which* they *did not understand*, against whom *it was said*; and *smiling* says, *you say* true, *and* demand *whats reasonable*. So *he dismissed* the young Fellow. *For he intimated* that they *used* to give *Account* to Cæsar, *as* he *had given his*, to wit, *that* a good Part *of the Money* should remain *with them*.

Le. Nunc *est* tempus, *ut* fabula *descendat* ab equis *ad asinos*, ut *aiunt*, a regibus *ad Antonium* sacrificum *Lovaniensem*; qui *fuit in deliciis* Philippo *cognomento* bono. *Feruntur* multa *hujus viri*, vel *jucunde* dicta, *vel* joco *facta*, sed *pleraque*

Now *it is* Time, *that* the Story *should descend* from Horses *to Asses*, as *they say* from Kings *to Antony* the Priest *of Lovain*, who *was in Favour* with Philip *by Sirname* the Good. *There are reported* many Things *of his Man*, either *pleasantly*

sordidiora. *Nam* solebat *condire* plerosque suos lusus *quodam* unguento, *quod* non *olonat admodum* eleganter, *sed* olet *pejus*. Deligam *unum* ex mundioribus. *Invitârat* unum *atque* alterum *bellum* homunculum *obvios* forte *in via*. Cum *rediisset* domum, *reperit* culinam *frigidam*. Nec *erat* nummus *in loculis*, quod *nequaquam erat* insolens *illi*. Heic *erat* opus *celeri* consilio. *Subduxit* se *tacitus*, et *ingressus* culinam *fœneratoris*, quicum *illi erat* familiaritas, *quod* ageret *frequenter* cum illo. *Famula* digressa; *subduxit* unam *ex aneis* ollis, *una* cum *carnibus* jam *coctis*, ac *deferebat* tectam *veste* domum; *dat* coquæ, *jubet* carnes *et* jus *protinus* effundi *in* aliam *fictilem* ollam; *simulque* ollam *fœneratoris* defricari *donec* niteret. *Eo* facto, *mittit* puerum *ad fœneratorem*, qui *deposito pignore*, sumat mutuo *duas* drachmas *a fœneratore*

said, *or* jocosely *done*, but *most of them* nasty. *For* he used *to season* most of his Mirth *with a certain* Ointment, *which* does not sound *very* neatly, *but* smells *worse*. I will choose *one* of the cleaner. *He had invited* one *and* another *pretty* Fellow *that met him* by chance *in the Street*. When *he was returned* Home, *he finds* the Kitchen *cold*. Nor *was there* any Money *in his Pocket*, which *was not* unusual *with him*. Here *was* need *of speedy* Contrivance. *He withdrew* himself *silently*, and *entering* the Kitchen *of an Usurer*, with whom *he had* a familiar Acquaintance, *because* he dealt *frequently* with him. *The Maid* being gone aside; *he took of* one *of the Brazen* Pots, *together* with *the Flesh* now *boiled*, and *carried it* covered *under his Coat* Home, *gives* it to the Cook-Maid; *orders* the Flesh *and* Broth *imme-*

re, ſed *accipiat* chirographum, *quod* teſtaretur *talem* ollam *miſſam* ad ipſum. *Fœnerator* non agnoſcens *ollam*, utpote *defrictam* ac *nitentem*, recipit *pignus*, dat *Chirographum* et *numerat* pecuniam; *ea pecunia* puer *emit* vinum. *Ita* proſpectum *eſt* convivio. Tandem *cum* prandium *appararetur* fœneratori, *olla* deſiderata eſt. *Heic* jurgium *adverſus coquam*. Cum *ea* gravaretur, *affirmavit* conſtanter *neminem* fuiſſe *eo die* in culina *præter* Antonium. *Videbatur* improbum *ſuſpicari* hoc *de ſacrificio*. Tandem *itum eſt* ad illum: *Exploratum* an *olla* eſſet *apud illum*, at *nulla* reperta eſt. *Quid multis*? Olla flagitata eſt *ab illo ſerio*, quod *ſolus* ingreſſus eſſet *culinam* quo tempore *deſiderata eſt*. Ille *faſſus eſt* ſumpſiſſe mutuo *quandam* ollam, *ſed* quam *remiſiſſet* illi *unde* ſumpſerat. *Cum* illi *pernegarent* id, *et* contendiately to be poured out *into* another *earthen* Pot; *and at the ſame time* the Pot *of the Uſurer* to be rubbed *till* it was bright. *That* being done, *he ſends* a Boy *to the Uſurer*, who *leaving it in Pawn* ſhould borrow *two* Drachms *of the Uſurer*, but *ſhould take* a Note, *that* ſhould teſtifie *that ſuch* a Pot *was ent* to him. *The Uſurer* not knowing *the Pot*, as *being rubbed* and *bright*, takes *the Pawn*, gives *the Note* and *pays* the Money. *With that Money* the Boy *buys* Wine. *Thus* Proviſion was made *for a Feaſt*. At laſt *when* Dinner *was a Preparing* for the Uſurer, *the Pot* was miſſing. *Upon this* there was a Brawl *with the Cook Maid*. When *ſhe* was grievouſly charged, *ſhe affirmed* conſtantly *that no Body* had been *that Day* in the Kitchen *beſides* Antony. *It ſeemed* wicked *to ſuſpect* this *of a Prieſt*. At length *they went* to him;

tio

tio *incaluiſſet*, Antonius, *aliquot* teſtibus *adhibitis*, inquit, *videte* quam *periculoſum* eſt *agere* cum *hominibus* horum *temporum* ſine *chirographo*; actio *furti* propemodum intenderetur *mihi*, ni *haberem* manum *fœneratoris*, et *protulit* ſyngraphum. *Dolus* intellectus eſt: *Fabula* diffipata eſt *per* totam *regionem* cum *magno* riſu, *ollam* oppignoratam *ipſi* cujus *erat*. Homines *favent* hujusmodi *dolis* libentius, *ſi* commiſſi ſint *in odioſas* perſonas, *præſertim* eos *qui* ſolent *imponere* aliis.

ſearched whether *the* Pot was *with him*, but *none* was found. *What needs many Words?* The Pot *was demanded* of him *in earneſt*, becauſe *he alone* had entered *the Kitchin*, at what time *it was Miſſing*. He *confeſſed* that he borrowed *a certain* Pot, *but* which *he had ſent back* to him, *of whom* he had it. *When* they *deny'd* it, *and* the Contention *grew warm*, Antony *ſome* Witneſſes *being taken to him*, ſays, *ſee* how *dangerous* it is *to deal* with *Men* of theſe *Times* without *a Note*: An Action *of Theft* would be almoſt laid againſt *me*, unleſs *I had* the Hand of *the Uſurer*; and *he produced* the Note. *The Roguery* was underſtood; *the Story* was ſpread *through* the whole *Country* with *a great deal of* Laughter, *that the Pot* was pawn'd *to him* whoſe *it was*. Men *favour* ſuch *Tricks* the more willingly, *if*

Ad. Næ *tu* aperuiſti *nobis* mare *fabularum*, nominato Antonio: *Sed referam* duntaxat *unam*, eamque *brevem*, quam *audivi* nuperrime. *Aliquot* belli *homunculi*, ut *dicunt*, agitabant *convivium* ſimul, *quibus* nihil *in vita* prius *quam* ridere. *Inter hos* erat *Antonius*, atque *item* alter, *et ipſe* celebris *in hoc genere* laudis, *et* velut *æmulus* Antonii. *Porro* quemadmodum *inter Philoſophos*, ſi *quando* conveniunt, *quæſtiunculæ* ſolent *proponi* de rebus *naturæ*, ita *heic* ſtatim *quæſtio* nata eſt, *quænam* pars *hominis* eſſet *honeſtiſſima*. Alius *divinabat* oculos, *alius* cor, *alius* cerebrum, *alius* item *aliud*, et *quiſque* adferebat *rationem* ſuæ divinationis. *Antonius* juſſus *dicere* ſententiam *dixit* os *videri* ſibi *honeſtiſſimam* partem *omnium*, et *addi-*

they are practiſed *upon odious* Perſons, *eſpecially* thoſe *who* are wont *to impoſe upon* others.

Truly *you* have opened *to us* a Sea *of Storys*, by naming Antony: *but I will relate* only *one*, and that *a ſhort one*, which *I heard* very lately. *Some* pretty *little Fellows*, as *they call them*, Kept *a Feaſt* together, *with whom* nothing *in Life* is better *than* Laughing. *Amongſt theſe* was *Antony*, and *likewiſe* another, *he alſo* famous *in this ſort* of Praiſe, *and* as it were *a Rival* of Antony. *Moreover* as *amongſt Philoſophers*, it *at any time* they meet, *little Queſtions* uſe *to be propoſed* about the Things *of Nature*, ſo here immediately *a Queſtion* aroſe, *what* Part *of Man* was *the moſt honourable*. One *gueſſed* the Eyes, *another* the Heart, *another* the Brain, *another* likewiſe | *another Thing*, and *every one* gave *a Reaſon* of his Gueſs. *Antony* being ordered *to*

dit

dit neſcio *quam* cauſam. *Tum* ille *alter* ne quid ipſi conveniret *cum Antonio*, reſpondit, *eam* partem *qua* ſedemus *videri* ſibi *honeſtiſſimam*. Cum *id* videretur *abſurdum* omnibus, *attulit* hanc cauſam, *quod* is *diceretur* vulgo *honoratiſſimus*, qui *primus* conſideret, *hoc honoris* competere *parti* quam *dixiſſet*. Applauſum eſt *huic* ſententiæ, *et* riſum eſt *affatim*. Homo *placuit* ſibi *de hoc dicto*, et *Antonius* viſus eſt *victus* in eo certamine *Antonius* diſſimulavit, *qui* non detulerat *primam* laudem *honeſtatis* ori *ob aliud*, niſi *quod* ſciret *illum* velut *æmulum* ſuæ gloriæ *nominaturum* diverſam *partem*. Poſt *aliquot* dies, *cum* uterque *vocatus eſſet* rurſus *ad* idem *convivium*, Antonius *ingreſſus* offendit *æmulum* confabulantem *cum* aliquot *aliis*, dum *cœna* adornatur, *et* averſus *emiſit* clarum ventris crepitum *ante faciem*

declare his Opinion, *ſaid* that the Mouth *ſeemed* to him *the moſt honourable* Part *of all*, and *he added* I know not *what* Reaſon. *Then* that *other*, that he might not in any Thing agree *with Antony*, anſwered *that that* Part *on which* we ſit, *ſeemed* to him *the moſt honourable*. When *that* appeared *abſur'd* to all, *he gave*. This Reaſon, *that* he *was reckoned* commonly *the moſt honourable*, who *firſt* ſat down, *that this Honour* belong'd *to the Part* which *he had named*. They applauded *this Opinion and* laughed *heartily*. The Man *was pleaſed with* himſelf *for this ſaying*, and *Antony* ſeemed *conquered* in that Diſpute. *Antony* took no Notice, *who* had not given *the chief* Praiſe *of Honour* to the Mouth *for any thing elſe*, but *that* he knew *that* he, as *the Rival* of his Glory, *would name* the quite contrary *Part*. After

alterius

alterius. *Ille* indignatus *inquit*, abi *scurra*, ubinam *didicisti* istos mores? *Tum* Antonius *inquit*, etiam *indignaris*? *Si* salutassem *te ore*, *resalutasses*, nunc *salute te*, *parte* corporis, *vel te judice*, honestissima *omnium*, et *vocor* scurra. *Sic* Antonius *recuperavit* gloriam *amissam* prius. *Diximus omnes*, superest, *ut* judex *pronuntiet*.

Ge. Faciam *id*, sed *non* priusquam *quisque* ebiberit *suum Cyathum*.

some Days, *when* both of them *were invited* again to the same *Feast*, Antony *entering* finds *his Rival* talking *with* some *others*, whilst *Supper* is a getting ready, *and* turning his Back of him, *he let fly* a rouzing F——t *before the Face* of the other. *He* being mad *says*, get you gone *you rude Droll*, where *did you learn* those Manners? *Then* Antony *says*, what *are you angry*? *If* I had saluted *you* with my Mouth, *you would have saluted me again*, now *I salute* you *with a Part* of the Body, *even* you *being judge*, the most honourable *of all*, and *I am called* a rude Droll. *Then* Antony *recovered* the Glory *lost* before. *We have all said*, it remains *that* the Judge *pronounce Sentence*.

I will do *it*, but *not* before *every Man* drinks *of his Glass*. Lo *I begin*

Ge. Fa-

En *auſpicor*, ſed *lupus* in Fabula.

Po. Levinus Panagathus *adfert* haud lævum *Omen*,

Le. Quid *actum eſt* inter *tam lepidos* congerrones.

Po. Quid *aliud*? certatum eſt *fabulis*, donec *lupus* intervenires.

Le. Huc *igitur* adſum, *ut* perficiam *fabulam*: volo *vos omnes* prandere prandium Theologicum *apud me* cras.

Ge. Promittis *Scythicum* convivium.

Le. Niſi *fatebimini* hoc *fuiſſe* jucundius *vobis* fabuloſo convivio, *non recuſo* dare pœnas *in cœna*. Nihil jucundius, *quam* cum *nugæ* tractantur *ſerio*.

but *the Wolf* in the Fable.

Levinus Panagathus *brings* no unlucky *Omen*.

What *has been a doing* amongſt *ſuch pretty* Companions.

What *elſe*? We have been contending *in Stories*, till *you as the Wolf* came in.

Hither *therefore* I am come, *that* I may finiſh *the Farce*: I deſire *you all* to take a Theological Dinner *with me* to morrow.

You promiſe us *a Scythian* Feaſt.

Unleſs *you confeſs* that this *was* more pleaſant *to you* than the Fabulous Feaſt, *I do not refuſe* to ſuffer Puniſhment *at Supper*. Nothing is more pleaſant *than* when *Trifles* are handled *ſeriouſly*.

CHARON.

Charon, Genius, Alastor.

Ch. QUID *ita properas gestiens Alastor?*

Al. O Charon, *opportune tu quidem.* Properabam *ad te.*

Ch. Quid novæ rei?

Al. Fero *nuntium* futurum *lætissimum tibi* Proserpinæque.

Ch. Efferigitur quod *fers*, et *exonera te.*

Al. Furiæ *gesserunt* suum *negotium*, *non minus* gnaviter *quam* feliciter, *infecerunt* omnes *partes* orbis *tartareis* malis, *dissidiis*, bellis, *latrociniis*, pestilentiis, *adeo ut* jam *sint* planè *calvæ*, emissis *colubris*, et *obambulent* exhaustæ *venenis*, quærentes *quicquid* viperarum *atque* aspidum *est* usquam, *quando* sint *tam glabræ* quam *ovum*, et *non habent* pilum

Why *do you hasten so* rejoycing *Alastor?*

O Charon, *you come in good time indeed.* I was hastening *to you.*

What News?

I bring *News* that will be *very joyful to you* and Proserpine.

Declare *then* what *you bring*, and *unloaden your self.*

The Furies *have done* their Business *no less* diligently *than* happily, *they have infected* all *the Parts* of the World *with hellish Evils*, *Quarrels*, Wars, *Robberies*, Plagues, *so that* now *they are* quite *bald*, having discharged *their Snakes*, and *walk about* exhausted *of their Poisons*, seeking *whatsoever* Vipers *and* Asps *there are* any where, *seeing*

lum

lum *in capite*, nec *quidquam* efficacis ſucci *in pectore*. Proinde *tu fac* apparet *Cymbam* ac *Remos*; mox enim *tanta* Multitudo *umbrarum* ventura eſt, *ut* verear *ne* non ſufficias *tranſmittendis omnibus*.

they are *as bare* as *an Egg*, and *have not* a Hair *upon their Head*, nor *any Thing* of effectual Juice *in their Breaſt*. Wherefore *do you ſee* you make ready *your Boat* and *Oars*; for by and by *ſo great* a a multitude *of Ghoſts* will come, *that* I am afraid *leſt* you ſhould not be ſufficient *to ferry them all over*.

Ch. Iſta *non fugerant nos*.

Thoſe things *were not unknown to us*.

Al. Unde *reſcieras*?

From whom *had you heard them*?

Ch. Oſſa *pertulerat* ante biduum.

Oſſa *brought us News* two Days before.

Al. Nihil *eſt* velocius *illa dea*. Sed *quid* igitur *tu ceſſas* hic?

Nothing *is* ſwifter *than that Goddeſs*. But *why* then *do you loiter* here?

Ch. Ita *nimirum* res *ferebat*. Profectus ſum *huc*, ut *compararem* mihi *aliquam* validam *triremem*, nam *mea Cymba* jam *putris* vetuſtate *ac* ſutilis *non ſuffecerit* huic operi, *ſi* ſunt *vera*, quæ *Oſſa* narravit, *quanquam* quid *opus* erat *Oſſa* res *ipſa* compellit, *nam* feci Naufragium.

So *forſooth* the Matter *obliged me*. I came *hither*, that *I might provide* my ſelf *ſome* ſtrong *Gally*, for *my Boat* now *rotten* with Age *and* patched up, *will not be ſufficient* for this Work, *If* thoſe things are *true* which *Oſſa* told, *altho'* what *need* was there *of*

Al. Ne-

Al. Nimirum *totus deſtillas*; ſuſpicabar *te redire* e Balneo.

Ch. Imo *enatabam* e Stygia Palude,

Al. Ubi *reliquiſti* Umbras?

Ch. Natant *cum ranis*.

Al. Sed *quid* narravit *Oſſa*?

Ch. Tres *Monarchas* orbis *ruere* in mutuum exitium *capitalibus* odiis. *Nec ullam* partem *Orbis Chriſtiani* eſſe *immunem* a furiis, *nam* illi *tres* pertrahunt *omnes* reliquos *in conſortium* belli. *Omnes* eſſe *talibus* animis, *ut* nemo *velit* cedere *alteri*; nec *Danum*, nec *Polonum*, nec *Scotum*, nec *vero* Turcam *eſſe* in otio; *moliri* dira: *Peſtilentiam* lævire *ubique*, apud *Hiſpanos*, apud *Britannos*, apud *Italos*, apud *Gallos*. Ad hæc *eſſe* novam *luem* na-

Oſſa! the Thing *it ſelf* obliges me. *For* I have been Shipwreck'd.

Indeed *you drop all over*, I ſuſpected *you were returning* from the Bath.

Nay marry *I ſwum* out of the Stygian Lake,

Where *did you leave* the Souls?

They are ſwimming *with the frogs*.

But *what* ſaid *Oſſa*?

That three *Monarchs* of the World *were ruſhing* upon mutual Deſtruction *with capital Hatreds*. *And that no Part of the Chriſtian World* was *free* from the Furies, *for* thoſe *three* draw *all* the reſt *into a ſhare* of the War. *That they all* were *of ſuch* Minds, *that* no body *would* yield *to another*; neither *the Dane*, nor *the Pole*, nor *the Scot*, nor *indeed* the *Turk was* at quiet; *that they attempted* diſmal Things; *that the Plague*

ta ex varietate opinionum, quæ sic vitiavit animos omnium, ut sit nulla sincera amicitia usquam, sed frater diffidat fratri, nec uxori conveniat cum marito. Spes est, magnificam perniciem hominum nasciturum hinc quoque olim, si res pervenerit a linguis et calamo ad manus.

Al. Ossa narravit omnia hæc verissime; nam ipse vidi plura his oculis, assiduus comes et adjutor furiarum, quæ nullo tempore declararunt se magis dignas suo nomine.

Ch. Atqui periculum est ne quis Dæmon exoriatur, qui adhortetur subito ad pacem; et aniraged every where, amongst the Spaniards, amongst the Britains, amongst the Italians, amongst the French. Besides that there was a new Plague risen from the Variety of Opinions, which has so vitiated the Minds of all, that there is no sincere Friendship any where, but Brother distrusts Brother, nor does the Wife agree with her Husband. There is Hopes, that a noble Destruction of Men will arise from hence too hereafter, if the thing comes from Tongues and Quills to Hands.

Ossa told all these things very truly; for I saw more with these Eyes, being a constant Companion and Assistant of the Furies, which at no time declared themselves more worthy of their Name.

But the Danger is, lest any one Dæmon should start up, that should exhort them sudd-

mi *mortalium* ſunt *mutabiles*. Nam *audio* eſſe *quendam* Polygraphum *apud ſuperos*, qui *non deſinit* inſectari *bellum* calamo, *et* adhortari ad pacem.

Peace; *and* the Minds *of Mortals* are *changeable*. For *I hear* there is a *certain* Scribler *with thoſe above*, that *does not ceaſe* to rail at *the War* with his Pen, *and* exhort them to Peace.

Al. Ille *canit* ſurdis *jam pridem*. Olim *ſcripſit* querimoniam *profligatæ* pacis, *nunc* ſcripſit *epitaphium* eidem *extinctæ*. Sunt *alii* contra, *qui* juvent *noſtram rem* non minus *quam* ipſæ furiæ.

He *ſings* to thoſe that have been deaf *long ſince*. Long ſince *he writ* a Complaint *of vanquiſhed* Peace, *now* he has with *an Epitaph* to the ſame *being dead*. There are *others* on the other Hand, *who* help on *our Buſineſs* no leſs *than* the Furies themſelves.

Ch Quinam iſti?

Who are they?

Al. Sunt *quædam* animalia *pullis* et *candidis* palliis, *cinericiis* tunicis, *ornata* variis *plumis*. Hæc *nunquam recedunt* ab aulis *principum*: Inſtillant *in aurem* amorem *belli*: hortantur *proceres* et *plebem* eodem: *Clamitant* in Evangelicis concionibus *bellum* eſſe *juſtum*, ſanctum *et* pium *Quoque magis mireris* fortem *animum* hominum. *Clamitant*

They are *certain* Animals *in black* and *white* Garments, *with aſh colour'd* Tunics, *adorn'd* with divers *Feathers*. Theſe *never depart* from the Courts *of Princes*: They inſtill *into their Ear* the Love *of War*: They adviſe *the Nobles* and *common People* to the ſame. *They bawl out* in their Sermons *that the War* is *juſt*, holy *and* pi-

idem

idem *apud* utramque *partem*. Apud Gallos *concionantur* Deum *ſtare* pro Gallis, *nec poſſe* vinci, *qui* habeat *Deum* protectorem. *Apud* Anglos *et* Hiſpanos, *hoc bellum* non geri *a Cæſare*, ſed *a Deo*. Tantum præbeant *ſe* fortes *viros*, victoriam *eſſe* certam. *Quod ſi* quis *interciderit*, eum *non perire*, ſed *recta ſubvolare* in cœlum, *armatum* ſicut *erat*.

ous. *And that you may the more admire* the ſtout *Mind* of the Men, *they ſay* the ſame *with* both *ſides*. Amongſt the French *they preach* that God *ſtands up* for the French, *and that he cannot* be conquered, *who* has *God* for his Protector. *Amongſt* the Engliſh *and* Spaniards, *that this War* is not carried on *by Cæſar*, but *by God*. Let them only ſhew *themſelves* ſtout *Men*, the Victory *is* certain. *But if* any one *falls*, that he *does not periſh*, but *fly directly* into Heaven, *arm'd* as *he was*.

Ch. Et *tanta fides habetur* iſtis?

And *is ſo great Credit given* to them?

Al. Quid *non poteſt* ſimulata *Religio*? Huc *accedit* juventus, *imperitia* rerum, *ſitis* gloriæ, *ira*, animus *pronus* natura *ad id* quo *vocatur*. His facile imponitur, *nec plauſtrum perpellitur* difficile, *propendens* ad ruinam *ſuapte ſponte*.

What *cannot* pretended *Religion do*? To this *is added* Youth, *Ignorance* of Things, *a Thirſt* of Glory, *Anger*, a Mind *prone* by Nature *to that* to which *it is invited*. Theſe are eaſily impoſed upon, *nor is the Waggon puſhed on* difficultly, *that leans* towards a Fall *of it ſelf*.

Ch. Ego

Ch. Ego *lubens fecero* aliquid *boni* istis animalibus.

Al. Appara *lautum* convivium. *Potes* nihil *gratum*.

Ch. Ex malvis, *lupinis* et *porris*, nam *non est* alia *annona* apud nos *ut scis*.

Al. Imo *ex perdicibus*, capis *et* phasianis, *si vis esse* gratus *convivator*.

Ch. Sed *quæ res* movet *istos*, *ut* promoveant *bellum* tantopere? *Aut* quid *commodi* metunt *hinc*?

Al. Quia *capiunt* plus *emolumenti* e morientibus *quam* e vivis. *Sunt* testamenta, *Parentalia*, bullæ, *multaque* alia *lucra* non *aspernanda*. Denique *malunt* versari *in castris*, quam *in suis alvearibus*. Bellum gignit multos *Episcopos*, qui *in Pace* ne quidem fiebant *verunții*.

Ch. Sapiunt.

Al. Sed *quid* opus *est* triremi?

I *would willingly do* some *good* to those Animals.

Prepare *a fine* Feast. *You can do* nothing *more acceptable*.

Of Mallows, *Lupins* and Onions, for *there is no* other *Provision* with us *as you know*.

Nay *of Partridges*, Capons *and* Pheasants, *if* you will *be* a grateful *Entertainer*.

But *what* thing *moves* them, *that* they should promote *the War* so much? *or* what *advantage* do they reap *hence*?

Because *they receive* more *Benefit* from the Dead *than* the Living. *There are* Wills, *Funeral Rites*, Bulls *and many* other *Gains* not *to be despised*. Finally *they had rather* be *in Camps*, than *in their Cells*. War *makes* many *Bishops*, who *in Peace* were not so much as valued a *Farthing*.

They are wise.

But *what* need *is there* of a Gally

Ch. Nihil

Ch. Nihil *ſi* velim *facere naufragium* rurſus *in media Palude.*

Al. Ob multitudinem?

Ch. Scilicet.

Al. Atqui *vehis* umbras, *non* corpora, *quantulum autem* ponderis *habent* umbræ?

Ch. Sint *Tipulæ*, tamen *vis* tipularum *poteſt* eſſe *tanta*, ut onerent *cymbam*. Tum *ſcio* et cymbam *eſſe* umbratilem.

Al. At *ego memini* me vidiſſe *nonnumquam* tria *millia* umbrarum *pendere* a tuo clavo, *cum* eſſet *ingens* turba, *nec cymba caperet* omnes, *nec* tu ſentiebas *ullum* pondus.

Ch. Fateor *eſſe* tales *animas*, quæ *demigrarunt* paulatim *e corpore* tenuato *Phthiſi* aut *hectica*. Cæterum *quæ* revelluntur *ſubito* e craſſo corpore, *ferunt* multum *corporeæ* molis *ſecum*. Apoplexia autem, *ſynanche*, pel-

Noue *if* I would *be Shipwrecked* again *in the middle of the Lake.*

Becauſe of the Number.

Yes.

But *you carry* Souls, *not* Bodies, *and how little* Weight *have* Souls?

Let them be *Water-ſpiders*, yet *the Number* of Water-Spiders *may* be *ſo great*, as to loaden *my* Boat. Then *you know* my Boat too *is* made of Shadow.

But *I remember* I have ſeen *ſomething* three *thouſand* Souls *hang* at your Helm, *when* there was *a great* Multitude, *and your Boat would not hold* all, *nor* did you perceive *any* Weight.

I confeſs *there are* ſuch *Souls*, which *have departed* by degrees *out of a Body* waſted *with a Conſumption* or *hectic Fever*. But *thoſe which* are pulled *ſuddenly* out of a groſs Body, *bring* much *of the bodily* Maſs

tilentia

tilentia, *sed* præcipue *bellum* mittit *tales.*

Al. Non opinor *Gallos* aut *Hispanos* adferre *multum* ponderis.

Ch. Multo *minus* quam *cæteri*, quanquam *et horum animæ* non veniunt *omnino* plumeæ. *Cæterum* tales *veniunt* aliquoties *e Britannis*, e Germanis *bene* pastis, *ut* nuper *periclitatus sim* vehens *decem* duntaxat, *ut* nisi *fe eiissem jacturam*, perieram *una* cum *cymba*, vectoribus *et* naulo.

Al. Ingens *discrimen.*

Ch. Quid *censes* fieri *interea*, cum *crassi* satrapæ, *thrasones* et *polymachæro placidæ* accedunt.

Al. Arbitror *nullos* ex his *qui* pereunt *in justo* bello *venire* ad te; *nam* aiunt *eos* subvolare *recta* in cælum.

Ch. Nescio *quo* subvolent: *Scio* illud *unum*, *along with them.* And the Apoplexy, *the Squinzy*, the Plague, *but* especially *War* sends *such.*

I do not think *that the French* or *Spaniards* bring *much* Weight.

Much *less* than *others*, altho' *their Souls too* do not come *altogether* as light as Feathers. *But* such *come* often *from the Brittains*, from the Germans *well* fed, *that* lately *I was in Danger* carrying *ten* only, *and* unless *I had thrown some things over board*, I had been lost, *together* with *the Boat*, the Passengers *and* Freight-mony.

A prodigious *Danger.*

What *do you think* will be *in the meantime*, when *Gross* Lords, *Hectors* and *Bullies* come?

I suppose *none* of those *who* die *in a just* War *come* to you; *For* they say *that they* fly up *directly* into Heaven.

I know not *whither* they fly to: *I know* this

quoties

quoties *est* bellum, *tot* veniunt *ad me*, saucii *lacerique*, ut *dubitem* ullum *superesse* apud superos. *Nec* veniunt *solum* onustæ *crapula*, et *abdomine*, verum *etiam* Bullis, *Sacerdotiis*, plurimisque *aliis* rebus.

one thing, as often as *there* is a War, *so many* come *to me*, wounded *and* mangled, that *I wonder* that any one *is left* with those above. *Nor* do they come *only* loadened *with the Dregs of hard Drinking*, and *Beg bellies*, but *also* with Bulls, *Livings*, and very many *other* things.

Al. Sed *non deferunt* ista *secum*.

But *they do not bring* those things *with them*.

Ch. Verum; *sed* quæ *veniunt* recentes, *adferunt* somnia *talium* rerum.

True; *but* those which *come* fresh, *bring* the Dreams *of such* things.

Al. Itane gravant somnia?

Do Dreams loaden you so?

Ch. Gravant *meam* cymbam. *Quid* dixi, *gravant*? Demerserunt *jam*. Postremo *putas* tot obolos habere *nihil* ponderis?

They do loaden *my* Boat. What said I, *loaden it*? They sunk it *just now*. Finally *do you think* so many *Half-pennies* have *no* Weight?

Al. Equidem *arbitror*, si *ferant* æreos.

Truly *I think so*, if *they bring* brazen ones.

Ch. Proinde *certum est mihi* prospicere *de navi*, quæ *sufficiat* oneri.

Wherefore *I am resolved* to look out *for a Ship*, which *may suffice* for the Burden.

Al. O felicem te!

O happy you!

Ch. Quid ita?

Why so?

A. Quia

Al. Quia *ditescas* propediem.

Because *you will* grow *rich* presently.

Ch. Ob *Multitudinem* umbrarum.

Because of *the Number* of Ghosts.

Al. Næ.

Yes.

Ch. Siquidem *adferant* suas opes *secum*, nunc *qui* deplorant *in cymba*, se reliquisse *apud superos* regna, *præsulatus*, abbatias, *innumera* talenta *auri*, adferunt *nihil* ad me *præter* obolum. *Itaque* quod *corrasum est* mihi *jam* ter mille *annis*, id totum *effundendum est* in unam triremem.

If *they brought* their Riches *along with them*: Now *they* who lament *in the Boat*, that they left *with those above* Kingdoms, *Bishopricks*, Abbies, *innumerable* Talents *of Gold*, bring *nothing* to me *besides* a Half-penny. *Therefore* what *has been scraped together* by me *now* this three thousand *Years*, all that *must be laid out* in one Galley.

Al. Sumptum faciat oportet, *qui* quærit *lucrum*.

He must be at Charge, *who* seeks *Gain*.

Ch. At *mortales*, ut *audio*, negotiantur *felicius*, qui *favente Mercurio*, ditescunt *intra triennium*.

But *Men*, as *I hear*, trade *more luckily*, who *by the favour of Mercury* grow rich *in three Years*.

Al. Sed *iidem* decoquunt *nonnunquam*: tuum *lucrum* minus, *sed* certius.

But *the same* break *sometimes*: your *gain* is less *but* more certain.

Ch. Nescio *quam* certum. *Si* quis *Deus* exoriatur *nunc*, qui *compunat*

I know not *how* certain. *If* any *God* should arise *now*, that *should set-*

re-

res *Principum*, hæc *tota* ſors *perierit* mihi.

Al. De iſta re *quidem*, jubeo *dormias* in utram-vis aurem. *Nihil eſt quod metuas* pacem *intra decennium*. Romanus *pontifex* unus *hortatur* ſedulo *quidem* ad concordiam, *ſed* lavat *laterem*. Et Civitates *murmurant* tædio *malorum*. Neſcio *qui* populi *conferunt* ſuſurros, *Diſſitantes* iniquum *ut* humanæ *res* miſceantur *ſurſum deorſum*, ob *privatas* iras, *aut* ambitionem *duorum* triumve. *Sed*, crede *mihi*, furiæ *vincent* conſilia *quamlibet* recta. *Cæterum* quid *opus* erat *petere ſuperos*? An non ſunt *fabri* apud nos? *Certe* habemus *Vulcanum*.

Ch. Pulchre, *ſi* quæram *æream* navim.

Al. Aliquis *accerſetur* minimo.

tle the Affairs *of Princes*, this *whole* Booty *will be loſt* by me.

For that Matter *truly* I bid you *Sleep* on either Ear. *You need not fear* a Peace *within this ten Years*. The Roman *Pontif* alone *exhorts* diligently *indeed* to Concord; *but* he waſhes *a Brick*. The Cities too *murmur* out of Wearineſs *of their Calamities*. I know not *what* People *join* their Whiſpers, *ſaying* it's unreaſonable *that* human *Affairs* ſhould be jumbled *up and down*, for *the private* Reſentments, *or* Ambition *of two* or three. *But*, believe *me*, the Furies *will conquer* Counſels *never ſo* good. *But* what *need* was there *to go to thoſe above*? Are there not *Workmen* with us? *Certainly* we have *Vulcan*.

Right, *if* I wanted *a brazen* Ship.

Some body *may be ſent* for *for* a ſmall matter.

Ch. Ita

Ch. Ita *eſt*, ſed *materia* deficit *nos*.

Al. Quid *audio* ? nihil *ſylvarum* illic ?

Ch. Etiam *Nemora* quæ *fuerant* in Elyſiis campis *abſumpta ſunt*.

Al. In quem uſum *tandem* ?

Ch. Exurendis *umbris* hæreticorum, *adeo ut* nuper *coacti ſimus* effodere *carbones* e viſceribus *terræ*.

Al. Quid ? *An non poſſunt* iſtæ *umbræ* puniri *minore* ſumptu ?

Ch. Sic *viſum eſt* Rhadamantho.

Al. Ubi *Mercatus eris* triremem, *unde* remiges parabuntur ?

Ch. Meæ partes ſunt *tenere* clavum ; *umbræ remigent*, ſi *velint*. trajecere.

Al. At *ſunt* quæ *non didicerunt* agere *remum*.

Ch. Nullus *eſt* eximius *apud me*. Et Monarchæ *remigant*, et *Cardinales* remigant, *quiſque*

So *it is*, but *Wood* fails *us*.

What *do I hear* ? Is there nothing *of Woods* there ?

Even *the Groves* which *were* in the Elyſian Fields *are conſumed*.

For what uſe *pray* ?

For burning *the Souls* of Hereticks, *ſo that* lately *we were forced* to dig *Coals* out of the Bowels *of the Earth*.

What ? *cannot* thoſe *Souls* be puniſhed *at leſs* Charge ?

So *it ſeemed* good to Rhadamanthus.

When *you have bought* a Galley, *whence* will Rowers be got ?

My Part is *to hold* the Helm ; *let the Souls row*, if *they will* paſs over.

But *there are ſome* which *have not learnt* to manage *an Oar*.

None *is* exempted *with me*. Monarchs too *row*, and *Cardinals* row, *every Man* his Turn, *no* ſuam

ſuam vicem, *non minus* quam *tenues* plebeii, *ſive* didicerint *ſive* non didicerint.

Al. Fac *tu mercere* triremem *feliciter* dextro mercurio. Ego *non remorabor* te *amplius*. Adferam *lætum* nuncium *orco*, ſed *heus*, heus, *Charon*.

Ch. Quid eſt?

Al. Fac *matures* reditum, *ne* turba *obruat te* mox.

Ch. Imo *offendes* jam *plus* quam *ducenta* millia *in Ripa*, præter *illas* quæ *natant* in palude: *tamen* properabo *quantum licebit*: dic *illis* me adfuturum *mox*.

leſs than *poor* Commoners; *whether* they have learnt, *or* have not learnt.

Al. See *you purchaſe* a Gally *cheap* by the Favour of Mercury. I *will not detain* you *any longer*. I will carry *this joyful* News *to Hell*; but *ſo ho*, ſo ho, *Charon*.

Ch. What is the Matter?

Al. See *you haſten* your Return, *leſt* the Crowd *ſhould overwhelm you* by and by.

Ch. Nay *you will find* already *more* than *two hundred* Thouſand *upon the Bank*, beſides *thoſe* which *are ſwimming* in the Lake: *yet* I will haſten *as much as poſſible*: tell *them* that I will be with them *preſently*.

OPULENTIA SORDIDA.

A. UNDE *es* tam *exucrus*, quasi *pastus sis* rore *cum* cicadis. Videris *mihi* nihil *aliud* quam *Syphar* hominis.

B. Apud inferos *umbræ* saturantur *malva* et *porro*, at *ego vixi* decem *Menses*, ubi *ne id quidem* contigit.

A. Ubinam *quæso te*, num abreptus *in navem galeatam*?

B. Nequaquam, *sed* Synodii.

A. Periclitatus es *bulimia* in tam opulenta *urbe*?

B. Maxime.

A. Quid in causa? *An deerat pecunia*?

B. Nec *pecunia* nec *amici*.

A. Quid *erat* mali igitur?

B. Mihi res erat *cum Hospite* Antronio.

From whence *are you* so void of *Juice*, as if *you had been fed* with Dew *with the* Grashoppers. You seem *to me* nothing *else* than *the Skin* of a Man.

In Hell *Ghosts* are fed *with Mallows* and *Onions*, but *I have lived* ten *Months*, where *not so much as that* fell to my Share.

Where *I pray you*, were you carried *aboard a Galley*?

No, *but* at Synodium

Were you in Danger *by Famine* in so rich *a City*?

Yes.

What was the Reason? *Was Money wanting*?

Neither *Money* nor *Friends*.

What *was* the Misfortune *then*?

I had to do *with my Landlord* Antronius.

A. Cum *illo* opulento?

B. Sed *ſordidiſſimo*.

A. Narras *ſimile* Monſtri.

B. Minime. *Sic* divites *fiunt*, qui *emergunt* e ſumma inopia.

A. Quid ita libuit *commorari* tot *Menſes* apud *talem* Hoſpitem?

B. Erat *quod* alligaret, *et* ſic *animus* erat *tunc*.

A. Sed *dic* obſecro, *quo apparatu* vivit ille?

B. Dicam, *quandoquidem* commemoratio *actorum* laborum *ſolet* eſſe *jucunda*.

A. Futura eſt *mihi* certe.

B. Illud *incommodi* acceſſit *a cælo*, cum *agerem* illic. *Boreas* ſpirabat *totos* tres *Menſes*, niſi *quod* illic *neſcio* quo modo *nunquam perſeverat* ultra *octavum* diem.

A. Quomodo *igitur* ſpirabat *totos* tres *Menſes*?

B. Sub eum diem *mutabat* ſtationem *velut* ex

With *that* rich Man?

But *very ſordid*,

You tell me *a Thing like* a Prodigy.

No. *So* rich Men *are*, that *riſe* from extreme Poverty.

Why had you ſuch a Mind *to ſtay* ſo many *Months* with *ſuch* an Hoſt?

There was ſomething *that* obliged me, *and* ſo *my Mind* was *then*.

But *tell me* I pray you, *upon what Proviſion* does he live?

I will tell you, *ſeeing* the Relation *of paſt* Troubles *uſes* to be *pleaſant*.

It will be ſo *to me* certainly.

That *Inconvenience* came *from Heaven*, when *I lived* there. *The North-Wind* blew *whole* three *Months*, but *that* there *I know not* how *it never continues* beyond *the eight* Day

How *then* did it blow *whole* three *Months*?

About that Day *it changed* its Station *as it*

conſtituto, *ſed* poſt *octo horas migravit* in priorem locum.

A. Ibi *opus erat* luculento *foco* tenui *corpuſculo*.

B. Erat *ſatis* ignis *ſi* ſuppetiſſet *copia* lignorum. *Sed* ne *noſter* Antronius *faceret quid impendii* heic, *evellebat* radices *arborum* ex ruſculis *inſularibus*, neglectas *ab aliis*, idque *fere* noctu. *Ex his* nondum *bene* ſiccis *ignis* ſtruebatur *non* abſque *fumo*, ſed *ſine* flamma, *non* qui *calefaceret*, ſed *qui* præſtaret, *ne poſſet* dici *vere*, eſſe *nullum* ignem *ibi*. Unicus autem *ignis* durabat *totum* diem, *adeo* temperatum *erat* incendium.

A. Erat *durum* hybernare *illic*.

B. Imo *erat* multo *durius* æſtivare.

A. Qui ſic?

B. Quoniam *ea* do-

were on purpoſe; *but* after *eight* Hours *it ſhifted* into its former Place.

There *was need* of a bright *Fire* for a thin *Body*.

There was *enough* of Fire, *if* there had been *Plenty* of Wood. *But* leſt *our* Antronius *ſhould be at any charge* here, *he pulled up* the Roots *of Trees* out of ſome Grounds *in the Iſlands*, neglected *by others*, and that *commonly* in the Night. *Out of theſe* not yet *well* dry *a Fire* was made *not* without *Smoak*, but *without* Flame, *not* that *would warm*, but *that* would effect *that it could* not be ſaid *truly* that there was *no* Fire *there*. And one *Fire* laſted the *whole* Day, *ſo* moderate *was* the Burning.

It was *hard* to winter *there*.

Nay *it was* much *harder* to Summer.

How ſo.

Becauſe *that* Houſe

mus

mus *habebat* tantum *pulicum et cimicum*, ut *nec liceret* esse *quietum* interdiu, *nec* capere *somnum* noctu.

A. Miseras divitias.

B. Presertim *in hoc* genere *pecoris*.

A. Oportet fœminas *esse* ignavas *illic*.

B. Latitant, *nec* versantur *inter viros*: Ita *fit* ut *illic* fœminæ *sint* nihil *aliud* quam *fœminæ*. Et *ea* ministeria *desint* viris, *quæ* solent *suppeditari* ab eo sexu.

A. Sed *non pigebat Antronium* tractationis?

B. Nihil *erat* dulce *illi* educato *in hujusmodi sordibus* præter *lucrum*: Habitavit *ubivis* potius *quam* domi, *negotiabatur* in omni re: *Scis autem* eam urbem *esse* mercurialem *præ cæteris*. Ille *nobilis* pictor *existimavit* deplorandum, *si* dies *abiisset* absque linea. *Antronius* deplorabat *longe*

had so many *Fleas* and *Gnats*, that *it was neither possible* to be *quiet* by Day, *nor* take *Rest* by Night.

Miserable Riches.

Especially *in this* Kind *of Cattel*.

The Women must *be* idle *there*.

They lye hid, *nor* do they converse *amongst the Men*, so *it comes to pass* that *there*, Women *are* nothing *else* but *women*; and *those* Services *are wanting* to the Men, *that* use *to be supplied* by that Sex.

But *was not Antronius weary* of the Treatment?

Nothing *was* pleasant *to him* brought up *in such Nastiness* but *Gain*: helived *any where* rather *than* at Home; *he traded* in every thing. *And you know* that *City is* busied in Trade *above others*. That *noble* Painter *thought it* a thing to be lamented, *if* a Day *passed* without a stroke,

magis,

magis, *ſi* dies *præteriiſſet* abſque lucro; *quod ſi quando* eveniſſet, *quærebat* Mercurium *domi*.

A. Quid faciebat?

B. Habebat *Ciſternam* in ædibus, *ex more* ejus civitatis; *Illic* hauriebat *aliquot* ſitulas *aquæ*, et *infundebat* in vinaria vaſa. *Heic* erat *certum* lucrum.

A. Fortaſſe *vinum* erat *æquo vehementius*.

B. Imo *erat* plus *quam* vappa; *nam* nunquam emebat *vinum* niſi *corruptum*, quo *emeret* minoris. *Ne* quid *ex eo* periret, *ſubinde* miſcebat *fæces* decem annorum, *volvens* ac *revolvens* omnia, *quo* videretur *muſtum*: Neque enim ille paſſus fuiſſet *ullam* micam *fæcis* perire.

A. At *ſi* qua fides *mediis*, tale *vinum* gignit *calculos* veſicæ.

Antronius lamented it *much* more, *if* a Day *paſs'd* without Gain, *which* if *at any time* it happened, *he ſought* Gain *at Home*.

What did he do?

He had *a Ciſtern* in his Houſe, *according to the Cuſtom* of that City. *There* he drew *ſome* Buckets *of Water*, and *poured them* into the Wine-Veſſels. *Here* was *certain* Gain.

Perhaps *the Wine* was *too ſtrong*.

Nay *it was* more *than* dead *drink*, *for* he never bought *Wine* unleſs *it was corrupted*, that *he might buy* it cheaper. *Leſt* any *o it* ſhould be loſt, *now and then* he mixed *Dregs* of ten Years old, *rumbling* and *jumbling* all together, *that* it might ſeem *new Wine*. For he would not have ſuffered *any* Bit *of Dregs* to be left.

But *if* any Credit muſt be given *to the Doctors* ſuch *Wine* breeds *the Stone* of the Bladder,

B. Non erant *Medici*; nam *erat* nullus *annus* in ea domo *tam* felix, *quin* unus *atque* alter *periret* calculo. *Neque* ille horrebat *funeſtam* domum.

They were not *Doctors*; for *there was* no *Year* in that Houſe *ſo* happy, *but* one, *and* another *died* of the Stone. *Nor* did he dread *a mournful* Houſe.

A. Non?

No?

B. Colligebat *etiam* vectigal *a mortuis*; nec *aſpernabatur* lucellum *quamvis* exiguum.

He collected *alſo* tribute *of the dead*, nor *did he deſpiſe* Gain, *tho' never ſo* ſmall.

A. Dicis *furtum*.

You ſpeak of *Theft*.

B. Negotiatores *vocant* lucrum.

Tradeſmen *call it* Gain.

A. Quid *Interea* bibebat *Antronius*?

What *in the mean time* drunk *Antronius*?

B. Idem *nectar* ferme.

The ſame *Nectar* commonly.

A. Non ſenſit *malum*?

Did he perceive no *Harm*?

B. Erat *durus*, qui *poſſet* eſſe *vel* fœnum, *et*, ut *dixi*, fuerat *educatus* a teneris *annis* in talibus *deliciis*. Exiſtimabat *nihil* certius *hoc lucro*.

He was *hard*, who *could* Eat *even* Hay, *and*, as, *I ſaid*, he had been *brought up* from his tender *Years* in ſuch *Dainties*. He looked upon *nothing* more certain *than this Gain*.

A. Quid ita?

Why ſo?

B. Si *ſupputes* uxorem *filios*, filiam, *generum*, operas, *et* famulas, *alebat* domi *triginta* tria *corpora*; jam *quo* dilutius

If *you reckon* his Wife, *Sons*, Daughter, *Son in Law*, Work Folks, *and* Maids, *he maintain'd*

annum erat, *hoc* parcius *bibebatur*, et *serius* exhauriebatur. *Hic* subducito *mihi*, quamnon pœnitendam *summam* fitula *aquæ* addita *in singulos dies* conficiat *in annum*.

at Home *thirty* three *Bodies*; now *by how much* the weaker *the Wine* was, *by so much* the more sparingly *it was drunk*, and *the later* it was drawn of. *Here* reckon *for me*, what a considerable *Sum* a Bucket *of Water* added *for every Day* would make *in a Year*.

A. O sordes!

O Sneakingness!

B. Atqui *non minus* compendii *redibat* ex pane.

But *no less* Profit *arose* from the Bread.

A. Quo pacto?

How?

B. Emebat *vitiatum* triticum, *quod* alius *noluisset* emere: *Hëic* præsens *lucrum* statim; *quia* emebat *minoris*. Cæterum *medicabatur* vitio *arte*.

He bought *spoil'd* Wheat, *which* another *would* not buy: *Here was* present *Gain* immediately, *because* he bought it *cheaper*. But *he cured* the Fault *by Art*.

A. Qua *tandem*?

What *pray*?

B. Est *genus* argillæ *non* dissimile *frumento*, quo *videmus* equos *delectari*, dum *et arrodunt* parietes, *et* bibunt *libentius* ex lacunis *turbidis* ea argilla. *Admisceat* tertiam *partem* ejus terræ.

There is *a sort* of Clay *not* unlike *Meal*, with which *we see* Horses *are pleased*, whilst *they both* gnaw Walls, *and* drink *more willingly* out of Ditches *muddled* with that Clay. *He mixt* a third *Part* of that Earth.

A. Eſt iſtuc medicari?

B. Certe *vitium* tritici *minus ſentiebatur*. An putas *hoc* lucrum *quoque* aſpernandum? *Adde* jam *aliud ſtratagema*: *Subigebat* panem *domi*, nec id *crebrius*, etiam *æſtate* quam *bis* in menſe.

Is that *Curing*?

Certainly *the Fault* of the Wheat *was leſs perceived*. Do you think *this* Gain *alſo* to be deſpiſed? *Add* now *another* Stratagem: *He made* his Bread *at home*, and that not *oftner*, even *in Summer*, than *twice* in a Month.

A. Iſtuc *eſt* apponere *lapides*, non *panes*.

B. Aut *ſi* quid *eſt* durius *lapide*. Sed *remedium* erat *paratum* huic *malo* quoque.

That *is* to ſerve up *Stones* not *Loaves*.

Or *if* any thing *be* harder *than a Stone*. But *a Remedy* was *provided* for this *Evil* too.

A. Quodnam?

B. Macerabant *fragmenta* panis *vino* immerſa *Cyathis*.

What?

They ſoaked *Pieces* of Bread *in Wine* being dipped *in the Glaſſes*.

A. Labra *habebant* ſimiles *lactucas*. Sed *ferebant Operæ* talem *Tractationem*?

Lips *had* like *Lettices*. But *did the Work-folks bear with* ſuch *Treatment*?

B. Primum *narrabo* Apparatum *primatum* ejus familiæ, *quo* divines *facilius* quomodo *Operæ* tractentur.

First *I will tell you* the Proviſion *of the principal Perſons* of his Family, *that* you may gueſs *the more eaſily* how *the Work-folks* are treated.

A. Cupio *audire*.

I deſire *to hear*.

B. Erat *nulla* Mentio *illic* de Jentaculo. *Pran-*

There was *no* Mention *there* of Breakfaſt.

dium

dium differebatur *fere* in primam *horam* a Meridie.

A. Quamobrem?

B. Antronius *Paterfamilias* expectabatur: *Cænabatur* interdum *ad decimam Horam.*

A. At *tu* ſolebas *eſſe* impatientior *inediæ*,

B. Eoque *ſubinde* clamabam *ad Orthrogonum* Generum *Antronii* (nam *agebamus* in eodem *Conclavi*) Heus *Orthrogone*, non cænatur *Hodie* apud Synodos? *Reſpondit* commode, *Antronium* adfuturum *brevi*. Cum *viderem* nihil *apparari*, et *Stomachus* latraret; *Heus*, inquam, *Orthrone*, erit pereundum *Fame* Hodie? *Excuſabat* Horam, *aut* aliud *ſimile*. Cum *non ferrem* latratum *Stomachi*, interpellabam *occupatum* rurſus. *Quid futurum eſt*? Inquam, *eritne moriendum* Fame? *Ubi* jam *Orthrogonus* conſumpſiſſet *omnem Tergiverſatio-*

Dinner was put of *commonly* till the firſt *Hour* after Noon.

What for?

Antronius *the Maſter of the Family* was waited for. *We ſupped* ſometimes *at the Tenth* Hour:

But *you* uſed *to be* more impatient *under faſting*.

And therefore *now and then* I cried out *to Orthogonus* Son in Law of *Antronius*. (for *we were* in the ſame *Room*) Soho *Orthogonus*, do they not ſup *to Day* amongſt the Synodians? *He anſwered* ſoftly, *that Antonius* would come *preſently*. When *I ſaw* nothing *got ready*, and *my Stomach* barked; *Soho*, I ſay, *Orthrogonus*, muſt we periſh *with Famine* to Day? *He alledged in Excuſe* the Hour, *or* ſome *like thing*. When *I could not bear* the barking *of my Stomach*, I interrupted him *being buſy* again. *What will become of us*? ſay I,

nem,

nem, abiit *ad Famulos*, juſſitq; *menſam* adornari. *Tandem* cum *nec* Antronius *rediret*, nec *quidquam* appararetur, *Orthrogonus* victus *meis* convitiis deſcendebat *ad Uxorem*, Socrum, *ac* liberos, *clamitans*, ut *appararent* Cœnam.

A. Nunc *ſaltem* expecto *Cœnam*.

B. Ne propera: *tandem* claudus *Famulus* prodibat *præfectus* ei negotio, *non* admodum *diſſimilis* Vulcano; *Inſternit* Menſam *linteo*. Ea *prima* ſpes *cœnæ*. Tandem *poſt* longam *vociferationem*, vitreæ *Phialæ* afferuntur *cum* Aqua *limpida* ſane.

A. Altera *ſpes* Cœnæ.

B. Ne propera, *inquam*, rurſus *poſt* atroces Clamores, *phiala*

muſt we die of Hunger? *when* now *Orthrogonus* had ſpent *all his Excuſes*, he *went* to the *Servants*, and ordered *the Table* to be ſpread. *At length* when *neither* Antronius *return'd*, nor *any thing* was got ready, *Orthrogonus* being prevailed upon *by my Reproaches*, went down *to his Wife*, Mother in Law, *and* Children, *crying out* that *they ſhould make ready* Supper.

Now *however* I expect *the Supper*.

Be not haſty: *At length* a lame *Servant* came out *appointed for* that Buſineſs, *not* very *unlike* Vulcan; *he covers* the Table *with a Cloth*. That was *the firſt* Hope *of Supper*. At laſt *after* long *ſhouting*, glaſs *Vials* are brought, *with* Water *clear* indeed.

Another *Hope* of Supper.

Do not haſten, *I ſay*, again *after* fierce Clamours, *a Vial* full *of*

plena

plena *iſtius* fæculenti *Nectaris* adfertur.

A. O *bene* factum!

B. Sed *ſine* pane. Nihil *periculi* adhuc. *Nemo famelicus* bibit *tale* vinum *lubens*: Clamatum eſt *iterum* uſque ad ravim. *Tum* demum *ille* Panis *apponitur*, quem *urſus* vix frangeret *Dentibus*.

A. Certe *jam* conſultum eſt *Vitæ*.

A. Sub multam Noctem *tandem* Antronius *venit* fere *hoc* inauſpicatiſſimo *proœmio*, ut *diceret* Stomachum ſibi dolere.

A. Quid *mali* auſpicii *hic*?

B. Quia *tunc* erat *nihil* quod ederetur.

A. Dolebat revera?

B. Adeo, *ut* ſolus *devoraturus fuerit* tres *Capos*, ſi *quis* dediſſet *gratis*.

A. Exſpecto *convivium*.

that dreggy *Nectar* is brought.

O *well* done?

But *without* Bread. Nothing *of danger* yet. *No hungry Body* drinks *ſuch* Wine *willingly*: I ſhouted *again* even to Hoarſeneſs. *Then* at laſt *that* Bread *is ſet on*, which *a Bear* could ſcarce break *with his Teeth*.

However *now* proviſion is made *for Life*.

Late at Night *at laſt* Antronius *comes* commonly *with this* moſt unlucky *Preface*, that *he ſaid* his Stomach was out of Order.

What *ill* luck *was here*?

Becauſe *then* there was *nothing* to eat.

Was it out of Order indeed?

So much, *that* he alone *would have eaten* three *Capons*, if *any one* would have given them *for nothing*.

I wait for *the Feaſt*.

C. Pri-

B. Primum *patina* cum *fabacea* farina *apponebatur* illi, *quod* genus *opſonii* venditur *illic* tenuibus. *Aiebat* ſe uti *hoc* Remedio *adverſus* omne *genus* Morbi.

Quot *convivæ* eratis?

B. Interdum *octo* aut *novem*. Inter quos *erat* ille *doctus* Verpius, *quem* arbitror *non ignotum* tibi, *et* major natu *filius*.

A. Quid *Apponebatur* illis?

B. An non ſatis eſt *frugi hominibus*, quod *Melchiſedech* obtulit *Abrahæ* victori *quinque regum*.

A. Nihil *opſonii* igitur?

B. Erat *Nonnihil*.

A. Quodnam?

A. Memini *nos fuiſſe* novem *convivas* numero *in menſa*, cum *numerarem* non niſi *ſeptem* foliola *lactucæ* innatantia *aceto*, ſed *abſque* oleo.

A. Devorabat ille igitur ſuas fabas *ſolus*?

Firſt *a Diſh* with *Bean* Meal *was ſerved up* for him, *which* kind *of Victuals* is ſold *there* to the Poor. *He ſaid* he uſed *this* Remedy *againſt* every *kind* of Diſeaſe.

How many *Gueſts* were you?

Somtimes *eight* or *nine*. Amongſt whom *was* that *learned Man* Verpius, *whom* I think *it not unknown* to you; *and* his eldeſt *Son*.

What *was ſerved up* to them?

Is not that enough *for moderate Men*, which *Melchiſedec* offered *to Abraham* the Conqueror *of five Kings*.

Nothing *of other Victuals* then?

There was *ſomething*.

What?

I remember *we were* nine *Gueſts* in number *at Table*, when *I counted* but *ſeven* little Leaves *of Lettice* ſwimming *in Vinegar*, but *without* Oil.

Did he devour *then* his Beans *by himſelf*?

B. Emerat

B. Emerat *vix semiobolo*, nec *tamen* vetabat, *si* quis *assidens* proxime *vellet gustare*; sed *videbatur* incivile *eripere* suum *cibum* laguido.

He had bought them *for scarce a Farthing*, nor *yet* did he forbid it, *if* any one *sitting* next him *had a Mind to taste*; but *it seemed* uncivil *to take* his *Victuals* from the sick Man.

A. Secabantur folia, *quemadmodum* proverbium *meminit* de cumino?

Were the Leaves cut, *as* the Proverb *makes mention* of Cumin?

B. Non; sed lactucis *absumptis* a primoribus, *reliqui* immergebant *panem* aceto.

No; *but* the Lettices *being eat up* by the chief Persons, *the rest* dipt *their Bread* in the Vinegar.

A. Quid autem *post* septem *Folia*?

But what *after* the seven *Leaves*?

B. Quid *nisi* Caseus *clausula* conviviorum?

What *but* Cheese *the Conclusion* of Feasts?

A. Hiccine erat *perpetuus* apparatus?

Was this *his perpetual* Provision?

B. Propemodum; *nisi* quod *interdum*, si *expertus fuisset* Mercurium *propitium*, eo Die *erat* paulo *profusior*.

Almost; *but* that *sometimes*, if *he had found* Mercury *favourable*, that Day *he was* a little *more profuse*.

A. Quid tum?

What then?

B. Jubebat *tres* recentes *uvas* emi *uno* nummulo *æreo*. Ea res *exhilarabat* totam Familiam.

He ordered *three* fresh *Grapes* to be bought *with one* little Piece of Money *of Brass*

A Quidni?

A. Quidni?

B. Id *duntaxat* eo tempore, *cum* eſt *ſumma* vilitas *uvarum* ibi.

A, Proin *profundebat* nihil *extra autumnum*?

B. Profundebat. *Sunt* illic *naviculatores*, qui *hauriunt* quoddam *minutum* genus *concharum*, potiſſimum *e latrinis*. Hi *ſignificant* certo *clamore* quid *habeant* venale. *Interdum* jubebat *emi* ab his *dimidio* nummuli, *quem* illi *appellant* Bagathinum. *Tum vero* dixiſſes *eſſe* nuptias *in ea familia*. Nam *erat* opus *igni*, licet *percoquantur* celerrime. *Atque* hæc *quidem* poſt caſeum *loco* bellariorum,

That thing *rejoyced* the whole Family.

Why not?

That *only* at that time, *when* there is *a very great* Cheapneſs *of Grapes* there.

Wherefore *did he ſpend* nothing *out of Autumn*?

He did ſpend. *There are* there *Boatmen*, who *take* a certain *little* ſort *of Shell-fiſh*, chiefly *out of the Sewers*. Theſe give *Notice* by a certain *Cry* what *they have* to ſell. *Sometimes* he ordered ſome *to be bought* of them *for half* a piece of Money, *which* they call Bagathinus. *But then* you would have ſaid *that there was* a Wedding *in that Family*. For *there was* need *of a Fire*, altho *they be boiled* quickly. *And* theſe were *indeed* after the Cheeſe *inſtead* of Sweet-meats.

A, Bella *bellaria* mehercle. *Sed* nihil carnium apponebatur *unquam*, aut *Piſcium*?

Pretty *Sweet-meats* indeed. *But* was no Fleſh ſerv'd up *ever*, or *Fiſh*?

B. Tandem *victus*

At laſt *being overcome*

meis clamoribus *cæpit* eſſe *ſplendidior*. Quoties autem *volebat* videri *Lucullus*, hi *ferme* erant *miſſus*.

A. Iſtuc *vero* lubens audiero.

B. Primo loco *juſculum* dabatur, *quod* illi, *neſcio* ob quam cauſam, *appellant* Miniſtram.

A. Lautum *opinor*.

B. Conditum *his aromatibus*. Cacabus *admovetur* igni *plenus* aqua, *conjiciunt* in eam *aliquot* fragmenta *caſei* bubulini, *qui* jam olim *induruit in ſaxum*. Nam *opus eſt* bona *ſecuri* ad defringendum aliquid. *Cum* ea *fragmenta* cæperint *ſolvi* tepore *aquæ*, inficiunt eam, *ne poſſit* dici *mera* aqua. *Præparant* ſtomachum *hoc juſculo*.

A. Dignum ſuibus.

B. Dein *Paululum* carnium *de ventre* veteris

with my Clamours *he begun* to be *more ſplendid*: But as often as *he had a Mind* to ſeem *a Lucullus*, theſe *commonly* were *his Diſhes*.

That *indeed* I would willingly hear.

In the firſt Place *a Broth* was given us, *which* they, *I know not* for what Cauſe, *call* Miniſtra.

Dainty *I ſuppoſe*.

Seaſoned *with theſe Spices*. A Kettle *is ſet upon* the Fire *full* of Water, *they throw* into it *ſome* Pieces *of Cheeſe* made of Cow's Milk, *which* long before *was grown as hard as a Stone*; for *there is need of* a good *Ax* to break any Thing of. *When* thoſe *Fragments* begin *to be diſſolved* by the Warmth *of the Water*, they give it a Taſt, *that it cannot* be called *meer* Water. *They prepare* the Stomach *with this Broth*.

Fit for Swine.

Then *a little* Fleſh *of Tripe* of an old Cow *is*

vaccæ

vaccæ *apponitur*, ſed *elixum* ante quindecim dies.

A. Fætet *igitur*.

B. Maxime, *ſed* remedium *adhibetur*.

A. Quodnam?

B. Dicam, *ſed* vereor *ne imiteris*.

A. Scilicet.

B. Miſcent *ovum* calefactæ *aquæ*; eo jure *perfundunt* carnem; *ita* oculi *falluntur* magis *quam* nares *Nam* fætor *erumpit* per omnia. *Si* dies *requirit* eſum *piſcium*, interdum *tres* auratæ *apponuntur*, nec *hæ* magnæ, *cum* ſint *ſeptem* aut *octo* convivæ.

A. Nihil *præterea*?

B. Nihil *niſi* ille *ſaxeus* Caſeus

A. Narras *mihi* novum lucullum: *ſed* qui *potuit* tam *exilis* apparatus *ſufficere* tot convivis, *præſertim* refectis *nullo jentaculo*.

ſerved up, but *boiled* fifteen Days before.

It *ſtinks* then.

Yes, *but* a Remedy *is applied*:

What?

I will tell you, *but* I fear *leſt you ſhould imitate it*.

Yes.

They mix *an Egg* with warm *Water*; with that Sawce *the ſprinkle* the Fleſh; *ſo* the Eyes *are deceived* more *than* the Noſtrils. *For* the Stink *breaks* through all. *If* the Day *requires* the Eating *of Fiſh*, ſometimes *three* Gilt heads *are ſerved up*, nor *theſe* great ones, *when* there are *ſeven* or *eight* Guests.

Nothing *beſides*?

Nothing *but* that *ſtony* Cheeſe.

You tell *me* of a new Lucullus: *But* how *could* ſuch *ſlender* Proviſion *ſuffice* ſo many Gueſts, *eſpecially* refreſhed *with no Breakfaſt*.

B. Imo *ne sis* insciens, *socrus*, nurus, *minor natu* filius, *famula* et *aliquot* parvuli *alebantur* ex reliquiis *ejus convivii.*

Nay *that you may not be* Ignorant, *a Mother-in-Law*, a Daughter-in-Law, *the younger* Son, a *Maid*, and *some* little ones *were fed* out of the Remains *of that Meal.*

A. Tu *quidem* auxisti *meam* admirationem, *non ademisti.*

You *indeed* have encreased *my* Admiration, *not taken it away.*

B. Vix possum *describere* istuc *tibi*, nisi *prius* depinxero *Ordinem* convivii.

I can hardly *describe* that *to you*, unless first I paint to you *the Order* of the Feast.

A. Pinge *igitur.*

Paint it *then.*

B. Antronius *obtinebat* primum *locum*, Nisi *quod* ego *sedebam* dexter illi, *velut* Extraordinarius. *E regione* Antronii *Orthrogonus*, Verpius *assidebat* Orthrogono. *Strategus* Natione *Græcus* Verpio. *Natu major* filius *assidebat* siniſter Antronio. *Si* quis *conviva* accessit, *locus* dabatur *pro dignitate.* Primum *erat* minimum *periculi* vel *discriminis* de jure; *Nisi quod* fragmenta *caſei* bubulini *natabant* in discis *procerum.* Cæterum *quod*

Antronius *had* the first *Place*, but *that* I sat *upon* his Right-hand, *as* an extraordinary Person. *Over-against* Antronius *Orthrogonus*, Verpius *sat by* Orthrogonus. *Strategus* by Nation *a Greek* by Verpius. *His eldest* Son *sat* on the Left-hand of Antronius. *If* any *Guest* came in, *a Place* was given him *according to his Worth.* First *there was* very little *of Danger* or *Hazard* as to the Broth. *But that* Pieces *of Cheese* made of Cows Milk

dam

dam vallum *fiebat* ex *ferme* quatuor *phialis* vini *aquæque*, ut *nemo* posset *attingere* quod *erat appositum*, præter *tres*, ante quos *patina* stabat; *nisi* quis *sustinuisset* esse *impudentissimus*, et *transilire* septa. Nec tamen *ea patina manebat* diu, *sed* tollebatur *mox*, ut *aliquid* supereſſet *Familiæ*.

swum in the Dishes *of the great Folks*. But *a certain* Rampart *was made* out of *commonly* four *Vials* of Wine *and Water*, that *no body* could *touch* what *was served up*, besides *three*, before whom *the Dish* stood; *unless* any one *would have endured* to be *very impudent*, and *to leap over* the Hedge. Nor yet *did that Dish stay* long, *but* was taken away *presently*, that *something* might be left *for the Family*.

A. Quid *igitur* edebant reliqui?

What *then* did the rest eat?

B. Deliciabantur *suo more*.

They feasted *after their Fashion*.

A. Qui?

How?

B. Macerabant *illum* argillaceum *panem* vino *vetustissimæ* fæcis.

They soaked *that* Clay *Bread* in Wine *of very old Dregs*.

A. Tale *convivium* oportuit esse *perbreve*.

Such *a Feast* must have been *very short*.

B. Frequenter *prolixius* hora.

Often *longer* than an Hour.

A. Qui potuit?

How could it?

B. Sublatis *mox*, ut *dixi*, quæ *non carebant* periculo; *cæseus* pone-

These things being taken away *presently*, as *I said*, which *did not*

batur, *unde* erat *nullum* periculum, *ne* quisquam *abraderet* quidquam *eſcario cultello*. Illa *præclara* fæx *manebat*, et *ſuus cujuſque panis*. Atque *fabulæ* miſcebantur *tuto* inter *hæc bellaria*. Interim *Senatus* Fœminarum *prandebat*.

A. Quid *Operæ* interim?

B. Habebant *nihil* commune *nobiſcum*; prandebant *ac* cænabant *ſuis Horis*.

A. Verum *cujuſmodi* apparatus?

B. Iſtuc *eſt* tuum *divinare*.

A. At *Hora* vix ſufficit *Germanis* in Jentaculum, *tantundem* in Merendam, *ſesquihora* in prandium; *duæ* Horæ *in Cœnam*, ac *niſi* expleantur *affatim* elegan*ti vino*, bonis *Carnibus* ac *Piſcibus*, deſerunt *Patronum*, ac *fugiant* in Bellum.

want Danger, *the Cheeſe* was ſet on, *from whence* there was *no* Danger, *leſt* any one *ſhould ſcrape* any thing *with an eating Knife*. That *famous* Dregs *ſtaid*, and *every one's Bread*. And *Stories* were mixed *ſafely* amongſt *theſe Sweetmeats*. In the mean time *the Parliament* of Women *dined*,

What did *Work folks* in the mean time.

They had *nothing* common *with us*; they dined *and* ſupped *at their own Hours*.

But *of what ſort* was the Proviſion?

That *is* your Part *to gueſs*.

But *an Hour* hardly ſuffices *the Germans* for Breakfaſt, *as much* for Drinking, *an Hour and a half* for Dinner, *two* Hours *for Supper*, and *unleſs* they be filled *plentifully* with fine *Wine*, good *Fleſh* and *Fiſh*, they forſake *their Maſter*, and *fly* into the War.

B. Cuique genti eſt ſuus mos. Itali impendunt minimum gulæ, malunt Pecuniam quam Voluptatem; et ſunt ſobrii Naturâ quoque, non ſolum Inſtituto.

Every Nation has it's own Way. The Italians beſtow very little upon the Throat, they had rather have money than Pleaſure; and they are ſober by Nature too, not only by Cuſtom.

A. Nunc profectò non miror te rediiſſe nobis tam exilem, ſed demiror te rediiſſe omnino vivum, præſertim cum aſſueviſſes antea Capis, Perdicibus, Turturibus et Phaſianis.

Now truly I do not wonder that you are returned to us ſo thin, but I wonder that you are returned at all alive: eſpecially when you were accuſtomed before to Capons, Partridges, Pigeons and Pheaſants.

B. Plane perieram, niſi Remedium repertum fuiſſet.

I had certainly periſhed, unleſs a Remedy had been found out.

A. Res male agitur, ubi eſt opus tot Remediis.

A Matter is ill managed, where there is need of ſo many Remedies.

B. Effeceram ut quarta Pars pulli elixi daretur mihi jam languescenti, in ſingula convivia.

I had prevailed that a fourth Part of a Pullet boiled ſhould be given me now languiſhing, for every Meal.

A. Nunc incipies vivere.

Now you will begin to live.

B. Non admodum. Exiguus pullus emebatur, ne multum impenderetur; cujuſmodi

Not very much. A ſmall Pullet was bought, leſt much ſhould be expended; of which ſort

ſex

sex *non sufficerent* uni Polono *boni Stomachi* in Jentaculum. *Nec* dabant *cibum* empto, *ne esset quid* impendii. *Quare* ala *aut* poples *enecti* macie, *et* semivivi coquebatur. *Jecur* dabatur *filio* Orthrogoni *Infanti* Mulieres autem *ebibebant* jus *semel* atque *iterum*, nova *Aqua* infusa *subinde*. Itaque *poples* veniebat *ad me* siccior *pumice*; et *insipidior* quovis *putri* ligno. *Jus* erat *nihil* nisi *mera* Aqua.

six *would not suffice* one Polander *of a good Stomach*, for Break-fast. *Nor* did they give *Meat* to it when bought, *that there might not be any thing* of Charge. *Wherefore* a Wing *or* a Leg *of it mortified* with Leanness, *and* half alive was boyled. *The Liver* was given *to the Son* of Orthrogonus *an Infant*. But the Women *supp'd of* the Broth *once* and *again*, new *Water* being poured on *now and then*. Wherefore *the Leg* came *to me* dryer *than a Pumice Stone*, and *more insipid* than any *rotten* Wood, *The Broth* was *nothing* but *meer* Water.

A. Et *tamen* audio *genus avium* esse *illic* copiosissimum, *et* elegans *et* vile.

And *yet* I hear *that Fowl* is *there* very plentiful, *and* fine *and* cheap.

B. Est *prorsus*, sed *Pecunia* est *carior* illis.

It is *indeed*, but *Money* is *dearer* to them.

A. Dedisti satis pœnarum, *etiamsi* occidisses *Romanum* Pontificem, *aut si mingxisses* ad sepulchrum *divi* Petri,

You have suffered Punishment enough, *altho* you had killed *the Roman* Pontif, *or if you had pissed* against the Sepulcre *of St.* Peter.

B. Sed *audi* reliquum *fabulæ*. Scis *esse* in quaque *hebdomade* quinque *dies*, quibus *vescimur* carnibus.

A. Nimirum.

B. Itaque *emebant* duntaxat *duos* pullos. *Die Jovis* singebant *se* oblitas *emere*, ne *vel apponerent* totum *pullum* eo die, *vel* aliquid *superesset*.

A. Næ *iste* Antronius *superat* Plautinum *Euclionem*. Sed *quo remedio* consulebas *vitæ* piscariis diebus.

B. Dederam *Negotium* cuidam *Amico*, ut *emeret* tria *Ova* mihi *meo cure* in singulos Dies, *duo* in Prandium, *unum* in Cænam. *Sed* heic *quoque* fœminæ *pro* recentibus *care* emtis *supponebant* semiputria. *Ut* crederem *præclare mecum actum*, si *esset* unum *ex tribus* quod *posset* edi. *Tandem* emeram *et* utrem *Puriori* vini *mea pecunia*: cæterum *mulieres* effracta *fera*, intra pau-

But *hear* the rest *of the Story*. You know *there are* in every *Week* five *Days*, upon which *we eat* Flesh.

Yes.

Wherefore *they bought* only *two* Pullets. *On Thursday* they pretended *they* forgot *to buy one*, lest *either they should serve up* a whole *Pullet* that Day, *or* something *should be left*.

Truly *that* Antronius *out does* Plautus's *Euclio*. But *by what Remedy* did you provide *for life* on Fish Days.

I gave *a Charge* to a certain *Friend*, that *he should buy* three *Eggs* for me *with my own Money* for every Day, *two* for Dinner, *one* for Supper. *But* here *likewise* the Woman *for* fresh ones *dear* bought, *put me* half rotten ones. *That I* thought *they dealt well with me*, if *there was* one *of three* that *could* be eaten. *At length* I bought *likewise* a Cag *of purer* Wine *with my own*

cos

cos dies *exſorbuerunt*, Antronio *non admodum irato.*

A. Itane *nullus erat* illic, *quem miſereſceret* tui?

B. Miſereſceret? *Imo* videbar *illis* quiſpiam *gluto* et *helluo*, qui *unus* devorarem *tantum* ciborum. *Itaque* Orthrogonus *admonebat* me *ſubinde*, haberem *rationem* ejus regionis, *et* conſulerem *meæ* incolumitati; *et* commemorabat *aliquot* noſtrates, *quibus* edacitas *conciliaſſet* illic *aut* mortem, *aut* aliquem *graviſſimum* morbum. *Cum* is *videret* me fulcire *corpuſculum* quibuſdam *deliciis*, quas *Pharmacopolæ* venditant *illic* ex pineis nucleis, *aut* peponum *melonumque*, fractum *et* aſſiduis *laboribus*, et *inedia*, et *jam* etiam *morbo*, ſubornat *medicum* amicum *mihi* ac *familiarem*, ut perſuadeat *moderationem* victus. *Egit* hoc *mecum* diligenter;

Money: but *the Women* having broken *the Lock*, in a few Days *drunk it of*, Antronius *not being very angry.*

Ay, *was there none* there *that pitied* you?

Pitied? *Nay* I ſeemed *to them* ſome *Glutton*, and *a Gormandizer*, who *alone* devoured *ſo much* Meat. *Therefore* Orthrogonus *adviſed* me *now and then*, to have *a Regard* to that Country, *and* take care of *my* Security: *and* he mentioned *ſome* of our Country-men, *upon whom* Gluttony *had brought* there *either* Death, *or* ſome *very grievous* Diſtemper. *When* he *ſaw* me prop up *my poor Body* with ſome *Dainties*, which *the Apothecaries* ſell *there* of Pine kernels, *or* of Cucumbers, *and Melons*, being broke *both* with continual *Fatigues*, and *Faſting*, and *now* alſo *with a Diſtemper*, he procures *a Dr.* a Friend *to me* and *Ac-*

mox-

moxque ſenſi *ſubornatum*, nec reſponsi tamen. *Cum* ageret *idem* mecum *accuratius*, nec faceret finem *admonendi*. dic *mihi* inquam, *egregie vir*, loqueris *iſthæc* ſerio *an* joco ? *Serio* inquit. *Quid* igitur *ſuades* ut faciam. *Abſtine* a Cœnis *in totum* ; et *adde* Vino, *ut minimum*, dimidium *Aquæ*. Riſi *præclarum Conſilium*. Si *cupis* me *extinctum*, eſſet *Mors* huic corpuſculo, *et* raro *et* ex li *et* ſubtiliſſimis *Spiritibus*, abſtinere *vel ſemel* a Cœna. *Habeo id compertum* toties *ipſa re*, ut *non libeat* experiri *iterum*. Quid autem *cenſes* futurum, *ſi* ſic pranſus *temperem* a Cœna ? *Et* jubes *Aquam* addi *tali Vino* ? Quaſi *non præſtaret* bibere *puram* Aquam *quam* fæculentam. *Nec* dubito *quin* Orthrogonus *juſſerit* te *loqui* hæc. *Medicus* ſubriſit, *ac* mitigavit *Conſilium*. Non

quaintance, to perſwade me to *a Moderation* of Diet. *He treated upon* this *with me* diligently ; *and preſently* I perceived *he was put upon it*, yet I did not anſwer. *When* he treated upon *the ſame Thing* with me *more accurately*, and did not make an End *of adviſing me*. Tell *me* ſay I, *excellent Sir*, do you ſay *thoſe Things in* Earneſt *or* in Jeſt? *In Earneſt* ſays he. *What* then *do you adviſe me* to do. *Abſtain* from Suppers *altogether* ; and *add* to your Wine, *at leaſt*, half Water. I laught at *his famous Advice*. If *you deſire to have* me *dead*, it would be *Death* to this poor Body *both* thin *and* ſpare *and* of very ſubtle *Spirits*, to abſtain *but once* from Supper. *I have found that* ſo often *by Experience*, that *I have no Mind* to try *again*. And what *do you thin*

loquo

loquor *hæc*, inquit, *doctiſſime* Gilberte, *quod* arceam *te* a Cænis *in totum*; licebit *guſtare* Ovum, *et* bibere *ſemel*, ſic enim *ipſe vivo*. Ovum *coquitur* in Cænam. *capio* inde *dimidium* vitelli, *do* reliquum *filio*, mox *hauſto* Semicyatho *Vini*, ſtudeo *in multam Noctem*.

would be, *if* when I have ſo dined *I ſhould abſtain* from Supper? *And* do you order *Water* to be added *to ſuch Wine*? As tho' *it were not better* to drink *pure* Water *than* dreggy. *Nor* do I doubt *but* Orthrogonus *bid* you *ſay* this. *The Dr.* ſmiled, *and* qualified *his Advice*. I do not ſay *theſe things*, quoth he, *moſt learned* Gilbert, *that* I would reſtrain *you* from Suppers *altogether*; you may *taſt* an Egg, *and* drink *once*, for ſo *I my ſelf live*. An Egg *is boiled* for Supper. *I take* from thence *half* of the Yoke. *I give* the reſt *to my Son*, by and by *having drunk* half a Glaſs *of Wine*. I ſtudy *till late at Night*.

A. Num Medicus ædicabat *iſtæc* vera? B. Veriſſima. *Nam ipambulans* forte *per m* redibam a *ſacro. comes* admonuerat

Did the Dr. ſay thoſe things truly?

Very truly. *For* I my ſelf *walking* by chance *along the Street* was coming *from Pray-*

meaicum

medicum habitare *illic*; libuit *videre* illius *regnum*. Erat autem *dominicus* dies: *Pulſavi* fores, *apertæ ſunt*, aſcendi, *offendo* medicum *prandentem* cum filio, *et* eodem *famulo*; apparatus *erant* duo *ova*, nihil *preterea*.

ers. And *my Companion* had told me *that the Doctor* lived *there*; I had a Mind *to ſee* his *Kingdom*: and it was *the Lord's* Day: I *knocked at* the Door, *it was opened* I went up, *I find* the Doctor *dining* with his ſon, *and* the ſame *his Servant*. The Proviſion *was* two *Eggs*, nothing *beſides*.

A. Homines oportuit eſſe *exſangues*.

B. Imo *ambo* erant *pulchre habito* corpore, *vivido* ac *rubido* colore, *lætis* oculis.

A. Eſt *vix* credibile.

B. At *ego narro* compertiſſima. *Nec* ille ſolus vivit *ad iſtum modum*, ſed *complures* alii, *et* clari imaginibus, *et* re lauta. *Polyphagia* et *Polypoſia*, crede *mihi*, eſt *res* conſuetudinis, *non* naturæ. *Si* quis *aſſueſcat* paulatim, *proficiet* eo *tandem*, ut *faciat* idem *quod* Milo, *qui* ablumpſit *totum* bovem *eodem* die.

The Men muſt have been *void of Blood*.

Nay *both* were *of a good like* Body, *of a lively* and *a ruddy* Colour, *with chearfull* Eyes.

It is *ſcarce* credible.

But *I tell you* things I know very well. Nor does he alone live *after that Manner*, but *many* others *both* nobly deſcended *and* of a good Eſtate. *Much Eating* and *much Drinking*, believe *me*, is *a thing* of Cuſtom, *not* Nature: *if* any one *would uſe himſelf* by Degrees, *he would improve* to that Degree *at laſt*, that *he*

A. Immortalem Deum! *Si* licet *tueri* valetudinem *tam parvo* victu, *quantum* impendiorum *perit* Germanis, *Anglis*, Danis *et* Polonis,

B. Plurimum *haud dubie*, et *quidem* non *sine* gravi *detrimento* tum *valetudinis*, tum *Ingenii*.

A. Sed *quid* obstabat *quo minus ille victus sufficeret* tibi?

B Quia *assueveram* diversis, *et* erat *serum* jam *mutare* consuetudinem; *quanquam* exiguitas *ciborum* non tam offendebat *me* quam *corruptio*. Duo *ova* poterant *sufficere*, si *fuissent* recens *nata*: Cyathus *vini* erat *satis*, nisi *vapida* fæx *daretur* pro vino: *Dimidium* panis *aluisset*, nisi *argilla* daretur *pro pane*:

might do the same *that* Milo did, *who* eat up *a whole* Ox *in the same* Day.

Immortal God! *if* it be possible *to maintain* one's Health *with so little* Victuals, *how much* Charge *is lost* by the Germans, *English*, Danes, *and* Poles.

Very much *no Doubt*, and *indeed* not *without* grievous *Prejudice* both *to the Health*, and also *to a Man's Parts*.

But *what* hindered *that that Diet would not suffice* you?

Because *I had been accustomed* to different things, *and* it was *too late* then *to change* a Custome; *altho'* the small Quantity *of the Victuals* did not so much offend *me* as *the Corruption*. Two *Eggs* might *have sufficed*, if *they had been* new *laid*: A Glass *of Wine* was *enough*, but that *dead* Dregs *was given me* for Wine: *Half* a Loaf *would have fed me*, but

A. An-

A. Antronium *esse* adeo *sordidum* in tantis opibus!

B. Arbitror *ejus censum* non fuisse *intra* octoginta *Millia* ducatorum. *Nec* erat *ullius* annus, *quo* lucrum *mille* ducatorum *non accederet*, ut dicam *parcissime*.

A. Sed *num* juvenes illi *quibus* hæc *parabantur*, utebantur *eadem* parsimonia?

B. Utebantur, *sed* domi *duntaxat*, foris *ligurichant*, scortabantur, *ludebant* aleam. *Cumque* pater *gravaretur* impendere *teruntium* in gratiam *honestissimorum* convivarum, *juvenes* perdebant *interdum* sexaginta *ducatos*, una nocte *alea*.

A. Sic *solent* perire *quæ* corraduntur *sordibus*: Verum incolumis *e tantis* periculis *quo* te confers?

that *Clay* was given me *for Bread*.

That Antronius *should be* so *sordid* in so much Wealth!

I believe *his Estate* was not *less than* eighty *thousand* Duckets. *Nor* was there *any* Year, *in which* the Gain *of a thousand* Duckets *was not added to it*, to speak *very sparingly*.

But *whether or no* did the young Men *for whom* this *was provided*, use *the same* Frugality?

They did use it; *but* at Home *only*, abroad *they faired daintily*, whored, *played at* Dice: *and whereas* the Father *thought much* to expend *a Farthing* on the Account *of the most honourable* Guests, *the young Fellows* lost *sometimes* sixty *Duckets* in one Night *at Dice*.

So *that uses* to be lost, *which* is scraped together *by Covetousness*. But now that you are escaped *out of so great* Dan-

B. Ad vetuſtiſſimum *contubernium* Gallorum, *ſarturus* quod diſpendii *factum eſt* illic.

ger, *whither do you betake your ſelf?*

To a very old *Club* of French-men, *to make up* what Loſs *I ſuffer'd* there.

DILUCULUM.

A. HODIE *volebam* te conventum, *ſed* negabaris *eſſe* domi.

To Day *I was deſirous* to have met with you, *but* you were denied *to be* at home.

B. Non mentiti ſunt *omnino*. Non eram *quidem* tibi, *ſed* eram *tum* mihi maxime.

They did not lye *altogether*. I was not *indeed* for you, *but* I was *then* for my ſelf very much.

A. Quid *ænigmatis* eſt *iſtud?*

What *Riddle* is *that?*

B. Noſti *illud* vetus *proverbium*. Non dormio *omnibus*. Nec *jocus* Naſicæ *fugit te*, cui volenti *inviſere* familiarem *Ennium*, cum *Ancilla* juſſu *Heri*, negaſſet *eſſe* domi; *Naſica* ſenſit *et* diſceſſit. *Cæterum* ubi *Ennius* viciſſim *ingreſſus* domum *Naſicæ*, rogaret *puerum* num *eſſet* intus.

You know *that* old *Proverb*. I do not Sleep *for all Men*: Nor *does the Jeſt* of Naſica *ſcape you*, to whom deſirous *to viſit* his Friend *Ennius*, when *the Maid* by the Order *of her Maſter*, denied *that he was* at home; *Naſica* perceived it *and* departed. *But* when *Ennius* in

Naſcia

Naſica clamavit *de Conclavi*, inquiens *non ſum* domi. *Quumque* Ennius *agnita* Voce *dixiſſet*, impudens, *non agnoſco* te *loquentem*? Imo, *inquit* Naſica, *tu* impudentior *qui* non habes *fidem* mihi, *cum* ego *crediderim* tuæ Ancillæ.

his Turn *entering* the Houſe of *Naſica*, asked *the Boy* whether *he was* within. *Naſica* ſhouted *from the Parlour*, ſaying *I am not* at Home. *And when* Ennius *knowing* his Voice *ſaid*, you impudent Fellow, *do not I know* you *ſpeaking*? Nay, *ſays* Naſica *you are* more impudent, *who* does not give *Credit* to me, *whereas* I *truſted* your Maid.

A. Eras *fortaſſis* occupatior.

B. Imo *ſuaviter* otioſus.

A. Rurſum *torques* Ænigmate.

B. Dicam *igitur* explanate. *Nec* dicam *Ficum* aliud *quam* Ficum.

You were *perhaps* buſy.

Nay *ſweetly* idle.

Again *you trouble me* with a Riddle.

I will tell you *then* plainly. *Nor* will I call *a Fig* any thing elſe *than* a Fig.

A. Dic.

B. Altum dormiebam.

A. Quid ais? *Atqui* octava *Hora* præterierat *jam*, cum *Sol* ſurgat *hoc Menſe* ante quartam.

Tell me.

I was faſt aſleep.

What ſay you? *But* the eigth *Hour* had paſſed *then*, whereas *the Sun* riſeth *this Month* before the four'n.

B. Liberum eſt *Soli* per me *quidem* ſurgere

It is free *for the Sun* for me *indeed* to riſe

vel media nocte; *modo* liceat *mihi* dormire *usque ad* ſatietatem.

A. Verum *utrum* iſtuc accidit *caſu*, an *eſt* Conſuetudo?

B. Conſuetudo *prorſus.*

A. Atqui *conſuetudo rei non* bonæ, *eſt* peſſima.

B. Imo *nullus* ſomnus *eſt* ſuavior, *quam* poſt ſolem exortum.

A. Qua hora *tandem* ſoles *relinquere* lectum?

B. Inter *quartam* et *nonam.*

B. Spatium *ſatis amplum.* Reginæ *vix* tot horis comuntur, *ſed* unde *veniſti* in iſtam conſuetudinem?

B. Quia *ſolemus* proferre *convivia*, luſus, *et* jocos *in multam noctem.* Penſamus *id diſpendii* matutino ſomno.

A. Vix unquam vidi *hominem* perditius *prodigum* te.

B. Videtur *mihi* par-

even at Mid-night, *ſo that* it be allowed *me* to ſleep *to* Satisfaction.

But *whether* did that happen *by Chance*, or *is it* a Cuſtom?

Cuſtom *entirely.*

But *the Cuſtom* of a Thing *not* good *is* very bad.

Nay *no* Sleep *is* pleaſanter *than* after the Sun is riſen.

What Hour *I pray* do you uſe *to leave* your Bed?

Betwixt *the fourth* and *the Ninth.*

Time *long enough.* Queens *hardly* are ſo many Hours a dreſſing, *but* how *came you* into that Cuſtom?

Becauſe *we uſe* to prolong *Feaſts*, Games, *and* Jeſts *till late at Night.* We make up *that loſs* by morning Sleep.

I ſcarce ever ſaw *a Man* more perniciouſly *prodigal* than you.

It ſeems *to me* Fruga-

ſimonia

ſimonia *magis* quam *profuſio*. Interim *nec abſumo* candelas, *nec* detero *veſtes*.

A. Præpoſtera *frugalitas* ſane *ſervare* vitrum *ut* perdas *gemmas*. Ille *Philoſophus* aliter ſapuit, *qui* rogatus *quid* eſſet *pretioſiſſimum*, reſpondit *tempus*. Porro *cum* conſtet *diluculum* eſſe *optimam* partem *totius* diei, *tu gaudes* perdere *quod* eſt *pretioſiſſimum* in pretioſiſſima re.

lity *rather* than *Prodigality*. In the mean time *I neither conſume* Candles, *nor* wear *Cloaths*.

Prepoſterous *Frugality* indeed *to ſave* Glaſs *that* you may looſe *Jewels*. That *Philoſopher* was otherwiſe minded, *who* being asked *what* was *the moſt pretious thing*, anſwered *Time*. Moreover *ſince* it is agreed *that the Morning* is *the beſt* Part *of the whole* Day, *you love* to looſe *what* is *the moſt pretious* in the moſt precious thing.

B. An hoc perit, *quod* datur *corpuſculo* ?

A. Imo *detrahitur* corpuſculo, *quod* tum *ſuaviſſime afficitur*, maximeque vegetatur, *cum* reficitur *tempeſtivo* moderatoque *ſomno*, et *corroboratur* matutina vigilia.

Is that loſt, *which* is given *to the Body* ?

Nay *it is taken* from the Body, *which* then *is moſt ſweetly affected*, and moſt of all recruited, *when* it is refreſhed *with ſeaſonable* and moderate *Sleep*, and *is ſtrengthened* with morning Watching.

B. Sed *dulce eſt* dormire.

A. Quid *poteſt* eſſe *dulce* ſentienti *nihil* ?

But *it is pleaſant* to Sleep.

What *can* be *pleaſant* to one that perceives *nothing* ?

B. Hoc

B. Hoc *ipſum* eſt *dulce* ſentire *nihil* moleſtiæ.

This *very Thing* is *pleaſant* to perceive *nothing* of Trouble.

A. Atqui *ſunt* feliciores *iſto nomine*, qui *dormiunt* in ſepulchris. *Nam* nonnunquam *inſomnia* ſunt *moleſta* dormienti.

But *they are* more happy *in that Reſpect*, who *ſleep* in their Graves; *for* ſometimes *Dreams* are *troubleſome* to a Man aſleep.

B. Aiunt *corpus* ſaginari *maxime* eo ſomno.

They ſay *that the Body* is fattened *moſt of all* with that Sleep.

A. Iſta *eſt* ſagina *gliriùm* non *hominum*. Animalia *quæ* parantur *epulis* rectè ſaginantur. *Quorſum attinet* homini *accerſere* obeſitatem, *niſi* ut *incedat* onuſtus *graviore* ſarcina? *Dic* mihi, *ſi* haberes *famulum*, utrum *malles* obeſum, *an* vegetum, *et* habilem *ad omnia munia*?

That *is* the fattening *of Dormiſe* not *of Men*. Animals *that* are prepared *for Feaſts* are rightly fattened. *What ſignifies it* for a Man *to procure* Fatneſs, *but* that *he may* go loadened *with a heavier* Pack? *Tell* me, *if* you had *a Servant*, whether *you had rather have him* Fat, *or* lively *and* fit *for all Services*?

B. Atqui *non ſum* famulus.

But *I am not* a Servant.

A. Sat eſt *mihi*, quod *malles* miniſtrum *aptum* officiis, *quam* bene *ſaginatum*.

It is enough *for me*, that *you had rather have* a Servant *fit* for Service, *than* well *fattened*.

B. Plane mallem.

Indeed I had rather.

A. At *Plato* dixit *animum* hominis *eſſe* homi-

But *Plato* ſaid *that the Soul* of a Man *is* the

nem

nem, *corpus* esse *nihil* aliud *quam* domicilium *aut* instrumentum. *Tu* certe *fateberis*, opinor, *animum* esse *principalem* portionem *hominis*, corpus *ministrum* animi.

B. Esto *si* vis.

A. Cum *tibi nolles* ministrum *tardum* abdomine, *sed* malles *agilem* et *alacrem*, cur *paras* ignavum *et* obesum *Ministrum* animo?

B. Vincor *veris*.

A. Jam *accipe* aliud *dispendium*. Ut *animus* longe *præstat* Corpori, *ita* fateris *Opes* Animi *longe* præcellere *bona* Corporis.

B. Dicis probabile.

A. Sed *inter bona* Animi, *Sapientia* tenet *primas*.

B. Fateor.

A. Nulla *pars* diei

Man, *that the Body* is *nothing* else *than* a House *or* Instrument. *You* however *will confess*, I suppose, *that the Soul* is *the principal* Part *of Man*, the Body *the Servant* of the Mind.

Let it be so *if* you will.

Since *you would not have* a Servant *heavy* with a great Belly, *but* had rather have one *nimble* and *brisk*, why *do you provide* a lazy *and* fat *Servant* for the Mind?

I am overcome *with Truth*.

Now *hear* another *Loss*. As *the Mind* far *excels* the Body, *so* you confess *that the Riches* of the Mind *far* excel *the good things* of the Body.

You say what is likely.

But *amongst the good things* of the Mind, *Wisdom* has *the first Place*.

I confess.

No *Part* of the Day *is*

est

eſt utilior *ad parandam* hanc, *quam* Diluculum, *cum* Sol *exoriens* novus *adfert* vigorem *et* alacritatem *omnibus*, diſcutitque *nebulas* conſuetas *exhalari* e ventriculo *quæ* ſolent *obnubilare* Domicilium *Mentis*.

B. Non repugno,

A. Nunc *ſupputa* mihi *quantum* Eruditionis *poſſis* parare *tibi* illis *quatuor* Horis, *quas* perdis *intempeſtivo* Somno.

B. Multum *profecto*.

A. Expertus ſum *plus* effici *in Studiis*, una Hora *matutina*, quam *tribus* pomeridianis, *idque* nullo *Detrimento* Corporis.

B. Audivi.

A. Deinde *reputa* illud; *ſi* conferas *in ſummam* jacturam *ſingulorum dierum*, quantus *cumulus* ſit futurus.

B. Ingens *profecto*:

A. Qui *profundit* gemmas *et* aurum *temere*, habetur

more uſeful *for the getting of* this, *than* the Morning, *when* the Sun *riſing* freſh *brings* Vigour *and* Briſkneſs *to all Things*, and diſſipates *the Fumes* that uſe *to be exhaled* out of the Stomach, *which* are wont *to cloud* the Habitation of *the Mind*,

I do not ſay Nay.

Now *reckon up* for me *how much* Learning *you might* get *to your ſelf* in thoſe *four* Hours, *which* you looſe *in unſeaſonable* Sleep.

Much *indeed*.

I have experienced *that more* is done *in one's Studies*, in one Hour *in the Morning* than *in three* in the after Noon, *and that* with no *Damage* to the Body.

I have heard ſo.

Then *conſider* that; *if* you caſt up *into a ſum* the Loſs *of every Day*, how great *a Maſs* it will be.

A huge one *truly*.

He that *ſquanders away* Jewels *and* Gold

habetur *prodigus*, et *accipit* tutorem; *qui* perdit *hæc* bona *tanto* pretioſiora, *nonne eſt* multo *turpius* prodigus.

B. Sic *apparet*, ſi *perpendamus* rem *recta* ratione.

A. Jam *expende* illud *quod* Plato *ſcripſit*, nihil *eſſe* pulchrius, *nihil* amabilius *ſapientia*, quæ *ſi* poſſet *cerni* corporeis *oculis*, excitaret *incredibiles* amores *ſui*.

B. Atqui *illa* non poteſt *cerni*.

A. Fateor, *corporeis* oculis, *verum* cernitur *oculis* animi, *quæ* eſt *potior* pars *hominis*, et *ubi* eſt *incredibilis* amor, *ibi* oportet *adſit* ſumma *voluptas*, quoties *animus* congreditur *cum* tali amica.

B. Narras *veriſimile*.

raſhly, is reckoned a *Prodigal*, and *receives a* Guardian; *He that* throws away *theſe* good things *ſo much* more precious, *is not he* much *more ſcandalouſly* Prodigal.

So *it appears*, if *we examine* the Matter *by right* Reaſon.

Now *conſider* that *which* Plato *writ*, that nothing *is* more beautiful, *nothing* more lovely *than Wiſdom*; which *if* it could *be ſeen* with bodily *Eyes*, would raiſe *incredible* Love *of it ſelf*.

But *that* cannot *be ſeen*.

I confeſs, *with bodily* Eyes, *but* it is ſeen *with the Eyes* of the Mind, *which* is *the better* Part *of Man*, and *where* there is *incredible* Love, *there* muſt *be* the greateſt *Pleaſure*, as oft as *the Mind* confers *with* ſuch a Miſtreſs.

You ſay *what is likely*.

A. *I nunc* et *commuta* ſomnum *imaginem* mortis, *cum* hac *voluptate*, ſi *videtur*.

B. Verum *interim* nocturni *luſus* pereunt.

A. Perdit *plumbum* bene, *qui* vertit *in aurum*. Natura *tribuit* noctem *ſomno*. Exoriens *ſol* revocat *cum* omne *genus* animantium, *tum* præcipue *hominem* ad munia *vitæ*. Qui *dormiunt*, inquit *Paulus*, dormiunt *nocte*; et *qui* ſunt *ebrii*, ſunt *ebrii* nocte. *Proinde* quid *eſt* turpius *quam*, cum *omnia animantia* expergiſcantur *cum* ſole, *quædam* etiam *ſalutent* eum *nondum* apparentem, *ſed* adventantem *cantu*; cum *elephantus* adoret *orientem* ſolem, *hominem* ſtertere *diu* poſt *exortum* ſoli? *Quoties* ille *aureus* ſpendor *illuſtrat* tuum *cubiculum*, nonne videtur *exprobrare* dormienti, *ſtulte*, quid *gaudes* perdere *optimam* partem *vitæ tuæ*? Non luceo *in hoc* ut *dormiatis*

Go *now*, and *change* Sleep *the Image* of Death, *for* this *Pleaſure*, if *it ſeems good*.

But *in the mean time* Nightly *Sports* are loſt.

He looſes *Lead* well, *who* turns it *into Gold*, *Nature has given* the Night *for Sleep*. The riſing *Sun* calls up *both* every *Kind* of living Creatures, *and* eſpecially *Man* to the Offices *of Life*. They who *ſleep*, ſays *Paul*, ſleep *in the Night*; and *they who* are *drunk*, are *drunk* in the Night. *Therefore* what *is* more ſcandalous *than*, when *all animals* awake *with* the Sun, *ſome* alſo *ſalute* him *not yet* appearing, *but* coming, *with Singing*; when *the Elephant* adores *the riſing* Sun, *that Man* ſhould ſnore *a long time* after *the Riſing* of the Sun? *As often as* that *Golden* Splendour *enlightens* your *Bed Chamber* does it not ſeem *to upbraid* you aſleep, *thou, Fool*,

abditi,

abditi, *ſed* ut *invigiletis* honeſtiſſimis rebus. *Nemo* accendit *lucernam*, ut *dormiat*, ſed *ut* agat *aliquid* operis: *Et* nihil aliud quam Stertis *ad hanc lucernam* pulcherimam *omnium*.

why *doeſt thou love* to looſe *the beſt* Part *of thy Life*? I do not ſhine *for this*, that *you may ſleep* in private, *but* that *you may mind* the moſt honourable things. *No body* lights *a Candle*, that *he may ſleep*, but *that* he may do *ſome* Work; *and* doeſt thou nothing elſe but ſnore *by this Candle* the fineſt *of all*.

A. Declamas *belle*.

B. Non *belle*, ſed *vere*. Age *non dubito* quin *audiveris* frequenter *illud* Heſiodeum, *Parſimonia* eſt *ſera* in fundo.

You declaim *prettily*.

Not *prettily*, but *truly*. Well *I doubt not* but *you have heard* frequently *that* of Heſiod, *ſparing* is *too late* in the Bottom.

A. Frequentiſſime, *nam* vinum *eſt* optimum *in medio* dolio.

B. Atqui *prima* pars *in vita* nimirum *adoleſcentia* eſt *optima*.

Very frequently, *for* Wine *is* the beſt *in the middle* of the Cask.

But *the firſt* Part *in Life* to wit *Youth*, is *the beſt*.

A. Profecto *ſic* eſt.

B. At *diluculum* eſt *hoc* diei, *quod* adoleſcentia *vitæ*. An non faciunt *igitur* ſtulte, *qui* perdunt *adoleſcentiam* nugis, *matutinas* horas *ſomno*?

Truly *ſo* it is.

But *the Morning* is *that* to the Day, *which* Youth is *to Life*. Do not they do *therefore* fooliſhly, *who* looſe *their Youth* in Triflcs,

A. Sic *apparet*.

B. An eſt *ulla* poſſeſſio, *quæ* ſit *conferenda* cum *vita* hominis?

A. Ne *univerſa* gaza *quidem* Perſarum.

B. An non odiſſes *hominem* vehementer, *qui* poſſet *ac* vellet *de curtare* vitam *tibi* malis *artibus* ad aliquot annos?

A. Ipſe *Mallem* eripere *vitam* illi.

B. Verum *arbitror* pejores *at* nocentiores, *qui* volentes *reddunt* vitam *breviorem* ſibi.

A. Fateor, *ſi* qui *tales* reperiuntur.

B. Reperiuntur? *Imo* omnes *ſimiles* tui *faciunt* id.

A. Bona Verba.

B. Optima. *Reputa* ſic *cum* tuo animo, *nonne Plinius videtur* dixiſſe *rectiſſime*, vitam *eſſe* vigiliam, *et* hominem *vivere* hoc *pluribus* horis, *quo*

their Morning Hours *in Sleep*?

So *it appears*.

Is there *any* Poſſeſſion, *that* is *to be compared* with *the Life* of Man?

Not *all* the Treaſure *indeed* of the Perſians.

Would you not hate *the Man* very much, *who* could *and* would *ſhorten* your Life *for you* by evill *Arts* for ſome Years?

I had rather take his *Life* from him.

But *I think them* worſe *and* more miſchievous, *who* voluntarily *make* life *ſhorter* to themſelves.

I confeſs, *if* any *ſuch* are found.

Found? *Nay all* like you *do* that.

Good Words.

Very Good. *Think* thus *with* your Mind, *Does not Pliny ſeem* to have ſaid *very rightly*, that Life *is* a Watch, *and* that Man *lives* ſo

majorem

maiorem *partem* temporis *impenderit* ſtudiis. *Somnus enim* eſt *quædam mors.* Unde *et* fingitur *venire* ab inferis, *et* dicitur *Germanus* mortis *ab Homero.* Itaque *quos* ſomnus *occupat*, nec cenſentur *inter vivos*, nec *inter mortuos*, ſed *tamen* potius *inter mortuos.*

many *the more* Hours, *by how much* the greater *Part* of his Time *he ſpends* in his Studies. *For Sleep* is *a ſort of Death.* From whence *alſo* it is pretended *to come* from Hell, *and* is call'd *the Brother German* of Death *by Homer.* Wherefore *thoſe whom* Sleep *ſeizeth* are neither thought *amongſt the Living*, nor *amongſt the Dead*, but *yet* rather *amongſt the Dead.*

A. Ita *videtur* omnino.

So *it ſeems* indeed.

B. Nunc *ſubducito* rationem *mihi*, quantam *portionem* vitæ *reſecent* ſibi, *qui* ſingulis diebus *perdunt* tres *aut* quatuor *horas* ſomno.

Now *caſt up* the Account *for me*, how great *a Part* of Life *they cut of* from themſelves, *who* every Day *looſe* three *or* four *Hours* in Sleep.

A. Video *immenſam* ſummam.

I ſee *an immenſe* Sum.

B Nonne haberes *Alcumiſtam* pro deo, *qui* poſſet *adjicere* decem *annos* ſummæ *vitæ*, et revocare *provectiorem* ætatem *ad vigorem* adoleſcentiæ?

Would not you reckon *the Alchymiſt* for a God, *that* could *add* ten *Years* to the Sum *of your Life*, and call back *advanced* Age *to the Vigour* of Youth?

A. Quid

A. Quid ni haberem?

B. Sed *potes* præſtare *hoc* tam *divinum* beneficium *tibi*.

A. Qui ſic?

B. Quia *mane* eſt *adoleſcentia* diei, *juventus* fervet *uſque ad* Meridiem. *Mox* virilis ætas, *cui* ſuccedit *veſpera* pro ſenecta; *occaſus* excipit *veſperam*, velut *mors* diei. *Parſimonia autem* eſt *magnum* vectigal, *ſed* nuſquam *majus* quam *hic*. An non igitur adjunxit *ſibi* ingens *lucrum*, qui *deſiit* perdere *magnam* partem *vitæ*, eamque *optimam*.

A. prædicas vera.

B. Proinde *eorum querimonia* videtur *admodum* impudens, *qui* accuſant *naturam*, quod finierit *vitam* hominis *tam auguſtis* ſpatiis, *cum* ipſi *ſponte* amputent *ſibi* tantum *ex eo* quod *datum eſt*. Vita *eſt* longa *ſatis* cuique, *ſi* diſpenſetur *parce*. Nec *eſt* mediocris

Why ſhould not I reckon him ſo?

But *you may* do *this* ſo *divine* a Benefit *to your ſelf*.

How ſo?

Becauſe *the Morning* is *the Youth* of the Day, *Youth* keeps warm *till* noon. *By and by* the manly Age, *after which* comes *the Evening* for old Age, *Sun ſet* ſucceeds *the Evening*, as *the Death* of the Day. *And Frugality* is *a great* Revenue, *but* no where *greater* than here. Has not he therefore procured *to himſelf* a huge *Gain*, who *has ceaſed* to looſe *a great* Part *of his Life*, and that *the beſt*?

You ſay true.

Wherefore *their Complaint* ſeems *very* impudent, *who* accuſe *Nature*, for having bounded *the Life* of Man *within ſo narrow* a Compaſs, *when* they *of their own Accord* cut of *from themſelves* ſo much *of that* which *was given*

profectus

profectus, si quis gerat *quæque* ſuo tempore. *A prandio* vix ſumus *ſemihomines*, cum *corpus* onuſtum *cibis* aggravat *mentem*. Nec *eſt* tutum *evocare* ſpiritus *ab officina* ſtomachi, *peragentes* officium *concoctionis* ad ſuperiora, *multo* minus *a cœna*. At *homo* eſt *totus* homo *matutinis horis*, dum *corpus* eſt *habile* ad omne miniſterium *dum* alacer *animus* viget, *dum* omnia *organa* mentis *ſunt* tranquilla *et* ſerena, *dum* particula *divinæ* auræ *ſpirat*, ut ait ille, *ac* ſapit ſuam originem, *et* rapitur *ad honeſta*.

A. Tu concionaris *quidem* eleganter.

B. Faber ærarius *ob*

them. Life is long *enough* for every one, *if* it be diſpoſed of *ſparingly*. Nor *is it* a mean *Proficiency*, if *a Man* does *every thing* in it's time. *After Dinner* we are ſcarce *half Men*, when *the Body* loadened *with Meat* oppreſſes *the Mind*. Nor *is it* ſafe *to call of* the Spirits *from the Work-houſe* of the Stomach, *performing* the Office *of Concoction* to the upper Parts, *much* leſs *after Supper*. But *a Man* is *wholly* Man *in the Morning Hours*, whilſt *the Body* is *fit* for all Service, *whilſt* the chearful *Mind* is vigorous, *whilſt* all *the Organs* of the Mind *are* quiet and ſerene, *whilſt* the Particle *of divine Breath*, as a certain one ſays, *and* has a Tincture of it's Original, *and* is carried out *to honourable Things*.

You preach *indeed* finely.

A Brazier *for* poor

vile *Lucellum* ſurgit *ante lucem*, et *amor* Sapientiæ *non poteſt* expergefacere *nos*, ut *audiamus* ſaltem *Solem* evocantem *ad ineſtimabile* lucrum. *Medici* fere *non dant* Pharmacum *niſi* diluculo; *illi* norunt *aureas* Horas, *ut ſubveniant* Corpori, *nos non novimus eas* ut lucupletemus *et* ſanemus *animum*? *Quod ſi* hæc *habent* leve *pondus* apud te, *audi* quid *illa* Cæleſtis *Sapientia* apud Solomonem *loquatur*. Qui *vigilaverint* ad me, *inquit*, mane, *invenient* me. *In Myſticis* Pſalmis, *quanta* commendatio *matutini temporis*? Mane *Propheta* [illegible] *miſerecordiam* domini, *mane* [illegible] vox *auditur*, mane *ejus deprecatio* prevenit *Dominum*. Et *apud Lucam* Evangeliſtam *populus* expetens *ſanitatem* et *doctrinam* a domino, *confluit* ad illum *mane*. Quid *ſuſpiras*?

Gain riſes *before Light*, and *the Love* of Wiſdom *cannot* awake *us*, that *we may hear* at leaſt *the Sun* calling us up *to ineſtimable* Gain. *Doctors* commonly *give not* Phyſick *but* in the Morning; *they* know *the golden* Hours, *to relieve* the Body, *do not we know them* to enrich *and* cure the Mind? But *if* theſe things *have* little *Weight* with you, *hear* what *that* heavenly *Wiſdom* with Solomon *ſays*. They that *watch* for me, *ſays ſhe*, in the Morning *ſhall find* me. *In the myſtical* Pſalms *how great is* the Commendation *of the Morning Time*? In the Morning *the Prophet* extols *the Mercy* of the Lord, *in the Morning* his Voice *is heard*, in the Morning *his Prayer* prevents *the Lord*. And *in Luke* the Evangeliſt, *the People* deſiring *Health* and *Inſtruction* from the Lord, *flocks in* to him

A. Vix teneo lacrymas, *cum* ſubit *quantam* jacturam *vitæ* fecerim.

B. Eſt *ſupervacaneum* diſcruciari *ob ea*, quæ *non poſſunt* revocari, *ſed* tamen *poſſunt* ſarciri *poſterioribus curis*. Incumbe *huc* igitur *potius* quam *facias* jacturam futuri temporis *quoque* inani deploratione *præteritorum*.

A. Mones *bene*, ſed *diutina* conſuetudo *jam fecit me ſui iuris*.

B. Phy! Clavus *pellitur* clavo, *conſuetudo* vincitur *conſuetudine*.

A. At *durum eſt* relinquere *ea* quibus *diu aſſueveris*.

A. Initio *quidem*, ſed *diverſa* conſuetudo *primum* lenit *eam* moleſtiam, *mox* vertit *in ſummam voluptatem*, ut *non oporteat te* pœnitere *brevis moleſtiæ*

in the Morning. Why *do you ſigh*?

I ſcarce refrain from Tears, *when* I think *how great* a Waſte *of Life* I have made.

It is *needleſs* to be tormented *for thoſe things*, which *cannot* be recalled, *but* yet *may* be cured *by future Care*. Apply your ſelf *to this* therefore, *rather* than *make a Waſt* of the Time to come, *too* by a vain lamenting *of what is paſt*.

You adviſe *well*, but *long* Cuſtom *has now brought me under it's Dominion*.

Puh! a Nail *is driven out* by a Nail, *Cuſtom* is overcome *by Cuſtom*.

But *it is hard* to leave *thoſe things* to which *you have been long uſed*.

At the beginning *indeed*, but *a different* Cuſtom *firſt* mitigates *that* Trouble, *by and by* turns it *into the greateſt Pleaſure*. that *you ought*

A. Vereor ut ſuccedat.

B. Si *eſſes* ſeptuagenarius, *non retraherem* te *a ſolitis*, nunc *vix egreſſus es* decimum ſeptimum *annum* opinor. *Quid autem eſt*, quod *iſta* ætas *non poſſit* vincere, *ſi* adſit *modo* promptus *animus*?

A. Equidem *aggrediar*, conaborque, *ut* fiam *Philologus* ex Philypno.

B. Si *feceris id*, ſat ſcio, *poſt* paucos *dies*, et *gratulaberis* ſerio *tibi*, et *ages* mihi *grates*, qui monuerim.

not to be concerned for *a ſhort Trouble*.

I am afraid it will not ſucceed.

If *you were* ſeventy Years old, *I would not take* you *of from what you were uſed to*, now *you are ſcarce paſs'd* the ſeventeenth *Year*, I believe. *And what is it* which *that* Age *cannot* conquer, *if* there be *but* a ready *Mind*?

Truly *I will attempt it*, and endeavour, *that* I may become *a Philologer* of a lover of Sleep.

If *you do that*, I know well enough, *after* a few *Days*, both *you will rejoice* in earneſt *to your ſelf*, and *give* me *Thanks*, who adviſed you to it.

COLLOQUIUM

COLLOQUIUM SENILE.

Eutebius, Pampirus, Polygamus, Glycion,

Eu. QUas *novas* aves *video* hic? *nisi* animus *fallit* me, *aut* oculi *prospiciunt* parum, *video* tres *veteres* congerrones *meos* confidentes, *Pampirum*, Polygamum *et* Glycionem.

Pa. Quid tibi vis *cum* vitreis *oculis* fascinator? *Congredere* proprius *Eusebi*.

Po. Salve *Eusebi* multum *exoptate*.

Gly. Sit *bene* tibi *optime* vir.

Eus. Una *salute* salvete *omnes*. Quis *Deus* aut *casus* felicior *deo* conjunxit *nos*? Nam *nemo* noſtrum *vidit* alium *jam* quadraginta *annis*, opinor. *Mercurius* non potuisset *contrahere* nos *in unum* melius *suo caduceo*. Quid *agitis* hic?

What *new* Birds *do I see* here? *Unless* my Mind *deceives* me, *or* my Eyes *discern* but little, *I see* three *old* Companions *of mine* sitting together, *Pampirus*, Polygamus *and* Glycion.

What do you mean *with* your Glaſs *Eyes*, you Wizzard? *Come* nearer *Eusebius*.

God ſave you *Eusebius* much *long'd for*.

May it be *well* with you *very good* Sir?

In one *Salutation* God ſave you *all*. What *God* or *Chance* more lucky *than a God* has join'd *us*? For *none* of us *has ſeen* another *now* this forty *Years*, I think. *Mercury* could not *have brought* us *together* better *with his Rod*. What *are you doing* here?

Pa. Se-

Pa. Sedemus.

Eu. Video, *ſed* quade cauſa?

Po. Operimur *currum*, qui *devehat* nos *Antwerpiam*.

Eu. Ad Mercatum?

Po. Scilicet; *ſed* Spectatores *magis* quam *Negotiatores*.

Eu, Et *nobis eſt iter* eodem. *Verum* quid *obſtat*, quo minus eatis?

Po. Nondum convenit *cum* aurigis.

Eu. Difficile *genus* hominum: *ſed* viſne *ut* imponamus illis?

Po. Liberet *ſi* liceret.

Eu. Simulemus *nos* velle *abire* ſimul *pedites*.

Po. Credant *citius* cancros *volaturos*, quam notam *grandes* confecturos *hoc* iter *pedibus*.

Gl. Vultis *rectum* ac *verum* conſilium?

P. Maxime.

We are ſitting.

I ſee, *but* for what Cauſe?

We are waiting for *a Coach*, that *ſhould carry* us *to Antwerp*.

To the Mart?

Yes; *but* Spectators *more* than *Traders*.

And *we are travelling* to the ſame Place. *But* what *hinders* that you do not go?

We are not yet agreed *with* the Coachmen.

A hard *kind* of Men. *But* are you willing *that* we ſhould impoſe upon them?

It would pleaſe me *if* it could be.

Let us pretend *that we* will go together *on Foot*.

They would believe *ſooner* that Crabs *would fly*, than *that we* ſo *Elderly* ſhould diſpatch *this* Journey *on Foot*.

Would you have *right* and *true* Advice.

Yes.

Gi. Illi

Gl. Illi *potant*, quo diutius *faciunt* id, *hoc* plus *periculi* erit *necubi* dejiciant *nos* in Lutum.

They *are drinking*, the longer *they do* that, *so much* the more *Danger* will there be, *leſt ſome where* they throw *us* into the Dirt.

Po. Oportet venias *admodum diluculo*, ſi *velis* aurigam *Sobrium*.

You muſt come *very early*, if *you would have* a Coachman *ſober*.

Gl. Quo *perveniamus* maturius *Antwerpiam*, ſtipulemur *currum* nobis *quatuor* ſolis. *cenſeo* tantillum *Pecuniæ* contemnendum. *Hoc* damnum *penſabitur* multis *commoditatibus*; ſedebimus *commodius*, ac *tranſigemus* hoc *iter* ſuaviſſime *mutuis* Fabulis.

That *we may come* the ſooner *to Antwerp*, let us hire *a Coach* for us *four* alone. *I think* that ſo little *Money* is to be diſpiſed. *This* Loſs *will be made up* by many *conveniencies*. We ſhall ſit *more conveniently*, and *ſhall paſs* this *Journey* moſt ſweetly *in mutual* Storys.

Po. Glycion *ſuadet* recte.

Glycion *adviſes* right.

Gly. Tranſegi. *Conſcendamus*. Vah! *nunc* libet *vivere*, poſteaquam *contigit* mihi *videre* ſodales *olim* cariſſimos, *ex* tanto intervallo.

I have bargain'd. *Let us get in*. Oh! *Now* I have a Mind *to live*, after *it has happened* to me *to ſee* Companions *formerly* very dear, *after* ſo long an Interval.

Eu. Ac *videor* mihi *reparbeſcere*.

And *I ſeem* to my ſelf *to grow young*.

Po. Quot *annos* ſupputatis, *ex quo* convixi-mus *Lutetiæ*?

How many *Years* do you count it, *ſince* we lived together *at Paris*.

Eu. Ar-

Eu. Arbitror *non* pauciores *quadraginta* duobus.

Po. Tum *videbamur* omnes æquales.

Eu. Ita *eramus* ferme, *aut* si *erat* quid *discriminis*, erat *perpusillum*.

Pa. At *nunc* quanta *inæqualitas*? Nam *Glycion* habet *nihil* senii, *et* Polygamus *queat* videri *hujus Avus*.

Eu. Profecto *sic* res *habet*. Quid rei *in Causa*?

Pa. Quid? *Aut* hic *cessavit* ac *restitit* in Cursu, *aut* iile *antevertit*.

Eu. Ohe! *anni* non cessant, *quantumvis* homines *cessent*.

Po. Dic *bona* Fide, *Glycion*, quot *annos* numeras?

Gly. Plures *quam* ducatos.

Po. Quot *tandem*!

Gl. Sexaginta *sex*.

Po. Sed quibus *Artibus* remoratus es *senectutem*; nam *neque* ca-

I think *no* fewer *than forty* two.

Then *we seemed* all *of an Age*.

So *we were* almost, *or* if *there was* any thing *of Difference*, it was *very little*.

But *now* how great is *the Inequality*? For *Glycion* has *nothing* of old Age, *and* Polygamus *might* seem *his Grand-Father*.

Truely *so* the thing *is*. What thing *is the Occasion*.

What? *Either* he *has loitered* and *stop'd* in the Race, *or* the other *has outrun him*.

Oh! *Years* do not loiter, *how much soever* Men *may loiter*.

Tell me *in good* Faith *Glycion*, how many *Years* do you reckon?

More than Ducats.

How many *at last*?

Sixty six.

But by what *Arts* have you kept of *old Age*, for *neither* Hoarinities

nities *neque* rugoſa *cutis* adeſt. *Oculi* vigent, *ſeries* dentium *utrinque* nitet: *Color* eſt *vividus*, corpus *ſucculentum*.

Gl. Dicam *mea* artes, *modo* tu narres *nobis* viciſſim *tuas* artes, *quibus* acceleraſti *ſenectutem*.

Po. Recipio *me facturum*. Dic *igitur*, quo *contuliſti* te *relicta* Lutetia?

Gly, Recta *in Patriam*. Commoratus *illic* fere *annum*, cæpi *diſpicere* de deligendo *genere* vitæ. *Quam* rem ego credo *habere* non *leve* momentum *ad felicitatem*: Circumſpiciebam *quid* ſuccederet *cuiquam*, quid *ſecus*.

Po. Miror *fuiſſe tibi* tantum *mentis*, cum *nihil* fuerit *nugacius* te *Lutetiæ*.

Gl. Tum *ætas* ferebat; *Et* tamen *o bone*, non nels *nor* a wrinkled *Skin* is yet come upon you. *The Eyes* are briſk, *the Row* of Teeth *on each Side* is neat, *the Colour* is *lively*, and the Body *full of* Blood.

I will tell *my* Arts, *ſo be* you tell *us* again *your* Arts, *by which* you have haſtened on *old Age*.

I undertake *that I will do it*. Tell us then, whither *did you betake* your ſelf *after you left* Paris?

Directly *into my Country*: Having ſtaid *there* almoſt *a Year*, I begun *to conſider* about chooſing *a Way* of Life. *Which* Thing I believe *to have* no *ſmall* moment *towards Happineſs*: I conſidered *what* ſucceeded *with any one*, what *did otherwiſe*.

I wonder *you had* ſo much *Senſe*, whereas *nothing* was *more trifling* than you *at Paris*.

Then *my Age* allow'd it; *and* yet *good Sir*, I did not manage *the whole*

geſſi *omnem* rem *hic* meo marte.

Po. Mirabar.

Gl. Priuſquam *aggrederer* quidquam, *adii* quendam *e civibus*, grandem natu, *prudentiſſimum* longo *uſu* rerum, *et* probatiſſimum *teſtimonio* totius *civitatis*, ac *meo judicio* feliciſſimum *etiam*.

Eu. Sapiebas.

Gl. Uſus *hujus* conſilio *duxi* uxorem.

Po. Pulchre dotatam?

Gl. Mediocri *dote*: ea *res* ceſſit *mihi* plane *ex animi ſententia*.

Po. Quot *annos* natus *eras* tum?

Gl. Ferme *viginti* duos.

Po. O felicem te!

Gl. Non debeo *totum* hoc *fortunæ*, ne quid erres.

Po. Qui ſic?

Gl. Dicam. *Alii* diligunt *priuſquam* deligant, *ego* delegi *judicio*, priuſquam

Affair *here* by my own Conduct.

I wondered.

Before *I attempted* any thing, *I went to* one *of the Citizens*, elderly, *very wiſe* by long *Experience* in Affairs *and* very well approved of *by the Teſtimony* of the whole City, and *in my Judgement* very happy *too*.

You were wiſe.

Uſing *his* Advice *I married* a Wife.

With a good Fortune?

With a moderate *Fortune*: that *thing* fell out *to me* truly *according to my Heart's Deſire*.

How many *Years* old *were you* then?

Almoſt *twenty* two.

O Happy you!

I do not owe *all* this *to Fortune*, do not miſtake.

How ſo?

I will tell you, *others* love *before* they chooſe, *I* choſe *judiciouſly* before

quam *diligerem*. Et *tamen* duxi *hanc* magis *ad posteritatem*, quam *ad voluptatem*. Vixi *cum ea* suaviſſime *non* plures *octo* annos.

Po. Reliquit *orbum*?

Gl. Imo *duo* filii, *totidem* filiæ *superſunt*.

Po. Vivisne *privatus*, an *fungeris* magiſtratu?

Gl. Eſt mihi *publicum* munus. *Majora* poterant *contingere*, verum *delegi* hoc *mihi*, quod *haberet* tantum *dignitatis*, ut *vindicaret* me *a Contemptu*, ceterum *minime* obnoxium *moleſtis* negotiis. *Ita* nec eſt *quod* quiſquam *objiciat* me *vivere* mihi. *Et* eſt unde dem operam *amicis* quoque *nonnunquam*: contentus *hoc* ambii *nihil* magis: *verum geſſi magiſtratum* ſic ut dignitas *accreverit* illi *ex me*. Ego *duco* hoc *pulcrius* quam *sumere mutuo* dignitatem *ex ſplendore* muneris.

I loved, and *yet* I married *her* more *for Iſſue*, than *for Pleaſure*. I lived *with her* moſt pleaſantly *no* more *than eight* Years.

Did ſhe leave you *Childleſs*.

Nay *two* Sons, *and as many* Daughters *ſurvive her*.

Do you live *a private Perſon*, or *do you bear* any Office?

I have a *publick* Office. *Greater Places* might *have fallen to me* but *I choſe* his *for my ſelf*, becauſe *it had* ſo much *of Honour*, that *it would ſecure* me *from Contempt*, but *not at all* liable *to troubleſome* Buſineſs. So there is no Reaſon *that* any one *ſhould object* that I *live* for my ſelf. *And* I have it in my Power to be ſerviceable *to my Friends* too *ſometimes*: content *with this* I ſought *no* more: *Thus* I bore *my Office* ſo *that* dignity *accrued* to it

Eu. Nihil *verius*.

Gl. Sic *consensui* inter *meos* cives, *carus* omnibus.

Eu. Istuc *est* difficillimum, *cum* dictum sit *non* abs re, *eum* qui *habet* neminem *inimicum*, nec habere *quenquam* amicum; *et* invidiam *esse* semper *comitem* felicitatis.

Gl. Invidia *solet* comitari *insignem* felicitatem. *Mediocritas* est *tuta*. Et *hoc* fuit *mihi* perpetuum *studium*, ne compararem quid mei commodi *ex incommodis* aliorum. *Ingessi* memet *nullis* negotiis, *sed* præcipue *tentimi* me *ab his*, quæ *non poterant* suscipi *sine* offensa *multorum*. Itaque *si* amicus *erit* juvandus, *benefacio* illi *sic*, ut *parem* nullum *inimicum* mihi *hac de causa*. Et *si* quid *simultatis* ortum fuerit *alicunde*, aut lenio *pur*

from me. I *reckon* this *handsomer* than *to borrow* Dignity *from the Splendour* of an Office.

Nothing *more true*.

Thus *I grew old* amongst *my* Citizens *dear* to all.

That *is* very hard, *seeing* it has been said *not* without Reason, *that he* who *has* no body *his Enemy*, has not *any one* his Friend; *and* that Envy *is* always *the Companion* of Happiness.

Envy *uses* to attend upon *extraordinary* Happiness: *A Mean* is *safe*. And *this* was *my* constant *Care*, not to procure to my self any Advantage *by the Disadvantages* of others. I *thrust* my self *into no* Business, *but* especially *kept* my self *from that* which *could not* be undertaken *without* the Offence *of Many*. Wherefore *if* a Friend *is* to be assisted *I befriend* him *so*, that *I procure* no *Enemy* to my self *upon that account*.

gatione,

gatione, aut *extinguo* officiis, *aut* patior *intermori* dissimulatione; *abstineo* semper *a Contentione*; quæ *si* inciderit, *malo* facere jacturam *rei* quam *amicitiæ*. In cæteris *ago* quendam Mitionem, *arrideo* omnibus; *saluto* et *resaluto* benigniter. *Repugno* nullius *animo*. Damno *Institutum* aut *factum* nullius: *præfero* me *nemini*: quod *velim* taceri, *credo* nemini; *non scrutor* aliorum *Arcana*, et *si* forte *novi* quid, *nunquam effutio*. Aut taceo *de his* qui *non sunt* præsentes, *aut* loquor *amice* ac *civiliter*. Magna *pars* simultatum *inter* homines *nascitur* ex intemperantia *Linguæ*. Nec excito *nec* alo *aliena* simultates. *Sed* ubicunque *Opportunitas* datur, *aut extinguo*, aut *mitigo*. His rationibus *hactenus* vitavi *invidiam*, et *alui* Benevolentiam *meorum* Civium.

And if any *Difference* arise *on any Hand*, I either lotten it *by clearing my self*, or *quash it* by Kindnesses, *or* suffer it *to die away* by taking no Notice. *I abstain* always *from Contention*; which *if* it happen, *I had rather* suffer the loss *of Money* than *Friendship*. In other things *I affect* a Mitio, *I smile upon* all Men; *I salute* and *resalute* kindly, *I oppose* no Man's *Inclinations*. I condemn *the Usage* or *Action* of no man, *I prefer* my self *before no body*: What *I would* have concealed *I trust* to no body; *I examine* not *into* other mens *Secrets*, and *if* by chance *I know* any thing, *I never blab it*. I either hold my Tongue *of* those who *are not* present, *or* speak *friendly* and *civilly*. A great *Part* of the Quarrels *amongst* men *arises* from the Intemperance *of the Tongue*. I neither excite *nor* promote *other Men's* Quarrels. *But*

Pa. Non ſenſiſti *celibatum* gravem?

Gl. Nihil *unquam* accidit *mihi* quidem *acerbius* in vita *morte* uxoris, ac optaſſem *vehementer*, illam *conſeneſcere* una *mecum*, ac *frui* communibus *liberis*; ſed *quando* viſum eſt *aliter* ſuperis, *judicavi* ſic *expedire magis* utrique; *neq;* putavi *Cauſam* cur *diſcruciarem* me *inani* luctu, *præſertim* cum *ei* nihil prodeſſet *defuncto*.

Po. Nunquamne inceſſit libido *repetendi*

whereſoever *an Opportunity* is given, I *either put an End to them*, or *leſſen them*. By theſe Means *hitherto* I have avoided *Envy*, and *preſerved* the Good Will *of my* Citizens.

Did you not find *a ſingle Life* troubleſome?

Nothing *ever* happened *to me* indeed *more bitter* in all my Life, *than the Death* of my Wife: *and* I could have wiſhed *mightily* that ſhe *might have grown old* together *with me*, and *enjoy'd* our common *Children*; but *ſince* it ſeemed *otherwiſe* to God, *I judged it* ſo *to be better* for both: *neither* did I think *there was any Cauſe* why *I ſhould torment* my ſelf *with vain* Mourning; *eſpecially* ſince *that* would do no good *to the deceaſed*.

Had you never a deſire *to marry again*; eſt

Matri-

Matrimonii præſertim *cum* iſtud *ceſſiſſet* feliciter ?

especially *ſince* it *fell out* luckily ?

Gl. Inceſſit libido ; *ſed* duxeram *uxorem* cauſa *liberorum* ; non duxi *rurſus* cauſa *liberorum*.

I had a Deſire ; *but* I had married *a Wife* for the ſake *of Children*, I did not marry *again* for the ſake *of Children*.

Po. At *eſt* miſerum *cubare* ſolum *totas* Noctes.

But *it is* miſerable *to lie* alone *whole* Nights.

Gl. Nihil *eſt* difficile *volenti*. Tum *cogita* quantas *commoditates* cælibatus *habeat*. Quidam *decerpunt* ex omni re, *ſi* quid *incommodi* in eſt : *Quales* ille *Crates* videtur *fuiſſe*, cujus titulo *fertur* Epigramma *colligens* mala *vitæ*. Iſtud *Proverbium placet* his, *optimum* non naſci, *Metrodorus* arridet *mihi* magis *decerpens* undequaque, *ſi* quid *boni* ineſt. *Nam* ſic *vita* fit *dulcior*. Et *ego* induxi *animum* ſic *ut* oderim *vel* expetam *nihil* vehementer. *Ita* fit *ut* ſi *quid* boni *contingat*, non efferar *aut* inſoleſcam, *ſi* quid *decedat* non admodum crucier.

Nothing *is* difficult *to one that is willing*. Then *conſider* how great *Advantages* a ſingle Life *has*. Some *take* out of every thing, *if* any *inconveniency* is in it : *Such* as that *Crates* ſeems *to have been*, under whoſe Name *goes* an Epigram, *collecting* the Evils *of Life*. That *Proverb pleaſes* them, *it's beſt* not to be born. *Metrodorus* pleaſes *me* more, *gathering* from all ſides, *if* any *good* be in a Thing. *For* ſo *Life* becomes *more pleaſant*. And *I* have brought *my Mind* to that, *that* I hate *or* deſire *nothing* very much. So it comes

Po. Nec

Po. Næ *tu* es *Philoſophus* ſapientior *Thalete* ipſo, *ſi* quidem *potes* iſtud.

Gl. Si *quid* ægritudinis *obortum eſt* animo, *ut* vita *mortalium* fert *multa* hujuſmodi, *ejicio* ex animo *protinus*, ſive *ſit* ira *ex offenſa*, ſive *quid* aliud *factum* indigne,

Truly *you* are a *Philoſopher* wiſer *than Thales* himſelf, *if* indeed *you can do* that.

If *any thing* of Trouble *ariſes* in my Mind, *as* the Life *of Mortals* produces *a great many Things* of this kind, *I caſt it* out of my Mind *immediately*, whether *it be* Anger *from any Offence*, or *anything* elſe *done* unworthily.

Po. At *ſunt* quædam *injuriæ* quæ *moveant* Stomachum *vel* placidiſſimo: *Et* tales *ſunt* frequenter *offenſæ* famulorum.

But *there are* ſome *Injuries* which *would raiſe* Reſentment *even* in the meekeſt Man; *and* ſuch *are* frequently *the Offences* of Servants.

Gl. Patior *nihil* reſidere *in animo*: Si *quæam* mederi, *medeor*, Sin *minus*, cogito *ſic*, quid *proderit* me *cruciari*, re habitura nihilo *melius*? Quid multis, ? *Patior* ut ratio impetret *hoc* a me *mox*, quod *tempus*

I ſuffer *nothing* to ſettle *in my Mind*: if *I can* cure it *I do cure it*: but if *not*, I think *thus*, what *will it ſignify* for me *to be vexed*, the thing *being like to be* nothing *the better*? What needs many Words?

paulo

paulo *post* impetraret *a me*. Certe *est* nullus *dolo* animi *tantus* quem *patiar* ire cubitum *mecum*.

I ſuffer Reaſon to obtain *that* of me *preſently*, which *Time* a little *after* would obtain *of me*. However *there is* no *Trouble* of Mind *ſo great* which *I will ſuffer* to go to Bed *with me*.

Eu. Nihil mirum *ſi* tu *non ſeneſcis*, qui *ſis* tali *animo*.

No wonder *if* you *do not grow old* who *art* of ſuch *a Mind*.

Gl. Atque *adeo* ne reticeam *quid* apud amicos, *cavi* cum primis, *ne committerem* quid *flagitii*, quod *poſſet* eſſe *probro* vel *mihi* vel *meis liberis*; *nam* nihil *eſt* irrequietius *animo* conſcio *ſibi* male. *Quod* ſi *quid* culpæ *ſit* admiſſum, *non eo* cubitum, *priuſquam* reconciliaro *me* Deo. *Convenire* bene *cum* Deo *eſt* Fons *veræ* tranquilitatis: *Nam* qui *vivunt* ſic *homines* non poſſunt *nocere* his *magnopere*.

And *accordingly* that I may not conceal *any thing* with my Friends, *I took care* eſpecially *not to commit* any *Crime*, which *might* be *a ſcandal* either *to me* or *my* Children; *for* nothing *is* more reſtleſs *than a Mind* conſcious *to it ſelf* of any thing that is bad. *But* if *any* Fault *be* committed, *I do not* go to Bed, *before* I reconcile *my ſelf* to God. *To agree* well *with* God *is* the Fountain *of true* Tranquility. *For* they who *live* ſo, *Men* cannot *hurt* them *much*.

Eu. Num

Eu. Num *quando* metus *mortis* cruciat *te*?

Gl. Nihilo *magis* quam *dies* nativitatis *macerat*: Scio *moriendum*, ista *sollicitudo* fortassis *adimat* mihi *aliquot* dies *vitæ*, certe *possit* adjicere *nihil*. Itaque *committo* hanc *totam* curam *Deo*. Ipse *curo* nihil *aliud* quam *ut* vivam *bene* suaviterque.

Eu. Whether *at any time* does the Fear *of Death* torment *you*?

Gl. No *more* than *the Day* of my Birth *troubles me*. I know *I must dye*: that *Trouble* perhaps *would take away* from me *some* Days *of my Life* however *it could* add *nothing*. Wherefore *I commit* this *whole* Care *to God*. I *mind* nothing *else* but *that* I may live *well* and pleasantly.

Pa. At *ego* senescerem *tædio*, si *degerem* tot *annos* in *eadem* Urbe, *etiamsi* contingat *vivere* Romæ.

Pa. But *I* should grow old *with wearineſs*, if *I should live* so many Years in *the same* City, *although* it should happen to me *to live* at Rome.

Gl. Mutatio *loci* quidem *habet* nonnihil *voluptatis*, vero *ut* peregrinationes longinquæ *adduut* prudentiam *fortasse*, *ita* habent *plurimum* periculorum. *Videor* mihi *obire* totum *Orbem* tutius *in* Geographica tabula, *neque videre* paulo *plus* in historiis, *quam* si *volitarem* viginti

Gl. The change *of Place* indeed *has* something *of Pleasure*; but *as* travelling into foreign Countries *gives* prudence *perhaps*, *so* has it *very much* Danger. *I seem* to my self *to pass over* the whole *World* more safely *in* a Map, *and not to see* a little *more* in Histories, *than*

totes

totos annos, *ad exemplum* Ulyssis *per* omneis *terras* mariaque *Habeo* prædiolum, *quod* abest *non* plus *quam* duobus *millibus* passuum *ab Urbe*. Ibi *fio* rusticus *ex* Urbano *nonnunquam*. Atque *recreatus* ibi, *redeo* novus *hospes* in Urbem; *Nec* saluto *ac* salutor *aliter* quam *si* renavigassem *ex* insulis *nuper* inventis.

if *I roved about* twenty *whole* Years *after the Example* of Ulysses, *through* all *Lands* and Seas. *I have* a little Estate *which* is distant *no* more *than* two *thousand* Paces *from the City*. There *I become* a Countryman *of* a Citizen *sometimes*. And *being refresh'd* there, *I return* a new *Guest* into the City; *nor* do I salute *and* am saluted *otherwise* than *if I* had sail'd back *from* the Islands *lately* found out.

Eu. Non adjuvas *valetudinem* Pharmacis?

Do not you support *your Health* by Physick.

Gl. Mihi nihil rei *cum* Medicis. *Nec incidi* venam *unquam*, nec *devoravi* Catapotia, *nec* hausi *potiones*. Si *quid* lassitudinis *oboritur*, propello *malum* moderatione *victus*, aut *Rusticatione*.

I have nothing to do *with* the Doctors. *I have neither opened* a Vein *at any time*, nor *swallowed* Pills, *nor* drunk *Potions*. If *any* Languor *arises*, I remove *the Evil* by a Moderation *of Diet*, or *living in the Country*.

Eu. Nihilne tibi *cum* Studiis?

Have you nothing to do *with* Studies.

Gl. Est; *nam* in his *est* præcipua *oblectatio* vitæ. *Verum* oblecto

I have; *for* in these *is* the chief *Diversion* of my Life. *But* I divert

non

non macero me his. Siquidem ſtudeo vel ad voluptatem, vel ad utilitatem Vitæ, non autem ad Oſtentationem. A cibo aut paſcor literatis Fabulis aut adhibeo Lectorem. Nec unquam incumbo Libris ultra Horam. Tum ſurgo, et arreptâ teſtudine, vel cantillo obambulans pauliſper in cubiculo, vel repeto mecum quod legerim, et ſi congerro eſt in promptu, refero; mox redeo ad Librum.

Eu. Dic bona Fide, ſentis nulla incommoda ſenectutis, quæ feruntur eſſe plurima?

Gl. Somnus eſt aliquanto deterior, nec eſt memoria perinde tenax, niſi infixero aliquid. Liberavi meam Fidem, expoſui vobis meas Magicas Artes, quibus alo meam juventutem. Nunc referat Polygamus pari

not torment my ſelf with them. For I ſtudy either for Pleaſure, or for the convenience of Life, and not for Oſtentation. After Meat I am either cheared with learned Stories or I employ a Reader. Nor do I ever mind my Books above an Hour. Then I riſe and taking up my Fiddle, I either play whilſt I walk a little in my Chamber, or I run over with my ſelf what I have read, and if a Companion be at Hand, I relate it to him; by and by I return to my Book.

Tell me in good Truth, do you perceive no Inconveniencies of old Age, which are reported to be very many?

My Sleep is ſomething worſe, nor is my Memory ſo tenacious, unleſs I fix any thing in it. I have diſcharged my Credit. I have related to you my Magical Arts, whereby I keep up my Youth. Now let Polygamus relate with

Fid

Fide, unde *collegerit* tantum *ſenii*.

Po. Equidem *celabo* nihil *tam Fidos* ſodales.

Eu. Narrabis *etiam* tacituris.

Po. Cum *agerem* Lutetiæ *ipſi* noſtis *quam non abhorruerim ab Epicuro*.

Eu. Sane *meminimus*, ſed *arbitrabamur* te *relicturum* iſtos *mores* una *cum* adoleſcentia *Lutetiæ*.

Po. Ex *multis* quas *adamaram* illic, *abduxi* unam *mecum* domum, *eamque* gravidam.

Eu. In *Paternas* ædes?

Po. Recta; *ſed* mentitus *eam* eſſe *conjugem* cujuſdam *Amici* mei, *qui* venturus eſſet *mox*.

Eu. Credidit Pater *id*?

Po. Imo *olfecit* rem *intra* quatriduum. *Mox* fuere *ſæva* jurgia. *Nec* tamen *temperabam* inte-

the like *Faithfulneſs*, how *he has contracted* ſo much *old Age*.

Truly *I will conceal* nothing *from ſo faithfull* Companions.

You will tell it *too* to thoſe that will hold their Tongues.

When *I lived* at Paris, *you your ſelves* know *how far I was from diſliking Epicurus*.

Indeed *we do remember*, but *we thought* that *would leave* thoſe *Manners* together *with* your Youth *at Paris*.

Of *many* which *I had loved* there, *I carried* one *with me* Home, *and her* with Child.

Into *your Father's* Houſe?

Directly, *but* pretending *that ſhe* was *the Wife* of a certain *Friend* of Mine, *who* would come *by and by*.

Did your Father believe *it*?

Nay *he ſmelt out* the Matter *within* four Days. *Preſently* there was *cruel* Scolding. Nor

rim *ab convivii*, ab alea, *cæteriſque* malis *artibus*. Quid multis? *Cum* Pater *non faceret* finem *objurgandi*, negans *ſe* velle *alere* tales *Gallinas* Domi; *at* ſubinde *minitans* abdicationem, *verti ſolum*, et *demigravi* alio *cum* mea *Gallina*. Ea *genuit* mihi *aliquot* pullos.

yet *did I abſtain* in the mean time *from Feaſts*, from Dice, *and other* bad *Arts*. What needs many Words? *When* my Father *would not make* an End *of ſcolding*, denying *that he* would *keep* ſuch *Hens* at Home, *and* now and then *threatning* to diſcard me; *I ran away*, and *removed* to another Place *with* my *Hen*. She *brought* me *ſome* Chicks.

Gl. Unde *res ſuppetebat*?

Where *had you Money*?

Po. Mater *dabat* nonnihil *furtim*, ac *præterea* plus *ſatis* æris alieni *conflatum eſt*.

My Mother *gave me* ſomething *by Stealth*, and *beſides* more *than enough* of Debt *was contracted*.

Eu. Reperiebantur *tam* fatui, *ut* crederent *tibi*?

Were there any found *ſo* fooliſh *as* to truſt *you*?

Po: Sunt *qui* credant *nullis* libentius.

There are thoſe *who* truſt *none* more willingly.

Pa. Quid *tandem*?

What *at laſt*?

Po. Tandem *cum* Pater *ſerio* pararet *abdicationem*, Amici *interceſſerunt*, et *compoſuerunt* hoc *Bellum* his legibus,

At laſt *when* my Father *in earneſt* was preparing *to diſinherit me*, Friends *interceeded*, and *made up* this *Difference*

ut

ut ducerem uxorem *Noſtratem*, et *repudiarem* Gallam.

upon theſe Terms, *that* I ſhould marry *a Woman of our own Country*, and *divorce* my French-Woman.

Eu. Erat *Uxor*?

Was ſhe *your Wife*?

Po. Verba *futuri* Temporis *interceſſerant*, ſed *Congreſſus* præſentis *Temporis* acceſſerat.

Words *of the future* Time *had paſſed betwixt us*, but *a Rencounter* of the preſent *Time* had been added to them.

Eu. Qui *licuit igitur* divertere *ab illa*?

How *could you then* part *from her*?

Po. Poſt *reſcitum eſt* eſſe meæ Gallæ *maritum* Gallum, *unde* ſubduxerat *ſe* pridem.

Afterwards *it was known* that my French-woman had *a Huſband* a Frenchman, *from whom* ſhe had withdrawn *herſelf* long before.

Eu. Habes *ergo* Uxorem *nunc*?

Have you *therefore* a Wife *now*?

Po. Non niſi *hanc* Octavam

But *this* Eighth.

Eu. Octavam! *Non dictus es* Polygamus *ſine* Augurio. *Fortaſſe* omnes *deceſſerunt* ſteriles.

An Eighth! *You were not called* Polygamus *without* Augury: *Perhaps* they all *died* barren.

Po. Imo *nulla non* reliquit *aliquot* catulos *Domi meæ*.

Nay *every one* left *ſome* young ones *in my Houſe*.

Lu. Ego *malim* tot *Gallinas*, quæ *ponerent* Ova *mihi* Domi. *Non tædet* Polygamiæ?

I *had rather have* as many *Hens*, that *might lay* Eggs *for me* at Home. *Are you not*

Po. Adeo

Po. Adeo tædet, *ut si hæc* Octava *moreretur Hodie*, ducerem no nam *perendie*. Imo *hoc* male habet *me*, quod *non liceat* habere *binas* aut *ternas*, cum *unus* Gallus *possideat* tot *Gallinas*.

Eu. Equidem *haud miror*, si *parum pinguisti*, quodque *collegeris* tantum *senii*: Nam *nihil* accelerat *senectutem* æque quam *immodicæ* atque *intempestivæ* Compotationes, *impotentes* Amores *Mulierum*, et *immoderata* Salacitas. *Sed* quis *alit* Familiam?

Po. Mediocris *res* acceſſit *ex obitu* Parentum, *et* laboratur *gnaviter* manibus.

Eu. Deſciviſti *igitur* a literis.

Po. Plane *ab Equis*, quod aiunt, *ad Aſinos*; ex heptatechno *factus* faber *monotechnus*.

Eu, Miſer!

weary of marrying ſo often.

I am ſo weary, *that if this* Eighth *ſhould dye* to Day, I would marry a ninth *the next day after to morrow*. Nay *this* vexes *me*, that *it is not lawfull* to have *two* or *three*, when *one* Cock *has* ſo many *Hens*.

Truly *I do not wonder*, if *you are not fat*, and that *you have contracted* ſo much *of old Age*: For *nothing* haſtens on *old Age* ſo much as *exceſſive* and *unſeaſonable* drinking, *Extravagant* Love *of Women*, and *immoderate* Wantonneſs. *But* who *maintains* your Family?

A ſmall *Eſtate* came to me *by the* Death of my Parents, *and* I work *hard* with my Hands.

You have deſerted *therefore* from Letters.

Indeed *from Horſes*, as they ſay, *to Aſſes*; of a Man of ſeven Arts *I am become* a Workman *of one Art*.

Poor Man!

Po. Nun-

Po. Nunquam vixi *cælebs* ultra *decem* Dies, *semperque* nova Nupta *expulit* veterem *luctum*. Habetis *summam* Vitæ meæ *bona* Fide. *Atque* utinam *Pampirus* narret *nobis* quoque *Fabulam* suæ Vitæ, *qui* portat *Ætatem* belle *satis*. Nam *ni* fallor, *est* grandior *me* duobus *aut* tribus *Annis*.

I never lived *a single Man* above *ten* Days, *and always* a new married Wife *expelled* my old Sorrow. You have *the Sum* of my Life *in good* Earneſt. *And* I wiſh *Pampirus* would tell *us* too *the Story* of his Life, *who* bears *Age* well *enough*. For, *unleſs* I am miſtaken, *he is* elder *than me* by two *or* three *Years*.

Pa. *Dicam equidem*, *ſi vobis vacat* audire *tale* ſomnium.

I will tell you *indeed*, if *you are at Leiſure* to hear *ſuch* a Dream.

Eu. Imo *erit* Voluptate *audire*.

Nay *it will be* a Pleaſure *to hear it*.

Pa. Ubi *rediſſem* Domum, *ſtatim* ſenex *Pater* cæpit *urgere* me, *ut amplecterer* aliquod *genus* Vitæ, *unde* nonnihil *quæſtus* accederet *rei Familiari*: Ac *poſt* longam *Conſultationem*. Negotiatio *placuit*.

When *I had return'd* Home, *immediately* my aged *Father* begun *to urge* me, *to embrace* ſome *Way* of Life, *whereby* ſomething *of Increaſe* might accrue *to our Eſtate*; And *after* long *Conſultation* Merchandiſe *pleaſed me*.

Po. Miror *hoc* genus *Vitæ* arriſiſſe *potiſſimum*.

I wonder *that this* kind *of Life* pleaſed you *eſpecially*.

Pa. Eram

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I wonder *that this* kind *of Life* pleaſed you *eſpecially*.

Pa. Eram

Pa. Eram *naturâ* ſitiens *cognoſcendi* novas *res*, varias *Regiones*, Urbes, *Linguas*, ac *mores* Hominum. *Negotiatio* videbatur *maxime* appoſita *ad id*: Quibus ex rebus *naſcitur* prudentia.

I was *by Nature* greedy *of knowing* new *things*, diverſe *Countries*, Cities, *Languages*, and *Manners* of Men. *Merchandiſe* ſeem'd *the moſt* appoſite *to that Purpoſe*: From which things *ariſeth* Prudence.

Po. Sed *miſera*, videlicet *quæ* ſit *emenda* plerumque *magnis* Malis.

But *miſerable*, as *what* is *to be bought* for the moſt part *with great* Evils.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Itaque *Pater* numeravit *ſatis amplam* ſortem, *ut* auſpicarer *Negotiationem* Simulque *Uxor* cum *magna* dote *ambiebatur*, ſed *ea forma*, quæ *poterat* commendare *vel* indotatam.

So *it is*. Wherefore *my Father* gave me *a good large* Stock, *that* I might begin *my Merchandiſe*. And at the ſame time *a Wife* with *a great* Fortune *was courted*, but *of that Beauty*, which *might* recommend one *even* without Fortune.

Eu. Succeſſit?

Did it ſucceed?

Pa. Imo *priuſquam* redirem *Domum*, et *Sors*, et *Uſura* periit.

Nay *before* I return'd *Home*, both *Principal* and *Uſe* was gone.

Eu. Naufragio *fortaſſe*.

By Shipwreck *perhaps*.

Pa. Plane *naufragio*, nam *impegimus* in Scopulum *periculoſiorem* quavis *Malea*.

Plainly *by Shipwreck*, for *we ſtruck* upon a Rock *more dangerous* than any *Malea*.

Eu. In

Eu. In quo *Mari* occurrit *iſte* Scopulus? *Aut* quod *Nomen* habet?

In what *Sea* occurs *that* Rock? *or* what *Name* has it?

Pa. Non poſſum *dicere* Mare; *ſed* Scopulus *eſt* infamis *Exitiis* multorum. *Latine* dicitur *Alea*; quomodo *vos* Græci *nominetis* neſcio.

I cannot *tell* the Sea; *but* the Rock *is* infamous *for the Ruin* of many. *In Latin* it is called *Alea*; how *you* Greeks *name it* I know not.

Eu. O te Stultum!

O you Fool!

Pa. Imo *Pater* ſtultior, *qui* crederet *tantum* ſummam *adoleſcenti.*

Nay *my Father* was more fooliſh, *who* truſted *ſo great* a Sum *to a young Man.*

Gl. Quid *factum eſt* deinde?

What *was done* then?

Pa. Nihil *actum*; ſed *cæpi* cogitare *de ſuſpendio.*

Nothing *was done*, but *I begun* to think *of Hanging.*

Gl. Erat *Pater* adeo *implacabilis*?

Was *your Father* ſo *implacable*?

Pa. Interim *excidi ab Uxore* miſer. *Nam* Parentes *Puellæ*, ſimul atque *cognoverunt* hæc *auſpicia*, renunciarunt *affinitatem*; *et* amabam *perditiſſime.*

In the mean time *I was balked of my Wife* poor Man. *For* the Parents *of the Girl*, as ſoon as *they knew* theſe *Omens*, renounced *Affinity with me*; *and* I loved *moſt deſperately.*

Gl. Miſeret me *tui.* Sed *interim* quid *conſilii* tentatum eſt.

I pity *you.* But *in the mean time* what *Courſe* was tried?

Pa. Id

Pa. Id *quod* ſolet *in deſperatis* Rebus. *Pater* abdicabat, *res* perierat, *Uxor* perierat. *Quid plura* ? Deliberabam *ſerio* mecum, *an* ſuſpenderem *me*, an *conjicerem* memet *aliquo* in Monaſterium.

That *which* is uſual *in deſperate* Caſes. *my Father* diſcarded me, *my Subſtance* was gone, *my Wife* was gone. *what needs more Words* ? I deliberated *ſeriouſly* with my ſelf, *whether* I ſhould hang *my ſelf*, or *put* my ſelf *ſome where* into a Monaſtery.

Eu. Crudele *conſilium*. Scio *utrum* elegeris, *mitius* genus *Mortis*.

A cruel *Reſolution*. I know *which* you choſe, *the milder* kind *of Death*.

Pa. Imo *quod* viſum eſt *mihi* tum *crudelius*. Adeo *totus* diſplicebam *mihi*.

Nay *what* ſeemed *to me* then *the more cruel*. ſo *entirely* did I diſpleaſe *my ſelf*.

Gl. Atqui *complures* deſiciunt *ſe* eo, *ut* vivant *ſuavius*.

But *a great Many* put *themſelves* in there, *that* they may live *more pleaſantly*.

Pa. Corraſo *viatico*, ſubduxi *me* furtim *procul* a Patria.

Having ſcraped together *Money for my Journey*, I withdrew *my ſelf* privately *to a great Diſtance* from my Country.

Gl. Quo *tandem* ?

Whither *at laſt* ?

Pa. In Hiberniam. *Illic* factus ſum *Canonicus* ex horum genere, *qui* ſunt *linei* extime, *lanei* intime.

Into Ireland. *There* I was made *a Canon* of their Kind, *who* are *Linen* without, *and Woolen* within.

Gl. Hy-

Gl. Hybernasti *igitur* apud *Hibernos*?

Pa. Non. *Sed* versatus *apud* hos *duos* Menses *navigavi* in Scotiam.

Gl. Quid *offendit* te *apud* illos?

P. Nihil *nisi* quod *illud* Institutum *videbatur* mihi *mitius* quam *pro meritis* ejus *qui* erat *dignus* non *uno* suspendio.

Eu. Quid *feciſti* in Scotia?

Pa. Illic *ex* lineo factus sum *pelliceus* apud Carthusios,

Eu. Homines *plane* mortuos *mundo*.

P. Ita *visum est* mihi *cum* audirem *illos* canentes.

Gl. Quid *mortui canunt* etiam? *Quot* Menses *egisti* apud *illos* Scotos.

Pa. Propemodum *sex*.

Gl. O Constantiam!

Eu. Quid *offendit* illic?

Did you winter *then* amongst *the Iriſh*?

No. *But* having been *with* them *two* Months *I ſailed* into Scotland.

What *offended* you *amongſt* them?

Nothing *but* that *that* Conſtitution *ſeemed* to me *more gentle* than *to ſuit the Deſerts* of him *who* was *worthy* not *of a ſingle* hanging.

What *did you do* in Scotland?

There *of a Linen Man* I became *a Leathern one* amongst the Carthusians.

Men *plainly* dead *to the World*.

So *it appeared* to me *when* I heard *them* singing.

What *do the dead ſing* too? *How many* Months *did you ſpend* with *thoſe* Scots?

Almoſt *ſix*.

O Conſtancy!

What *offended you* there?

Pa. Quia

Pa. Quia *vita* viſa eſt *mihi* ſegnis *et* delicata, *deinde* reperi *multos* illic *Cerebri* non *admodum* ſani *ob ſolitudinem*, ut *arbitror*. Mihi erat *parum* cerebri, *verebar* ne *totum periret*.

Po. Quo *devolaſti* deinde?

Pa. In Galliam. *Reperi* illic *quoſdam* totos *pullatos*, ex Inſtituto *divi* Benedicti, *qui* teſtantur *colore* veſtis *ſe* lugere *in* hoc Mundo; *et* inter *hos* qui *pro* ſumma *veſte* ferrent *cilicium* ſimile *reti*.

Gl. O gravem *macerationem* Corporis!

Pa. Heic *egi* undecim *Menſes*.

Eu. Quid *obſtitit*, quo minus maneres *illic* perpetuo?

Eu. Quia *illic* reperi *plus* cæremoniarum *quam* veræ *Pietatis*. Præterea *audieram* eſſe *quoſdam* multo *ſanctiores* his *quos* Bernardus *revocaſſet* ad

Becauſe *the Life* ſeemed *to me* lazy *and* nice, *then* I found *many* there *of a Brain* not *very* ſound *becauſe of the Solitude*, as *I imagine*. I had *but little* Brain, *I was afraid* leaſt *it ſhould all be loſt*.

Whither *did you fly* then?

Into France. *I found* there *ſome* all *in Black*, of the Order *of St*. Benedict, *who* teſtify *by the Colour* of their Coat *that they* mourn *in* this World; *and* amongſt *them* ſome who *for* their upper *Garment* wore *Hair-Cloth* like a *Net*.

O grievous *Mortification* of the Body!

Here I *ſpent* eleven *Months*.

What *hindred you* from ſtaying *there* always?

Becauſe *there* I found *more* of Ceremonies *than* true *Piety*. Beſides *I had heard* that there were *ſome* much *more holy* than theſe *whom ſeveri-*

ſeveriorem Diſciplinam, *pulla* Veſte *mutata* in candidam : *Apud* hos *vixi* decem *Menſes*.

Eu. Quid *offendebat* heic ?

Pa. Nihil *admodum* ; nam *reperi* hos *Sodales* commodos *ſatis*. Sed *Græcum* proverbium *movebat* me. *Itaque* decretum erat *aut* non eſſe *Monachum*, aut *eſſe* Monachum *inſigniter*. Acceperam *eſſe* quoſdam *Brigidenſes*, homines *plane* cæleſtes. *Contuli* me *ad hos*.

Eu. Quot *Menſes* egiſti *illic* ?

Pa. Biduum, *nec* id *ſane* totum.

Gl. Diſplicuit hoc genus Vitæ *uſque adeo*. ?

Pa. Non recipiunt *niſi qui obſtringat* ſe *mox* Profeſſione. *At* ego *nondum adeo inſaniebam* ut *præberem* me *facile* capiſtro *quod* nunquam liceret *excutere*. Et *quo-*

Bernard *had brought* to *a more ſevere* Diſcipline, *the black* Garment *being changed* into a white : *with* theſe *I lived* ten *Months*.

What *offended you* here ?

Nothing *very much* ; for *I found* theſe *Companions* good *enough*. But *the Greek* Proverb *moved* me. *Wherefore* I was reſolved *either* not to be *a Monk*, or *to be* a Monk *remarkably*. I had heard *there were* ſome *Brigidenſians*, Men *truly* cœleſtial. *I betook* my ſelf *to them*,

How many *Months* did you ſpend *there*.

Two Days, *nor* that *indeed* entire.

Did this Kind of Life diſpleaſe you *ſo much* ?

They admit no one *that does not bind* himſelf *immediately* to the Profeſſion. *But* I *was not yet ſo mad* as *to put* my ſelf *eaſily* into a Nooſe *which* I ſhould never be

ties

ties audiebam *Virgines* canentes, *Uxor* erepta *cruciabat* animum.

Gl. Quid *deinde* ?

Pa. Animus *ardebat* amore *ſanctimoniæ*. Tandem *obambulans* incidi *in quo-dam* præferentes *crucem*. Hoc *ſignum* arriſit *mihi* protinus, *ſed* varietas *remorabatur* Electionem. *Alii* geſtabant *albam*, alii *rubram*, alii *viridem*, alii *verſicolorem*, alii *ſimplicem*, alii *duplicem*. Ego *ne relinquerem* quid *intentatum*, geſſi *ferme* omnes *formas*. Verum *comperi* ipſa re, *eſſe* longe *aliud* circumferre *crucem* in Pallio *ſeu* tunica, *quam* in Corde. *Tandem* feſſus *inquirendo*, ſic *cogitabam* mecum, *ut* aſſequar *omnem* ſanctimoniam *ſemel*, petam *ſanctam* terram, *ac* redibo *domum* onuſtus *Sanctimonia*.

able *to ſhake off*. And *as often as* I heard *the Virgins* ſinging, *the Wife* I had loſt *tormented* my Mind.

What *then* ?

My Mind *was inflamed* with the love *of Holineſs*. At laſt *as I was walking* I lighted *upon ſome* carrying *a Croſs*. This *Badge* pleaſed *me* immediately, *but* the variety *hindered* my Choice. *Some* bore *a white one*, ſome *a red*, ſome *a green*, ſome *a parti-coloured one*, ſome *a ſingle*, ſome *a double one*. I *that I might not leave* any thing *untried*, wore *almoſt* all *the Sorts*. But *I found* by the thing it ſelf *that it is* quite *another thing* to carry *a Croſs* upon a Gown *or* a Tunick, *than* in the Heart. *At laſt* being weary *with inquiring*, thus *I thought* with my ſelf, *that* I may get *all* Holineſs *at once*, I will go to *the Holy* Land. *and* will return *Home* loadened *with Holineſs*.

Po. Num profectus es *eo* ?

Pa. Maxime.

Po. Unde *ſuppetebat* Viaticum ?

Pa. Demrior *iſtud* venire tibi in mentem *nunc* denique, *ut rogares*, ac *non percunctatum fuiſſe* multo *ante*. Sed *noſti* Proverbium, *quævis* terra *alit* Artificem.

Gl. Quam *artem* circumferebas ?

Pa. Chiromanticam.

Gl. Ubi *didiceris* eam ?

Pa. Quid refert ?

Gl. Quo præceptore ?

Pa. Eo *qui* docet *nihil non*, Ventre. *Prædicebam* præteri:a, *præſentia*, et *futura*.

Gl. Et *ſciebas* ?

Pa. Nihil *minus* ; ſed *divinabam* audacter, *idque* tuto, *videlicet* pretio *accepto* prius.

Po. Poterat *tam* ridicula *Ars* alere *te* ?

Did you go *thither* ?

Yes.

Whence *had you* Money for your Journey ?

I wonder *that that* is come into your Mind *now* at laſt *to ask*, and *that you did not ask that* long *before*. But *you know* the Proverb, *any* Country *maintains* an Artiſt.

What *Art* did you carry about ?

The Chiromantick.

Where *had you learnt* it ?

What ſignifies that ?

Under what Maſter ?

Him *who* teaches *every thing* the Belly. *I foretold* things paſt, *preſent*, and *to come*.

And *did you know them* ?

Nothing *leſs* ; but *I gueſſed* boldly, *and that* ſafely, *that is*, my Reward *being received* firſt.

Could *ſo* ridiculous *an Art* maintain *you* ?

Pa. Pote-

Pa. poterat et quidem *cum* duobus *Famulis*; tantum *fatuorum* et *fatuarum* eſt *ubique*. Attamen *cum* adirem *Hieroſolymam*, addideram *me* in comitatum *cujuſdam* magnatis, *prædivitis*, qui *natu annos ſeptuaginta*, negabat *ſe* moriturum *æquo* animo, *niſi* adiſſet *Hieroſolymam* prius.

It could *and* indeed *with* two *Servants*, ſo many *fooliſh Men* and *fooliſh Women* are there *every where*. Yet *when* I went *to Jeruſalem*, I join'd *my ſelf* to the Company *of a certain* great Man, *very rich*, who *being ſeventy Years old*, denied *that he* ſhould dye *with a contented* Mind, *unleſs* he went *to Jeruſalem* firſt.

Eu. Et *reliquerat* Uxorem *Domi*?

And *had he left* a Wife *at Home*?

Pa. Atque *ſex* liberos *etiam*.

And *ſix* Children *too*.

Eu. O ſenem *impie* pium! *Atque* rediſti *illinc* ſanctus?

O an old Man *impiouſſy* pious! *And* did you return *from thence* holy?

Pa. Vis *fatear* verum? *Aliquanto* deterior *quam* iveram.

Would you have me *confeſs* the Truth? *ſomething* worſe *than* I went.

Eu. Sic, *ut* audio, *amor* religionis *eſt excuſſus*.

Thus, *as* I hear, *the Love* of Religion *was expelled*.

Pa. Imo *magis* incanduit. Itaque *reverſus* in Italiam *addixi* me *Militiæ*.

Nay *it was more inflamed*. Wherefore *returning* into Italy *I apply'd* my ſelf *to War*.

Eu. Itane

Eu. Itane *venabaris* Religionem *in Bello*? quo *quid* poteſt *eſſe* ſceleratius?

Pa. Erat *ſancta* militia.

Eu. Fortaſſis *in Turcas*.

Pa. Imo *quiddam* ſanctius, *ut* prædicabant *tum*.

Eu. Quidnam?

Pa. Julius *ſecundus* belligerabatur *adverſus* Gallos. *Porro* experientia *multarum* rerum *etiam* commendabat *Militiam* mihi.

Eu. Multarum, *ſed* malarum.

Pa. Ita *comperi* poſt. *Et* tamen *vixi* durius *heic* quam *in* Monaſteriis.

Eu. Quid *tum* poſtea? *Jam* animus *cœpit* vacillare, *utrum* redirem *ad* Negotiationem *intermiſſam*, an *perſequerer* Religionem *fugientem*. Interim *venit* in mentem *poſſe* conjungi.

Ay *Did you hunt for* Religion *in War*? Than which *what* can *be* more wicked?

It was a *holy* Warfare.

Perhaps *againſt the Turks*.

Nay *ſomething* more holy, *as* they ſaid *then*.

What?

Julius *the ſecond* waged War *againſt* the French. *Moreover* the Experience *of many* Things *likewiſe* recommended *War* to me.

Of many, *but* bad things.

So *I found* afterwards. *And* yet *I lived* more hardly *here* than *in* the Monaſteries.

What *then* afterwards? *Now* my Mind *begun* to wayer, *whether* I ſhould return *to* Merchandiſe, *which I had given over*, or *purſue* Religion *flying from me*. In the mean time *it comes* into my Mind *that they might* be joined together.

Eu. Quid

Eu. Quid? *Ut* eſſes *ſimul* et *Negotiator* et *Monachus*.

Pa. Quidni? *Nihil* religioſius *ordinibus* Mendicantium; *et* tamen *nihil* ſimilius *Negotiationi*; volitant *per* omnes *Terras* et *Maria*; vident *multa*, audiunt *multa*, penetrant *in* omnes *Domos*, Plebeiorum, *Nobilium*, atque *Regum*.

Eu. At *non Cauponantur*.

Pa. Sæpe *felicius* nobis.

Eu. Quod *genus* ex his *delegiſti*?

Pa. Expertus ſum *omnes* formas.

Eu. Nulla placuit?

Pa. Imo *omnes perplacuerunt*, ſi licuiſſet *negotiari* ſtatim. *Verum* perpendebam *ſudandum mihi* diu *in Choro*, priuſquam *Negotiatio* crederetur *mihi*. Jamque *cœpi* cogitare *de venanda* Abbatia. *Sed* primum *huic* Delia *non faveret* omnibus

What? *That* you might be *at once* both *a Merchant* and *a Monk*?

Why not? *Nothing* is more religious *than the Orders* of the Mendicants; *and* yet *nothing* is more like *Merchandiſe*; they rove *through* all *Lands* and *Seas*; they ſee *many things*, they hear *many things*, they thruſt *into* all *Houſes*, of Commoners, *Noblemen*, and Kings.

But *they do not traffick*.

Oftentimes *more ſucceſsfully* than us.

What *Sort* of theſe *did you chooſe*?

I tried *all* Sorts.

Did none pleaſe you?

Nay *they all pleaſed me very well*, if I might *have traded* immediately. *But* I conſidered *that I muſt ſweat* a long Time *in the Company*, before *the Buſineſs of Traffick* would be truſted *to me*. And now *I begun* to think *of hunt-*

nibus

nibus, *et* venatio *eſt* ſæpe *longa*. Itaque *octo* Annis *conſumptis* in hunc modum, *cum* mors *Patris* eſſet *nuntiata*, reverſus *Domum*, ex conſilio *Matris* duxi *uxorem*, et *redii* ad veterem *Negotiationem*.

Gl. Dic *mihi*, cum *ſumeres* ſubinde *novam* Veſtem, *ac* velut *transformareris* in aliud *animal*, qui *potuiſti* ſervare *decorum*?

Pa. Qui *minus* quam *hi* qui *in* eadem *Fabula* agunt *varias* Perſonas?

Eu. Dic *nobis* bona *fide*, qui *expertus es* nullum non *genus* vitæ, *quod* probas *maxime* omnium?

Pa. Omnia *non congruunt* omnibus: *Nullum* arridet *mihi* magis, *quam* hoc *quod* ſecutus ſum.

Eu. Tamen *Negotiatio* habet *multa* incommoda,

ing after an Abbot's Place. *But* in the firſt Place *here* Delia *does not favour* all Men, *and* the Hunting *is* oftens *long*. Therefore *eight* Years *being ſpent* after this manner, *when* the death *of my Father* was *told me*, returning, *Home* by the Advice *of my Mother* I married *a Wife*, and *return'd* to my old *Traffick*.

Tell *me*, when *you took* now and then *a new* Coat, *and* as it were were *changed* into another *Creature*, how *could you* keep up *a decorum*?

Why *leſs* than *they* who *in* the ſame *Play* act *various* Perſons?

Tell *us* in good *earneſt*, you who *have tryed* every *kind* of Life, *which* do you approve *moſt* of all?

All things *do not agree* with all Men: *None* pleaſes *me* more *than* this *which* I have followed.

Yet *Merchandiſe* has *many* Inconveniencies.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Sed *quando* nullum *genus* vitæ *caret* omnibus *incommodis*, orno *hanc* ſpartam *quam* nactus ſum. *Virum* nunc *ſupereſt* Euſebius, *qui* non gravabitur *explicare* aliquam *Scenam* ſuæ *Vitæ*.

Eu. Imo *totam* Fabulam, *ſi* videtur, *nam* non habet *multos* Actus.

Gl. Erit *magnopere* gratum.

Eu. Ubi *rediiſſem* in patriam, *deliberavy* apud me *annum* quodnam *genus* vitæ *vellem amplecti*; ſimulque *exploravi* meipſum, *ad quod* genus *eſſem* propenſus *aut* Idoneus. *Interim* Præbenda *eſt oblata*, quam vocant, *ſatis opimi* proventus. *Accepi*.

So *it is*. But *ſeeing* no *Kind* of Life *is without* all *Inconveniencies*, I mind *this* Province *which* I have got. *But* now *remains* Euſebius, *who* will not think much *to relate* ſome *Scene* of his *Life*.

Nay *the whole* Play, if it ſeems good, *for* it has not *many* Acts.

It will be *very* grateſull.

When *I was return'd* into my own Country, I *deliberated* with my ſelf *a Year* what *Kind* of Life *I ſhould Embrace*. And at the ſame time *I examined* my ſelf, *for what* Kind I *was* inclinable *or* fit. *In the mean time* a Prebend *was offered me*, as they call it, *of a good rich* Income. *I accepted it*.

Gl. Hoc *genus* vitæ *vulgo* male audit.

This *Sort* of Life *commonly* goes under an ill Name.

Eu. Videtur *mihi* exoptandum *ſatis*, ut *humanæ* res *ſunt*. An putati *eſſe* mediocrem *felicitatem*,

It ſeems *to me* deſirable *enough*, as *human* Affairs *are*. Do you think it *to be* a ſmall

citatem, tot *commoda* dari *subito* velut *e cælo*, dignitatem, *honestas* Ædes, *beneque* instructas, *satis amplos* annuos *reditus*, Honorificum *Sodalitium*; deinde *Templum*, ubi, *si* libeat, *vaces* Religioni.

Happiness, that so many *good things* should be given a Man *on a sudden*, as it were *from Heaven*: Honour, *a handsome* House, *and well* furnished, *a good large* yearly *Income*, Honourable *Company*, and then *a Church*; where, *if* you have a mind, *you may attend upon* divine Worship.

Pa. Illic *luxus* offendebat *me*, et *infamia* concubinarum, *tum* quod *plerique* ejus generis *odere* literas.

There *Luxury* offended *me*, and *the Infamy* of Concubines, *and also* that *most Men* of that Way *hate* Learning.

Eu. Ego *non specto* quid *alii* agant, *sed* quid *est* agendum *mihi*, et *adjungo* me *melioribus*, si *non possum* reddere *alios* meliores.

I *do not regard* what *others* do, *but* what *is* to be done *by me*; and *I join* my self *to the better Sort*, if *I cannot* make *others* better.

Po. Vixisti *perpetuo* in isto *genere*?

Have you lived *always* in that *Way*?

Eu. Perpetuo, *nisi* quod *egi* quatuor *Annos* primum *Patavii*.

Always, *but* that *I spent* four *Years* at first *at Patavium*.

Po. Quamobrem?

What for?

Eu. Partitus sum *hos* Annos *ita*, ut *darem* sesquiannum *Studio* Medicinæ, *reliquum tempus* Theologiæ.

I divided *those* Years *so*, that I *gave* a Year and a half *to the Study* of Physick, *the rest of my Time* to Divinity.

Po. Cur *id*?

Eu. Quo *melius moderarer* et *animum et* corpus, *et* nonnunquam *consulerem* amicis. *Nam* et concionor *nonnunquam* pro mea ſapientia. *Sic* hactenus *vixi* tranquille *ſatis*, contentus *unico* ſacerdotio, *nec ambiens* quidquam *præterea*, recuſaturus *etiam*, ſi *offeratur*.

Pa. Utinam *liceret* diſcere, *quid* cæteri noſtri ſodales *agant*, quibuſcum *viximus* familiariter.

Eu. Poſſum *commemorare* quædam *de nonnullis*; ſed *video* nos *non abeſſe* procul *a Civitate*, quare, *ſi* videtur, *conveniemus* in idem *diverſorium*. Ibi *per otium* conteremus *de cæteris* affatim.

Hugitio Auriga. Unde *nactus es* tam miſeram *ſarcinam* luſce?

Henricus Auriga.

Why that?

That *I might the better manage* both *Mind and* Body, *and* ſometimes *aſſiſt* my Friends. For I preach too *ſometimes* according to my Wiſdom. *Thus* ſo far *I have lived* quietly *enough*, content *with one* living, *and not ſeeking for* any thing *beſides*; and would refuſe it *too*, if *it ſhould be offered*.

I wiſh *we could* learn *what* the reſt of our Companions *are doing*, with whom *we lived* familiarly.

I can *relate* ſome things *of ſome of them*; but *I ſee* we *are not* far *from the City*; wherefore, *if* it ſeems good, *we will repair* to the ſame *Inn*. There *at our Leiſure* we will confer *about other things* at large.

Where *got thou* ſo miſerable *a luggage Blinkard*?

Nay *whither* art thou

Imo

Imo *quo* defers *iſtud* lupanar, *Ganeo*?

Hug. *Debueras effundere* iſtos *frigidos* ſenes *alicubi* in urticetum, *ut caleſcerent.*

Hen. Imo *tu cura* iſtum *gregem*, ut præcipites *alicubi* in profundam *lamam*, ut refrigerentur, *nam* calent plus *ſatis.*

Hug. Non ſoleo *præcipitare* meam *ſarcinam.*

Hen. Non? *Atqui* vidi *te* nuper *dejeciſſe* ſex *Carthuſianos* in Cœnum, *ſic* ut *emergerent* nigri, *pro candidis.* Tu *interim* ridebas, *quaſi* re bene geſta.

Hug. Nec injuria: *Dormiebant omnes*, et *addebant* multum *ponderis* currui meo.

Hen. At *mei* ſenes *ſubtevarunt* meum *currum* egregie *per* totum *iter* garrientes *perpetuo.* Nunquam vidi *meliores.*

carrying *that* bawdy Company, *thou Rake*?

Thou ſhouldeſt *have thrown* thoſe *frigid* old Fellows *ſomewhere* into a Bed of Nettles, *to warm them.*

Nay *do thou take care of* that *Company*, to throw them *ſomewhere* into a deep *Ditch*, to cool, *for* they are more warm than *enough.*

I do not uſe *to overthrow* my *Load.*

No? *But* I ſaw *thee* lately *throw* ſix *Carthuſians* into the Dirt, *ſo* that *they came out* black, *inſtead of white.* Thou *in the mean time* laughed, *as if* the thing had been well done.

Not without Reaſon; *They were all a ſleep*, and *added* much *Weight* to my Coach.

But *my* old Men *have eaſed* my *Chariot* extraordinarily *through* the whole *Journey* prating *perpetually.* I never ſaw *better.*

Hug.

Hug. Tamen *non soles* delectari *talibus.*

Hen. Sed *hi* ſeniculi *ſunt* boni.

Hug. Qui *ſcis* ?

Hen. Quia *bibi* per eos *ter* per viam *inſigniter* bonam *cereviſiam.*

Hug. Ha, ha, hæ. *Sic* ſunt *boni* tibi.

Yet *thou doſt not uſe* to be pleaſed *with ſuch.*

But *theſe* old Fellows *are* good.

How *knoweſt thou* ?

Becauſe *I drunk* with them *thrice* by the Road *extraordinary* good *Ale.*

Ha ha hæ. *So* they are *good* with thee.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM